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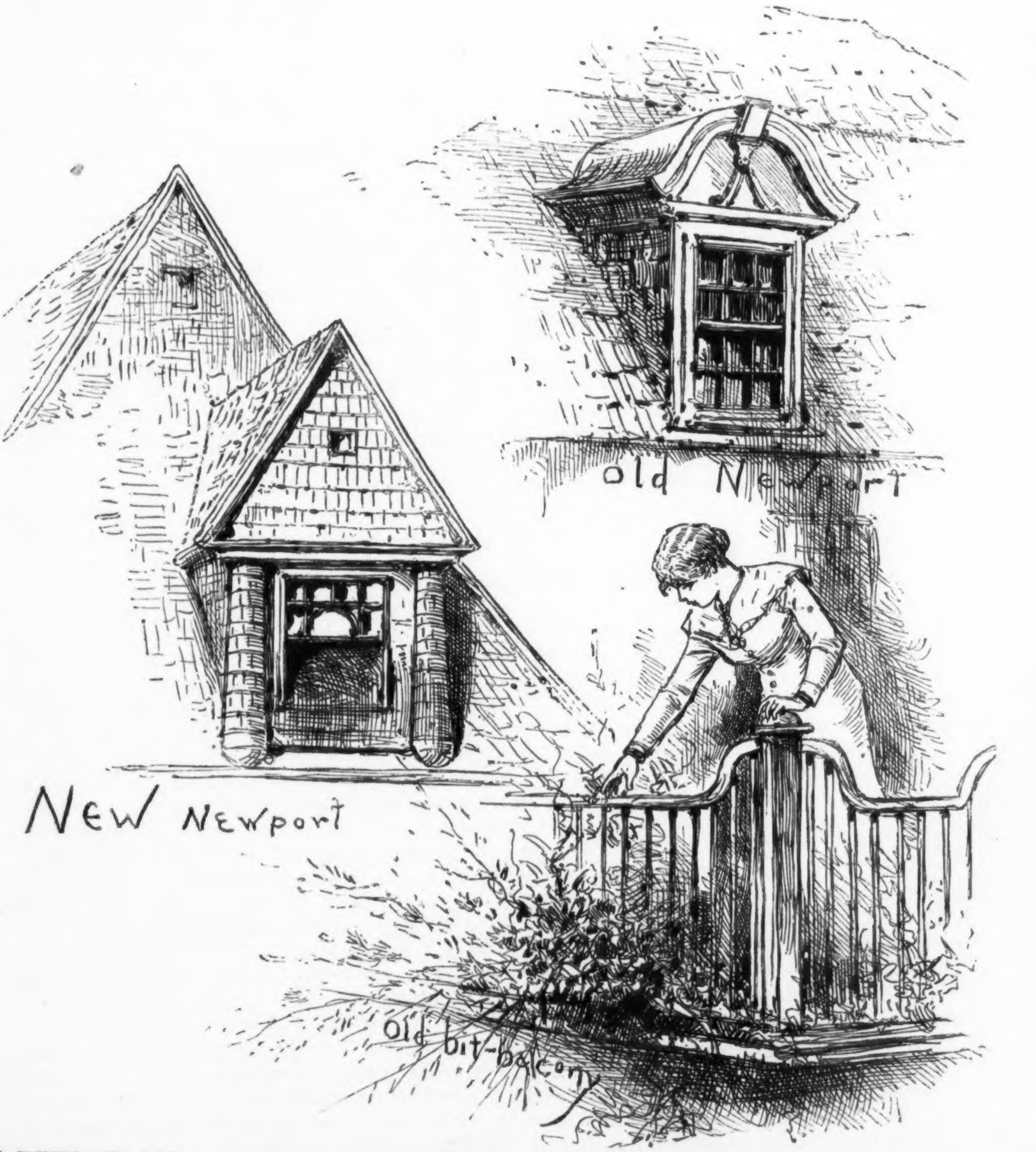
WHERE COTTAGES ARE PALACES.

By Noel Ruthven.

"We have the climate of the Isle of Wight," exclaims the cottager of Newport, Rhode Island, "filtered through sunshine." The cottagers are the salt of America's earth. They are the upper ten thousand. They represent the wealth, position and culture of the land. They are as exclusive as a first-class club, and to be of them is a



society diploma. They receive none but their own set, or persons so well-accredited as to make the *entrée* a right. They affect the English, and Britons of the Marlborough House coterie are "taken right into camp." A live lord is a roaring lion. He is *fêted*, petted and caressed. He is expected to declare that Newport is a little bit of England, and that, by Jove! he imagines himself in the tight little island during his entire sojourn. It is a paradise for the peerage. Famished younger sons of noble houses should hie to this happy hunting-ground. Here is the lordling nobly lodged, sumptuously fed and delightfully catered for. The "grouse seat' on the four-in-hand is allotted to him, the prettiest girl to flirt with him. He has tennis and polo and all manner of games, and ye gods! oh, Pytchley! oh, Quorn! he hunts the fox with the mercury coquetting among the nineties! Lord Stupidenough is talked horse to, is made free of the Casino Club, is yachted and "hopped"; and be he a wary youth, and mindful of the great No. 1, he carries away one of the sparkling nymphs, whose glitter of conversation is only on a par with the glitter of her parents' shekels.

That Newport is a delightfully attractive place goes without saying. In season or out of season it is charming. The old town, with its quaintly-gabled houses and low-ceilinged shops of the pre-Revolution period, its venerable elms and velvet-like green, its State House and its Liberty Tree! The new town, with its Casino and its saucy plate-glassed stores, its superb cottages and exquisitely-cared for avenues, its patrician loungers and its correct turnouts! Not always quite correct, though, for the liveries are occasionally misfits, and the half-moon collars and pickle-jars not up to the mark. The half-moon and the pickle-jar should, like Cæsar's spouse, be above suspicion. The "fad," to use the English slang this season, is the bulldog and the hall-door knocker. The newest things in cottages are furnished with knockers, and the once familiar rat-tat now resounds on Bellevue Avenue and its supernumeraries. The bulldog is correct form, and the more hideous and vicious-looking, as he trots, his tongue held a yard out of his mouth, beneath the protecting shade of a village cart, driven by a maiden in bullion-decorated costume, the more is the equipage, with its fair occupant, admired. Butchers' assistants, in snow-white aprons and rakish straw hats, are envied mortals, since their "dawgs" bear away the palm for atrocious and "disinheriting" countenances.

Bellevue Avenue is naturally the pride of Newport, and from the Jewish Cemetery to the ocean is lined with trees of rarest growth, serving as screens to cottages, villas, mansions, halls and palaces, situated in lawns verdant as emerald and level as billiard-tables. Here are Dutch houses and early English, and Queen Anne and Georgian, and Norwegian satyrs, and Swiss châlets—ay, and Chinese pagodas. Here have architects reveled and given play to their neatest or most bizarre fancies. We have heroics, and stories and poems in stone; we have cloistered dwellings with open archways, such as the Pilgrims ambled into at Canterbury; we have gloomy yet gorgeous-looking edifices, built to the order of those whose grandeur was thrust upon them by Dame Fortune; we have Elizabethan cottages, with windows such as Will Shakespeare whispered love-words through to the too-willing ear of Anne Hathaway; we have manor-houses demanding broad acres, and their deer-parks; we have Dutch dwellings, all corners and gables, like an old cocked hat; we have the cold and stately Italian, its Campanile towering upward to the keen, full blue sky; and we have gray granite, old-fashioned homesteads, built as though to withstand an earthquake or another invasion by the British.

Five o'clock in Bellevue Avenue in the height of the season! This is, indeed, a brilliant and animated sight!—a sight that those who come across the Slope, or those who come out of the West, should see just for once, in order to behold what their country can do in the way of rank and fashion, breeding and beauty. The avenue is crowded with vehicles, from the lordly four-in-hand, "tooled" by a gentleman in immaculate gray, a white hat, white gaiters and varnished boots, to the cozy and coquettish village cart, bright in varnished ash panels and corduroyed seats, "tooled" by a young lady in a Henri III. hat, and in a suit of blue cloth, fitting like a postage-stamp, and embroidered in bullion, after the fashion of the swells of the British Diplomatic Corps.

The ladies, heaven bless 'em!—that nearer, dearer, clearer heaven of stars—drive everything, from a mail phaeton to the meekest of pony carriages, and while some of them handle the ribbons in a manner worthy of the Row or the Bois de Boulogne, there are not a few who should leave that portion of their Summer day's programme to those "who know, you know." The carriages glow with color, the rainbow-tints of the garments and parasols illuminating the long moving strip between the great hedges of delicious greenery. The men turn out as well as they know how. Some of the equipages are ghastly in their pretentiousness, and would form a complete set of studies for our comic papers, but the large majority are correct form, the horses are admirable, the vehicles well appointed, and the servants—well, that is where we have to "take a back seat." The servants of our swells are soda-water to Dry Monopole when compared with the get-up of the servants in the Row or the Bois de Boulogne. The coats fit, but the pickle-jars fail. The half-moon is just where it ought to be, but the coat-collar eclipses it, and as for the trousers—not the breeches, but the pantaloons—of the coachmen!

Well! I will "tool" slowly up Bellevue Avenue in a ramshackle hack to be glared upon by patrician men, who spin past me burning with a desire to whirl me out of their road; by patrician women, who pose as if to be photographed. Everybody poses on Bellevue Avenue. It is a crucial test. Everybody goes forth to stare, and to be stared at. Alas! for the pariahs who dare sojourn at Newport, and who are not of the chosen circle. They are gazed upon with a coldness that ought to freeze their audacity! Republic, indeed! Bah! Caste is rampant! Caste is triumphant! Caste drives its Juggernaut car over the prostrate forms of the would-be pretentious! Talk of shoddy in Newport with bated breath! Of petroleum—never!

My hack jingles along past Touro Park and the monument to Commodore Perry, and the Old Stone Mill, which I, in common with a well-known writer, "will not undertake to prove it to be either a Viking's watch tower, raised 900 years ago, or simply Governor Arnold's old mill, built by the colonists, according to Mr. Nicholas Easton's memorandum-book, in 1663"; jingles along till we come to a building on our left, known to Newport and to fame, and to a certain number of well set-up-men and a large number of the genus "dude," as the Casino. In order to adequately describe this *chic* and seductive haunt—thanks to ever-spirited James Gordon Bennett, who, *par parenthèse*, is at once the Alpha and Omega of Newport—one is obliged to have recourse to the somewhat prosaic phraseology appertaining to architectural detail, putting a let and hindrance to poesie. In the ancient City of Chester is a row of deliciously quaint old houses, dating back to the good Queen Bess. After the fashion of these is the Casino. Stores—*shops*, if *you* please; we are in English Newport—support an upper story, that bulges over the sidewalk, with a gallery for the swells of the Casino Club, a coigne of vantage from whence they can espy the very rapid Miss Tottie Powderpuff, as she spins along, tooling a pair of hog-maned ponies, worth $2,000 apiece; or that frisky matron, Mrs. Goasyouplease Reckless, behind the blue roans that Mr. ——. But no scandal against Queen Elizabeth.

The stores—shops, I mean—are rented by æsthetic modistes, who follow their clients to the sad sea-waves, *bric-à-brac* venders, and caterers to aristocratic luxuriousness. In the jutting gallery overhead Mr. Marrowfat De Robbynson and Mr. Sheepshead Baye spend the forenoons of their lives in comparing brands of cigarettes and "ogling the women, by gad!" as the nymphs—be they elderly or be they sweet seventeen—come and go, ebb and flow with the tide into the enticing establishments of Madame Joiefaitpeur and Mademoiselle Jeunepour Jamais. Oho! out of the depths of my jingling hack I caught Sheepshead Baye throwing sheep's-eyes at that widow with $20,000 a year and *such* a cottage, and I beheld De Robbynson making strange signs with his carefully manicured fingers to that larking matron whose husband is still in Wall Street, and still engaged in playing a desperate game to keep up that cottage in the city by the sea. Fain would I have cried from the depths of my soul—not hack, "De Robbynson! De Robbynson! freeze to thy checkbook!"

In order to do the Casino the fullest justice, I must use the verbiage of one learned in architecture and its devious ways. The building, facing the avenue, has a frontage of 186 feet, while the rear is irregularly broken up on account of an angle in the lot. The first floor is used for stores. The upper part is fitted up for bachelors, there being several handsome suites of rooms, large dining-rooms, etc. The first story is built of Philadelphia pressed brick, with bluestone binders. The general roof consists of a gable running the full length of the building, with three gables intersecting from the avenue. There is also a *loggi*, or lookout, on the front. The gables are filled in with shingles, with rough, bold carving and turned spindles framed together at the eaves. Running north and south is a turned balustrade, with posts ending in a carved flame. Below the eaves is a wide *facia*, with carved rosettes every few feet. The sides are covered with shingles, which are cut in several different patterns. The central gable, over the main entrance to the Casino grounds, has a flat bay carved on a succession of moldings projecting from the side of the buildings. The shingles have been stained with a yellowish cast and waxed, and the trimmings are dark. Some of the carving on the front has been bronzed and gilded.

The main entrance to the Casino grounds is through a low, three-centred arch. The hall is wainscoted six feet from the floor, while the floor is of brick and marble. To the right of the entrance is the ticket-office, and to the left the committee-room. Straight ahead, you pass into the court. On the landing of the stairs is a large and elaborate mullioned window. A Dutch tower is on the east side of the building fronting the court, which is provided with a unique clock. The court is a very attractive place, it being beautifully laid out in flower-beds, etc. A fountain is in the centre. To the left of the court is the *café* and restaurant, and in front, and right ahead, are the piazzas, eighteen feet wide. To the left, through semi-circular piazzas, you can enter either the *café* or restaurant. The kitchen and kitchen offices are on the *second* floor, while the private dining-rooms, retiring-rooms, etc., are on the first floor. The rooms on the second floor fall back from the line of the first floor, and the roof is carried on an arcade of posts, with a balcony on the front. From the *café* and restaurant there extends 500 feet of piazza, which forms the remainder of the court. Part of this piazza is a semi-circle, with a radius of about fifty feet. Passing through this court on three-flight steps of granite across the piazzas to the east, you alight on a beautiful lawn, which has been laid out with artistic skill, there being flowers and trees, meandering paths, etc., to attract and please the eye. The east end of the inclosure is bounded by a two-story piazza, twenty feet wide, and extends north and south, taking in the entire width of the lot. Behind this, on the south, is the tennis-court—not lawn-tennis, which is played on the lawns—and on the north the theatre building, which has been elegantly fitted and furnished, and which will seat 500 persons. The gallery of the tennis-court is connected with the piazzas referred to, and from which one can witness the game. The front of the theatre is protected by a handsome *porte cochère*. A kitchen is connected with the theatre, which can be utilized for assemblies, and the arrangements are such that the chairs can be removed at a moment's notice. The dressing-rooms and the quarters for the orchestra are under the stage. The decorations of the theatre are of white and gold, and a number of handsome designs in *papier-maché* have been brought into use. A bowling-alley is also at the end of the lot, which runs from Bellevue Avenue clear to Freebody Street, the land alone being worth $50,000. The interior proportions of the tennis-court correspond to those of the court at the defunct Tuileries. The dimensions are 93x31 feet, and it is surrounded on three sides by a low shed, the wall of which is of brick, 7 feet 4 inches high. This is called the "Pent House," and it is roofed over with plank at an angle of twenty-nine degrees; the walls contain a number of openings called "galleries." The dimensions of the court, including the "Pent House," are 106 feet 10 inches by 37 feet 8 inches. The two end walls are lined with brick to the height of thirty feet, while the two side walls are lined with brick to the height of sixteen feet. All the brickwork is cemented one inch thick, and coated to a smooth surface. The floor is of cement, five inches in thickness, on a gravel and concrete bed; and all the cement-work is permanently colored black, and all "chase" lines are laid in red cement, spaced according to the rules of the game. The side walls, above the level of sixteen feet from the floor, are open nearly their entire length, and the openings are covered with wire netting; this gives light and air, and an opportunity to view the game from the two second-story porches. The roof is supported on seven trusses, the tie beams of which are thirty feet from the floor. Nothing is lacking to make the enterprise a great social and pecuniary success. The furniture, trimmings, etc., are elegant. Plate-glass, small, leaden windows, and, in fact, everything that would make the buildings appear in the old colonial style of architecture, have been adopted. Its colonial features are very interesting, and will attract no little attention.

The Casino was constructed by James Gordon Bennett, and at first was owned exclusively by him. In September, 1880, it was sold to an association incorporated a short time previously under the laws of the State, and known as the Newport Casino. The capital stock at present is $200,000, which is divided into shares of the par value of $500 each. Mr. Bennett is the largest stockholder. Stockholders are members of the association,

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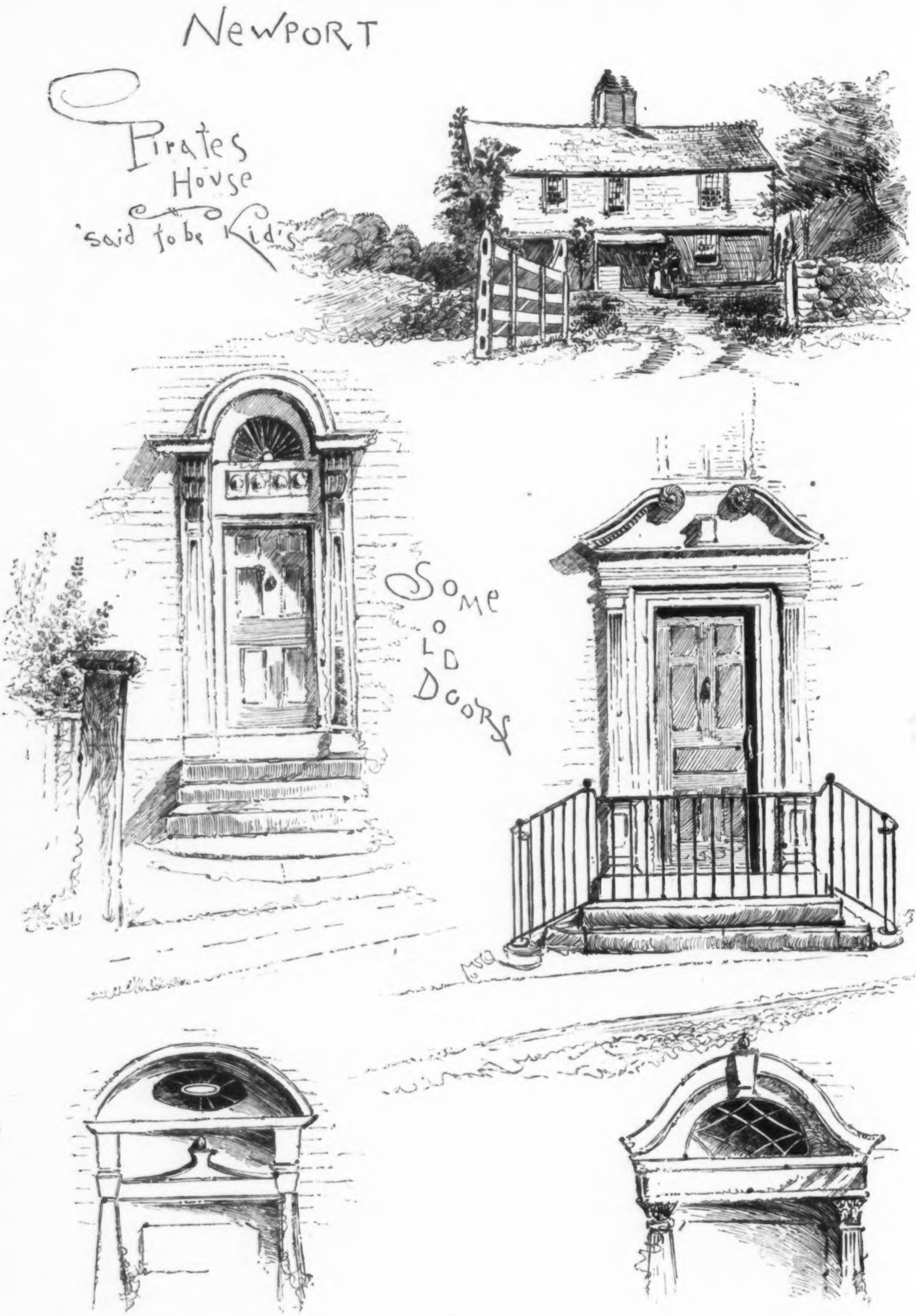
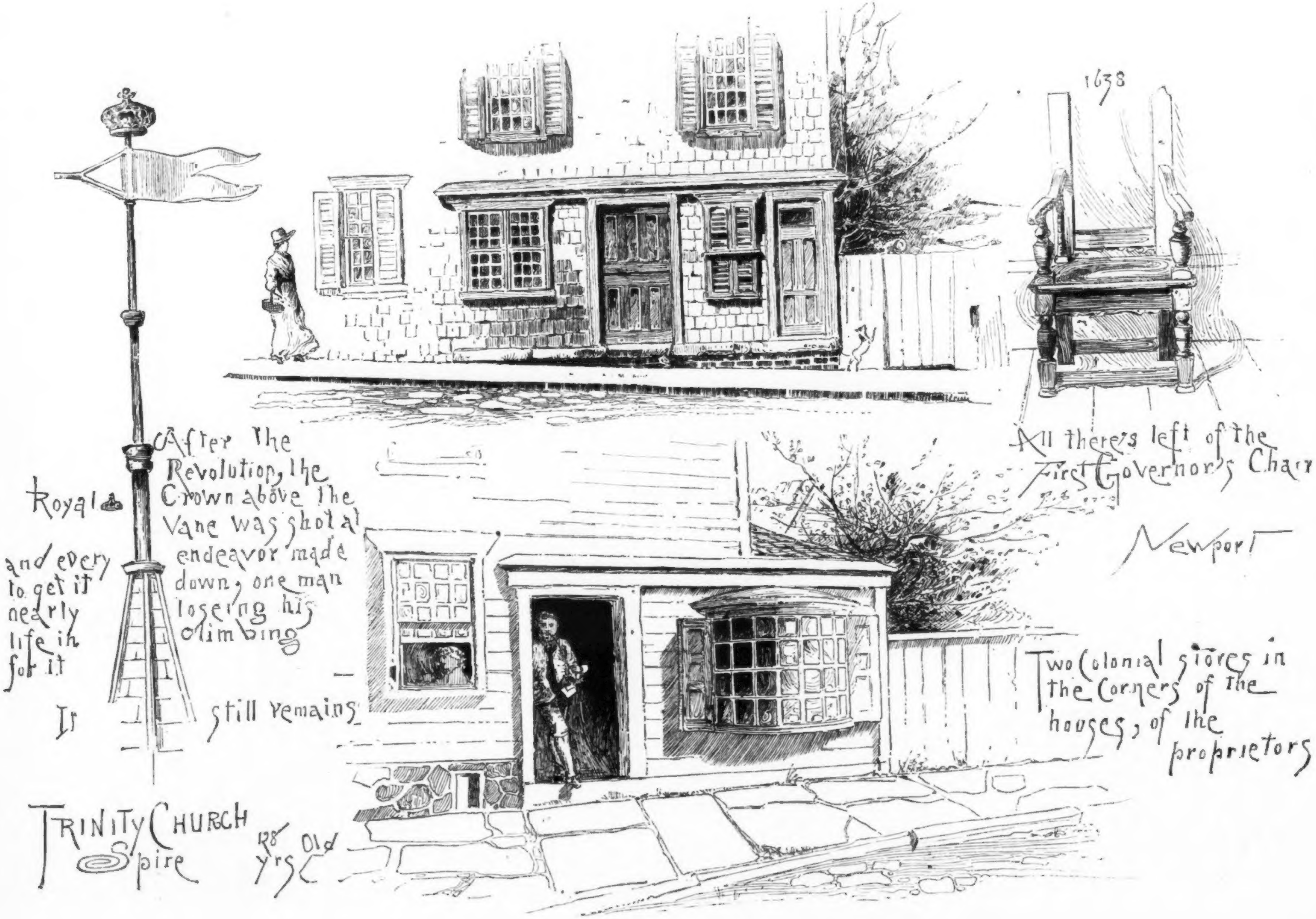

Newport
Pirates House
'said to be Kid's
Some Old Doors


Royal ♛
After the Revolution, the Crown above the Vane was shot at
and every endeavor made to get it down, one man nearly losing his life in climbing for it
It still remains
TRINITY CHURCH Spire
128 yrs Old
1638
All there's left of the First Governor's Chair
Newport
Two Colonial stores in the Corners of the houses, of the proprietors

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and are entitled to all privileges. By compliance with certain conditions, and the payment of certain sums of money, non-stockholders are also admitted to the privileges of the Casino. The greater part of the main building is reserved for the exclusive use of the stockholders and subscribers, while the public is admitted to the grounds during the season, on the occasion of band concerts or other public entertainments, by the payment of twenty-five cents.

The inner grass-quilted courts of the Casino are devoted to lawn-tennis, and here young ladies possessing trig ankles disport themselves in short frocks, black stockings, and the nattiest little canvas shoes, especially constructed to enable the occupier to kick up behind and before. Slim youths in flannels and red-hot gills, bound and frisk and fling themselves about, posing after the fashion deemed by them to be most effective. It is good form to give or to get a dinner at the restaurant. If a male visitor can brag of dining at the club, he is the envy of all outsiders. Some very expensive little revelries are held in this charming building, and one, at which the cost of flowers alone went into four figures, is spoken of with that respect which the rolling away of coin always begets at bewitching Newport.

Directly opposite the Casino is "Jim" Bennett's stone mansion, elevated above the avenue, and approached by a flight of stone steps. This granite fortress is partly vailed by English ivy, and is inclosed by a low wall. There are three sets of gates. On each pier of each gate is a bronze owl, with eyes wide wide open, staring the passers-by fairly out of countenance. At night these birds of Minerva act as lamps, the light coming from out their eyes in a most weird and eerie manner. Fancy the sensations of young Mr. Corrie Yland, as when, having partaken too freely of the forbidden juice, he lurches out of the ponderous door of the Casino, to be confronted by three pairs of demon optics. Why, the effect of the muchly-abused raven of Poe on the bust of Pallas was as nothing compared to the burning glances of "Jim" Bennett's owls.

Onward we jingle, passing that great barrack hotel, the Ocean House, its piazza crowded by people whom the Cottagers so prudently ignore; people who have the hardihood to come to Newport in the ridiculous hope of passing inside the gilded gates. The rapture of a guest at the Ocean House when a Cottager calls! The kissing and hugging, and the *empressement* of the parting, and the triumphant glances at the other guests as the vehicle bearing the sacred personage whirls away! At the hops the Cottagers stroll down to the hotel, form in line, stare and coldly criticise; but like that famous English crack cavalry corps, The Tenth, "don't dawnce."

The first cottage worth noticing is "Snug Harbor," a snug and pretty anchorage, enshrined in evergreens. It is a red brick, cross timbered, with a quaint roof. After this comes a sandstone mansion, built by a Boston man, the conservatory resembling a gigantic glass tube. The half-French, half-English "cottage" of George Peabody Wetmore, with its entrance so gruesomely resembling that to a newly-made graveyard, is a most conspicuous ornament; its lawn being green velvet. *Apropos* of the lawns, at Newport they are kept as dainty as wedding-garments. They are cared for, caressed, trimmed and flattened, and as a rule are dappled with crow-sized blackbirds and Brobdingnagian robins. The Babes in the Wood should have gone to their last sleep here, for in a trice the robins would have covered them with leaves—ay, and have tucked them in.

To mention every villa on Bellevue Avenue is the pleasing duty of the local guide-book; to select, the equally pleasing duty of the writer of this article. A certain monastic-looking institution, half-monastery, half-Noah's ark, is the latest addition to the avenue, and is the "fad" of Mr. Ellis, of New York; while a Dr. Bell, a little further on, and nearly opposite Mr. Havemeyer's half-pagoda, half-chalet villa, indulges in a charming symphony in red brick and terra-cotta.

I paid the tribute of a sigh as I passed the ruins of what had once been the cottage of "Jim" Keene, of Wall Street fame. Fire did its work of wreckage to the tune of $80,000.

George Bancroft the historian's residence, embosomed in tufted trees, is reached through what in Newport is termed a court. The display of roses in the sweetest of all the months is a perfumed chapter in the history of the historian's home. The look out over the deep blue sea inspires meditation. Every tourist is shown the magnificent mansion of William Astor. It is unique, and stands in lordly isolation. The hackmen, in their slumbers, mutter: "That's William Astor's, of Noo York," as they carry their provincial fares to or from the direction of the Ocean Drive. This is what the local scribe says of it, and he says it well: "Now we see a handsome fence, which bounds the property of William Astor, of New York, who has here one of the pleasantest places on the island. The nearest prominent object is his green-house, with its strips of blue glass to please the eye, and possibly to affect the plants favorably. The villa is of brick, with green blinds, and *porte cochère* of freestone, well seconded by the wide and lofty piazza, facing south and east, that lets in plenty of light to the lower rooms. A bright landscape spot in front, composed of five or six golden *retinospora*, a spruce and two dwarf trees, sets off the red villa to much advantage from Bellevue Avenue; while up the piazza pillars run handsome vines, and a trained tamarix, which is always exquisitely delicate in color and foliage. *Juniperus squamata* makes a lovely spreading bed-evergreen, though it needs such Winter protection as is afforded on the Gardner Brewer place—viz.: a complete board fence—to have it appear in perfect beauty during the remainder of the year. On the east, toward the water, runs a straight path, on either side of which is a large bed of closely planted spruce. A brick stable to the north, and a brick lodge in the southwest-gate corner, sum up its conveniences, and confirm us in the impression that it must be altogether a charming place."

What once was the Barreda Palace, the residence of a Hidalgo of *sangre azul* who represented sunny Spain at Washington, is now in the possession of John Jacob Astor. It also gives a chance to the drowsy hackman.

Bailey's Beach is a charming little inlet, boasting about a dozen bathing-boxes, and a strand redolent of an ancient and fish-like smell. Here commences the famous Ocean Drive, to do which daily is the solemn and sacred duty of the conscientious Cottager. To the left, in a bunch of rocks, is the famous Spouting Rock. This natural wonder demands a tearing sou'wester in order to come out at its best. Given the tearing sou'wester, and the water at every wave is driven through the fissure skyward, till the surrounding rocks are hidden in a vail of glittering spray. Out on the Ocean Drive we espy Coggleshall Reef Lightship bobbing up and down, till one fancies the unendurable agony of a person of bilious temperament being condemned to a sojourn on board. In the hazy distance the various headlands seem wrapped in grayish mantles. Along the road is the quaint villa of Professor Agassiz, with its detached laboratory and the tiny harbor wherein lies the steam-launch on which he hies him a-fishing o' Summer nights: not for bass or porgie, but for "specimens." I have had the pleasure of fishing with him and his assistants. We steamed slowly; each of the learned ones was armed with a gauze net. We had one lantern on board. The fishers gently skimmed the water with their nets, and the haul was gravely and earnestly examined by the aid of the solitary lamp. The capture of a very unpleasant-looking sea-beetle was hailed with rapture. The learned professor and his class had been fishing for this hideous sea-bug for months.

Close to the Professor's lies the cottage of Mr. A. A. Low, the proud parent of Brooklyn's youthful mayor, while Josiah, a brother, holds a fort further down the road. Here is a half-mile trotting-stretch, and the "two-seventeens," tooled by the fancy, flash along in spins that cause the false bangs of the middle-aged ladies driving past to curl in sheer trepidation.

Ha! the roll of a drum. A turn in the road, and Fort Adams looms up. This fort is next in strength to Monroe, but a pinch of dynamite, and——. The regular fort days, during which the officers give tea and cakes—ay, and cakes and ale—are Tuesday and Friday. A band discourses "the usual," and to drive over is the correct thing, the humble tourists taking the Jamestown ferry-boat, and paying a dime for transportation.

The Cliff Walk comes next in importance to the Ocean Drive, and is as charming as it is unique. You strike it by taking Bath Road, which leads direct to the Beach, a rather desolate waste of muddy-looking sand, with the blue-crested breakers booming in from the Atlantic on one side, a sultry-looking lagoon on the other.

A white flag flying from a tall flagstaff indicates to all whom it may concern, that so long as this pennant toys with the breeze, ladies and gentlemen are privileged to bathe in company. This pleasing concession is allowed up to one o'clock P.M., after which the red flag flies to the masthead, when none but the sterner sex are allowed to bathe, two hours being accorded the lords of the creation for Eve-less communion with Mother Ocean. At three o'clock up goes the white flag, and out of bathing-boxes of all sorts, shapes, sizes and dimensions, emerge very unfairy-like, or Mary Walkerish figures, from ten up to 300 pounds. Puritanical bathing-garments are *de rigueur*, albeit some are coquettish enough; but the "bad form" of colored or fancy suits is left for such vulgar places as Coney Island or Long Branch.

From the Beach, gazing seaward, is a ragged, rugged, verdure-crested wall of rock, a cliff against which the savage waves have been buffeting themselves in impotent fury since the "cooling-off" process so vigorously descanted upon by learned geologists.

The Cliff is rugged and storm-wrenched and indented, its sharp teeth ever ready against its ceaseless assailant. Sloping gently upward from the edge of the gray rock is verdure of the keenest emerald, and smooth as a billiard-table. Dotting this exquisite plateau are cottages of the quaintest and most costly designs, the newest bits of this end of the Nineteenth Century's art caprices. Along the edge of the Cliff for its entire length is a serpentine walk, a common, free to all as God's sunshine. Of this walk Mr. Petroleum Bartender or Mr. Shoddie Clambayke dares not deprive the people. Turnstiles, where Edwin and Angeline listen o' moonlight nights to what the wild waves are saying, or to the beating of their own soft-shell hearts, mark the boundaries of the various demesnes, while the velvet turf is trimmed by cunning gardeners, so as to drape itself like a mantle over the scarred and weather-beaten rocks. To stand on the Beach and watch the sunlight play on blue ocean, gray rock, green grass, and red brick, is a very banquet for the visual senses—a rich and bounteous harvest for the quiet eye. About half-way along the Cliff Walk, which extends from Bath Road to the end of Bellevue Avenue, and at the east end of Narragansett Avenue are the so-called "Forty Steps," in reality but twenty-nine, and rickety at that number. This mode of descent to the rocks below is largely availed of by young ladies of unexceptionable ankles, who, like Miss Arabella Allen, subsequently married to Mr. Winkle of Pickwickian fame, often get "pounded" when half way, stoutly refusing to move either up or down till every male biped within sight is engaged in contemplating the beauties of the deep, visages seaward. Opposite the Forty Steps is the palatial residence of Mr. Goelet, of New York. It is a caprice in architecture, and is most charming to gaze upon.

But Mr. Goelet's cottage does not bear away the palm. There is another cottage on the Cliff, and *such* a cottage, wherein a lady named "Kitty" Wolfe, the possessor of a lamp the rubbing of which bringeth forth the all-mighty dollar, dwelleth in "maiden meditation, fancy free." Fain would any one of that numerous and persevering tribe known as fortune-hunters possess himself of Miss Kitty, and go in for love in *this* cottage; but the lady prefers to say the tiny little word "No" in its iciest form, and to live out her Summer life in one of the most delicious specimens of bizarre architecture in the wide world. It is a gem in red sandstone. It is all arches and cloisters, and courts and gateways, and postern-doors and turrets, and bower-windows and coignes of espial. It is solid as a mediæval fortress. It is adapted for lovers, or for old gentlemen and ladies such as Rembrandt loved to paint. It is a place for an author to plot his romance, an artist to dab in his color. I have never seen Miss Kitty Wolfe, probably I never shall; but I tell her, on this bright particular page of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, that she is the possessor of one of the most charming dwellings in the world, and long may she live to feast her eyes on the beauties of so perfect a gem.

Some of the villas east of Bellevue Avenue hold their own—not against Miss Kitty Wolfe's, though. The "Villa Cushman," the cottage of the late Charlotte Cushman, once a show-place, is now rather out of the race. I have already alluded to the craze for knockers that abounds in this city of the sea. Some of the "rappers" on the oaken doors of houses in the old town are as noticeable as the wondrous bolts in the portals of Spanish cathedrals. Another "fad" is the sun-dial, and the newest cottages have this primitive timepiece set into the walls like a panel. "Old" Trinity Church is one of the special monuments of Newport. And here in the season the toilets within and equipages without the said edifice are things to be seen in order to be fully appreciated. Imagine marvels of old—rose-colored Renaissance satin, covered with flounces of Chantilly lace; vapory combinations of batiste and Valenciennes, airy harmonies of silk canvas relieved with bright Indian and Persian stuffs, and with applications of Bulgarian and Smyrnese embroidery; iridescent silks, moiré, batiste glacé, foulardine decorated with the most artistic floral designs, and engarlanded with a profusion of creamy lace. With her high-crowned Pierrot hat, her hair brushed up, leaving only coquettish *frisins* on the nape of her neck, her robe with its graceful folds and artistic *cassures*, the Newportienne of 1884 can be compared with the most elegant figures which Watteau has painted.

Trinity Church was built in 1726, and on its spire still stands the royal crown of England. The existence in so

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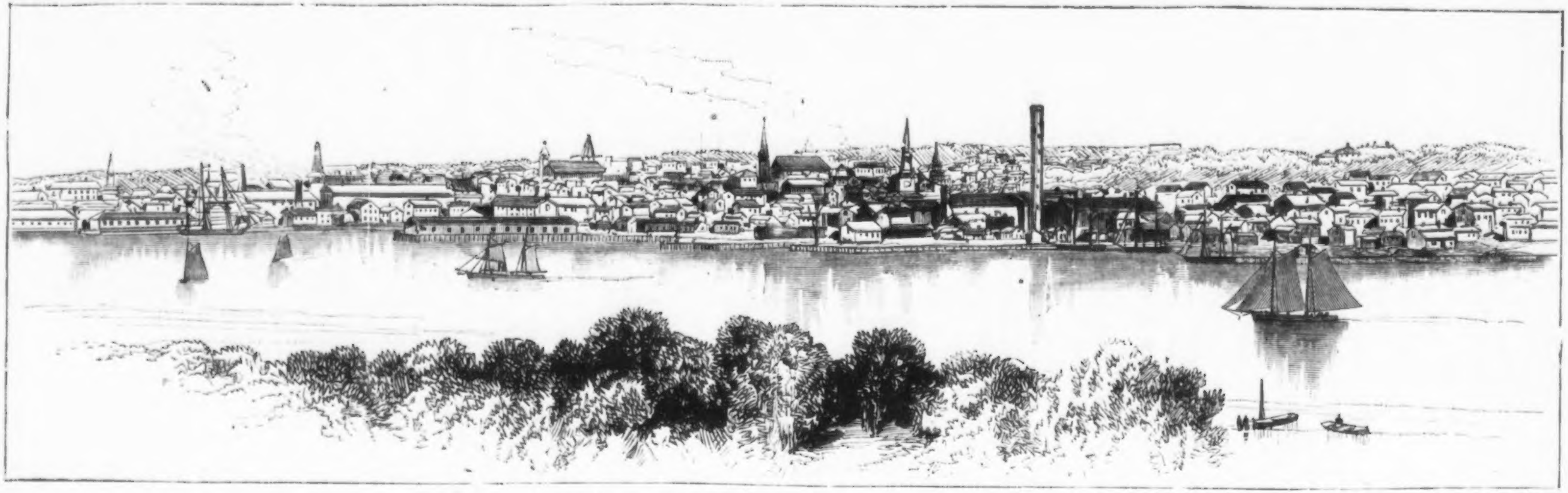
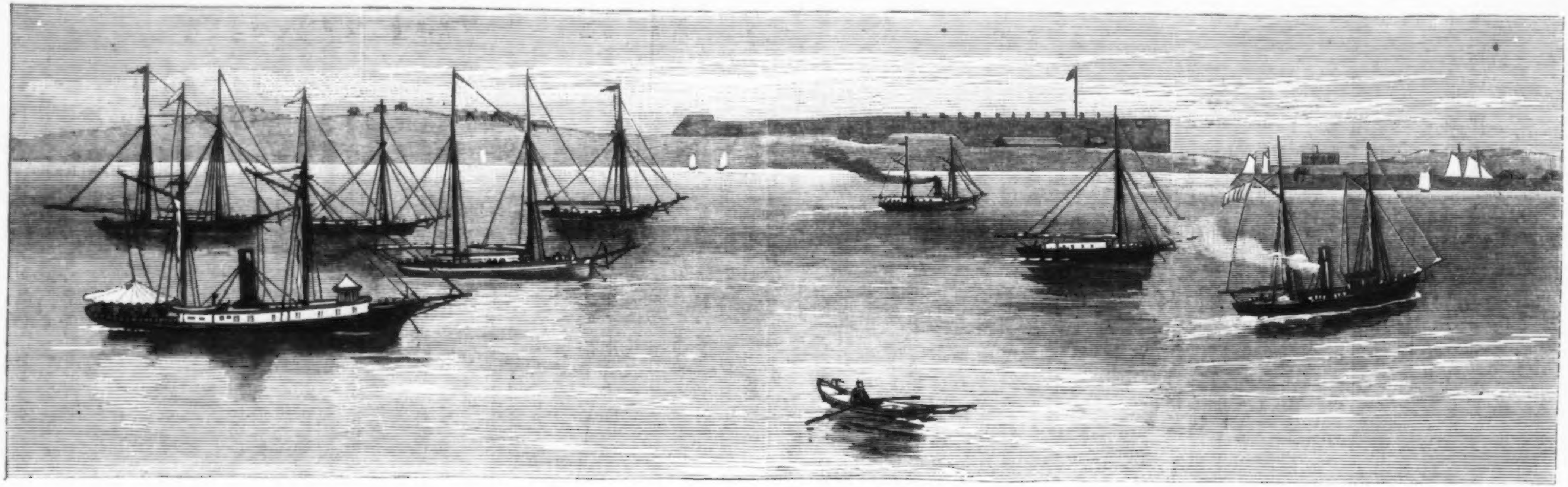
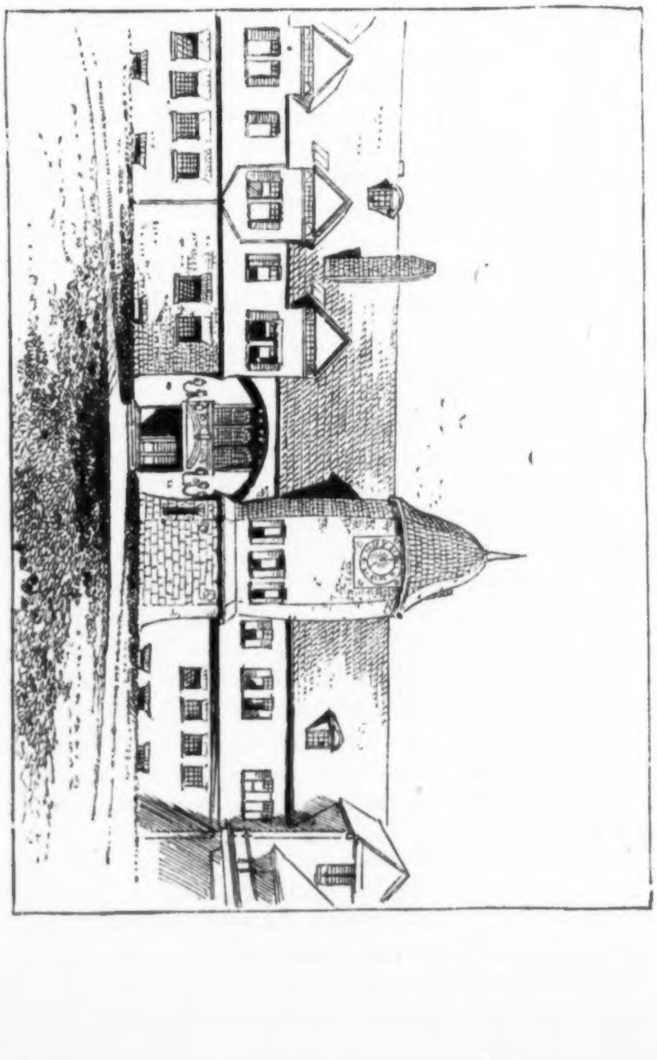


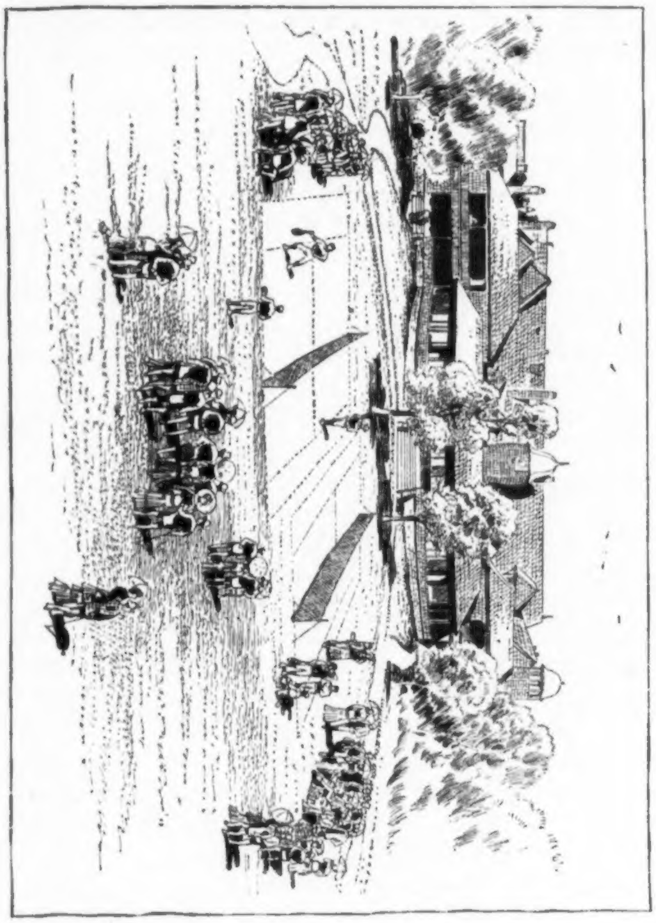
NEWPORT WATER-FRONT, FROM THE ROAD TO FORT ADAMS.



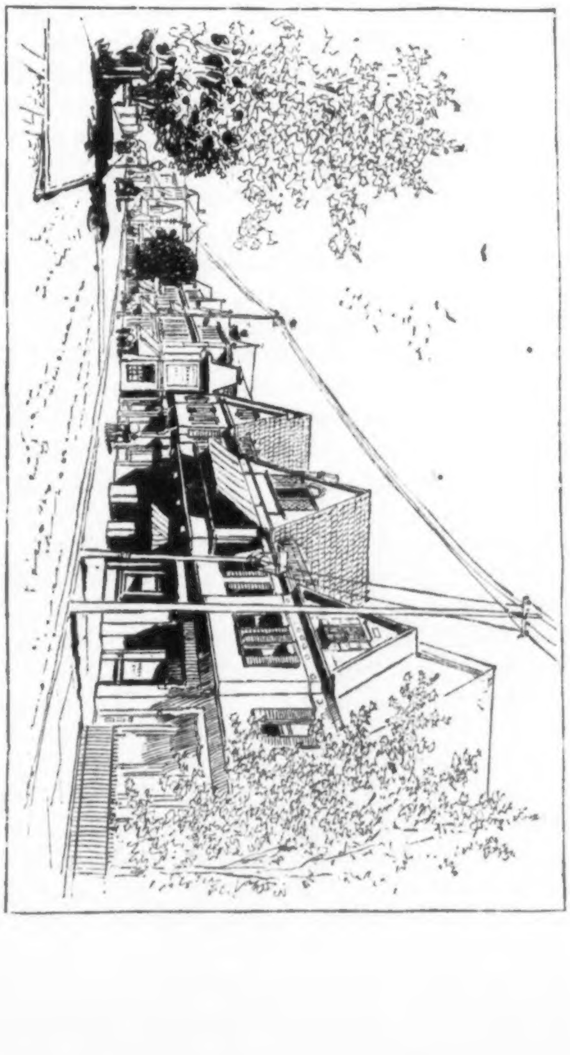
FORT TRUMBULL AND THE YACHT ANCHORAGE.



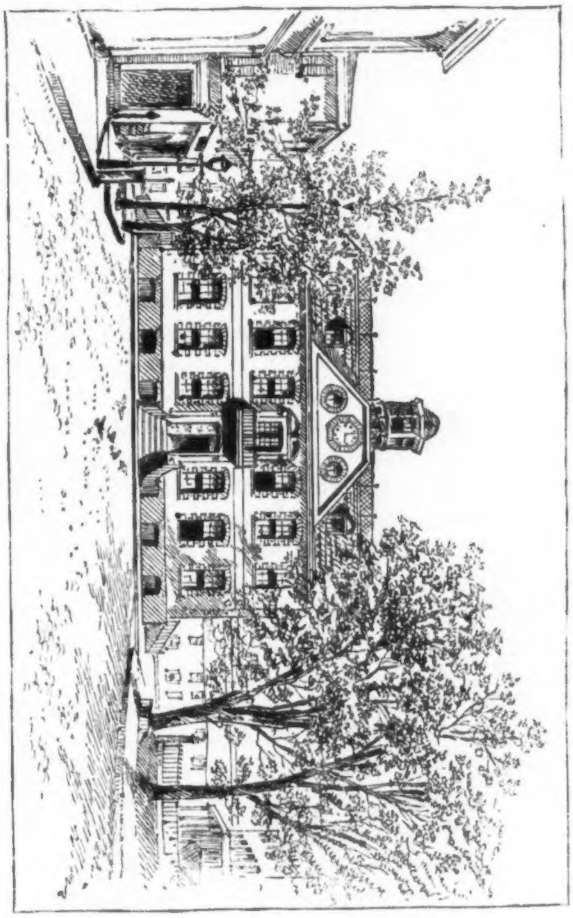
ENTRANCE TO THE CASINO.



THE TENNIS GROUNDS.



THE CASINO, NEWPORT.



THE STATE HOUSE, NEWPORT.

conspicuous a position of the bauble so sorely afflicted the Revolutionists that many attempts were made at shooting it away, while one adventurous fellow who volunteered to climb the pole nearly lost his life in the ardor of his patriotism. The quaint interior of Trinity, with its huge white sounding-board, the square, high-backed pews, many of them still lined—save the mark!—with green and red rep, the brass candelabra, and the general air of Old World solemnity and simplicity, never fail to impress the visitor with respect and reverence. In marked contrast to this—for us—venerable pile, is the Channing Memorial Church, as perfect in its way as Miss Kitty Wolfe's Cottage. It has been erected to the memory of William Ellery Channing, the great apostle of Unitarianism, whose centennial anniversary was celebrated in Newport, April 7th, 1880. The design of the church is the early English gothic, and is, in shape, cruciform. The general dimensions are 65x85 feet, and the building is remarkably well proportioned. It stands almost opposite the Old Stone Mill. There are three entrances to the building, one in front, one at the northwest through the transept, and one through a porch at the northeast corner, which opens into a vestibule. The tower stands at the northwest angle, and is not only graceful, but beautiful in design. It is square at the base, and terminates in an octagonal shaft at the height of about 125 feet. It is well broken up by cornices of band moldings, and is pierced with handsome windows. At the northeast intersection there is an octagonal turret about forty feet high. The ventilation is by an ornamental shaft, of a neat design, in the roof. The transepts are lighted by large stained-glass windows.

A slave-pen still exists in Newport, but is now utilized for other storage than that of "black ebony."

Houses of noted pirates are to be found; ay, and one of them is supposed to have some time been the residence of the notorious Captain Kidd, whose unsatisfactory disposal of treasure still exercises the minds of honest men. Among the houses of the last century are that of Bishop Berkeley, a very dilapidated concern when compared with that of Dr. Potter, of Grace Church. Metcalf Bowier's house dates from 1730, but that of Governor Bickles goes back to 1639. Two colonial stores are still to the fore, with their old-fashioned window-frames and small panes of discolored glass. In the State House is the famous Gilbert painting of Washington, and the remains of the chair of honor of the first Governor.

Fashionable life at Newport commences its daily routine at nine o'clock, when the ladies appear at breakfast in the most bewitching morning-gowns, and the menkind in raiment of light color, made by Smallpage, or some swell London tailor. Breakfast lasts till eleven o'clock.

After breakfast the elderly people read the New York papers on the piazzas, while the girls drive village carts "all over the place," or go a-shopping into the old town. At two o'clock, after the plunge on the beach, comes luncheon, when some one man distinguishes himself in dressing a salad. A little lawn-tennis, if the breeze be favorable, till five o'clock, when Bellevue Avenue and the Ocean Drive have to be done, and calls made. Dinner at half-past seven, and during the evening calls or hops are *de rigueur*; the men repairing to the Casino about eleven o'clock for the "B. and S.," the cigarette, the gossip, and a little touch at "Bac." This is the outline, which is of course filled in by picnics, boating-parties, excursions to Purgatory and Narragansett Pier, tennis at the Casino, and polo at the Westchester Grounds.

Who would not Summer at Newport with the swells?

THE ENSIGN.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.)

I.

THE regiment was engaged on the banks of a railway, and served as a target to the whole Prussian army massed in an opposite wood. They were firing on each other at a distance of eighty yards. The officers shouted, "Lie down!" but no one would obey, and the proud regiment remained standing, gathered round their colors. In the great horizon of the setting sun, of cornfields, of pasture land, this confused group of men, enveloped in smoke, were like a flock of sheep surprised in the open country by the first whirlwind of a terrific storm.

It rained iron on that slope! nothing was heard but the crackle of the volleys and the prolonged vibration of the balls which flew from one end of the battle-field to the other. From time to time the flag, which waved overhead in the wind of the mitrailleuse, disappeared in the smoke, then a voice, grave and steady, dominating the firing, the struggles of the dying, the oaths of the wounded, would cry: "*Au drapeau, mes enfants, au drapeau!*" Instantly an officer, vague as a shadow in the red mist, would spring forward, and the standard, once more alive as it were, showed again above the battle.

Twenty-two times it fell. Twenty-two times its staff, still warm, slipping from a dying hand, was seized and upheld, and when, at sunset, what remained of the regiment—scarce a handful of men—retreated slowly, firing as they went, the colors were mere rags in the hands of Sergeant Hornus, the twenty-third ensign of the day.

II.

SERGEANT HORNUS was a crusty old wardog, who could scarcely write his own name, and who had taken twenty years to gain his sergeant's stripes. All the miseries of a foundling, all the brutalizing effects of barrack-life, could be traced in the low projecting forehead, the back bent beneath the knapsack, that air of careless self-neglect acquired in the ranks. Besides all this he stammered, but then eloquence is not essential to an ensign. On the evening of the battle his colonel said to him, "You have the colors, my brave fellow—keep them."

And on his coarse hood, frayed by war and weather, the vivandière stitched the gold band of a sub-lieutenant.

This had been the one ambition of his humble life. From that moment he drew himself up; he who was wont to walk with bent head and eyes fixed on the ground, henceforth looked proudly upward to the bit of stuff which he held very straight, high above death, treachery and defeat. Never was there a happier man than Hornus on days of battle, holding his staff firmly in its leather socket with both hands.

He neither spoke nor moved, and was as serious as a priest guarding some sacred thing. All his life, all his strength, were concentrated in the fingers grasping that gilded rag upon which the balls beat so persistently, and in his defiant eyes looking the Prussians full in the face, as if saying, "Try, if you dare, to take it from me!"

No one did try, not even death. After Borny, after Gravelotte, those murderous battles, the colors came out, tattered, in holes, transparent with wounds, but it was still old Hornus who carried them.

III.

THEN came September with the army around Metz, the investment, and that long pause when the cannon rusted in the mud, and the finest troops in the world, demoralized by inaction, want of food and want of news, died of fever and *ennui* beside their piled arms. No one, neither chief nor soldiers, had faith in the future; Hornus alone was still confident. His ragged *tricolor* was all in all to him, and as long as he could see that, nothing seemed lost. Unfortunately, as there was no more fighting, the colonel kept the colors at his house in one of the suburbs of Metz, and poor Hornus was much like a mother whose child is out to nurse. He thought of it constantly. Then when the yearning was too much for him, he went off to Metz, and, having seen it still in the same place, leaning against the wall, he returned full of courage and patience, bringing back to his dripping tent dreams of battle and of advancing marches, with flying colors floating over the Prussian trenches.

An order of the day from Marshal Bazaine put an end to these illusions. One morning Hornus on awakening found the whole camp clamorous, groups of soldiers in great excitement, uttering cries of rage, all shaking their fists towards one side of the town as though their anger were roused against some criminal. There were shouts of, "Away with him!" "Let him be shot!" And the officers did nothing to prevent them. They kept apart with bent heads as if ashamed of being seen by their men. It was indeed shameful. The Marshal's order had just been read to 150,000 fighting men, well armed and still efficient—an order which surrendered them to the enemy without a struggle!

"And the colors?" asked Hornus, growing pale. The colors were to be given up with the rest, with the arms, with what was left of the munitions of war—everything.

"*To-To-Tonnerre de Dieu!*" stuttered the poor man. "They sha'n't have mine." And he started at a run toward the town.

IV.

Here also there was a great disturbance: National Guards, civilians, *gardes mobiles*, shouting and excited, deputations on their way to the Marshal; but of this Hornus saw and heard nothing. All the way up the Rue du Faubourg he kept saying to himself:

"Take my flag from me indeed! It is not possible. They have no right to it! Let him give the Prussians what is his own, his gilded carriages, his fine plate brought from Mexico! But that, it is mine. It is my honor. I defy any one to touch it."

These fragments of speech were broken by his rapid pace and by his stammer, but the old fellow had his idea notwithstanding; a very clear and defined idea—to get the standard, carry it to the regiment, and cut his way through the Prussians with all who would follow him.

When he reached his destination he was not even allowed to enter the house. The colonel, furious himself, would see no one; but Hornus was not to be put off thus. He swore, shouted, hustled the orderly!

"My flag, I want my flag." At last a window opened.

"Is it you, Hornus?"

"Yes, colonel; I——"

"The colors are all at the arsenal—you have only to go there and you will get an acknowledgment."

"An acknowledgment! What for?"

"It is the Marshal's order."

"But, colonel——"

"Leave me alone," and the window was shut.

Old Hornus staggered like a drunken man.

"An acknowledgment, an acknowledgment," he repeated mechanically, moving slowly away.

V.

The gates of the arsenal were wide open, to allow the passage of the Prussian wagons, which were drawn up in the yard. Hornus shuddered. All the other ensigns were there, fifty or sixty officers silent and sorrowful; those sombre carts in the rain, with the men grouped bareheaded behind them, had all the aspect of a funeral.

In a corner the colors of Bazaine's army lay in a confused heap on the muddy pavement. Nothing could be sadder than these bits of gay-colored silks, these ends of gold fringe and of ornamented hafts, all this glorious paraphernalia thrown on the ground, soiled by rain and mud. An officer took them one by one, and as each regiment was named, its ensign advanced to receive an acknowledgment. Two Prussian officers stiff and unmoved, superintended the ceremony.

And must you go thus, O sacred and glorious flags!—displaying your brave rents, sweeping the ground sadly like broken-winged birds, with the shame of beautiful things sullied? With each of you goes a part of France. The sun of long marches hid in your faded folds. In each mark of a ball you kept the memory of the unknown dead falling at random around the standard, the enemy's mark!

"Hornus, it is your turn, they are calling you; go for your receipt."

What did he care about a receipt!

The flag was there before him. It was his, the most beautiful, the most mutilated of all. And seeing it again, he fancied himself once more on that railway bank. He heard the whistling balls and the colonel's voice: "*Au drapeau, mes enfants!*" He saw his twenty-two comrades lying dead; himself, the twenty-third, rushing forward in his turn to support the poor flag which sank for want of an arm. Ah! that day he had sworn to defend it to the death—and now!

Thinking of all this made his heart's blood rush to his head. Distracted, mad, he sprang on the Prussian officer, tore from him his beloved standard, tried to raise it once more straight and high, crying "*Au dra*——" But the words stuck in his throat—he felt the staff tremble, slip through his hands. In that paralyzing atmosphere, that atmosphere of death which weighs so heavily on capitulated towns, the standard could no longer float. Nothing glorious could live. And old Hornus, too, choked with shame and rage, fell dead.

THAT COCK OSTRICH.

By Charles Du Val.

It was a brilliant Summer day in Outshoorn—a dreamy little town situated in the Western Province of the Cape of Good Hope—the sun in all the fullness of South African glory was enjoying his evident triumph; a party of hotel occupants lazily sipped their coffee, and whiffed their cigarettes, on the veranda fronting the "Queen's Arms," as the hostelry was named, all more or less thankful to mine host for having rendered the inner man as comfortable by his well-served dinner as he had rendered the outer by the protecting shadow of awning spread overhead, to whose cooling influence might be added the shade produced by some half-dozen waving blue gum trees, and a band of willows springing as it were from the water furrow, running parallel to the sidewalk.

The chief subject of conversation was the loss of the ill-fated steamer *Teuton*, which, with two hundred people on board, had foundered in a calm sea a few days before, and by whom, but for an accident of chance, stroke of luck, or call it what you will, I myself should have been a passenger. Free interchange of ideas with a fellow-traveler or hotel guest rules in most colonies, and in the

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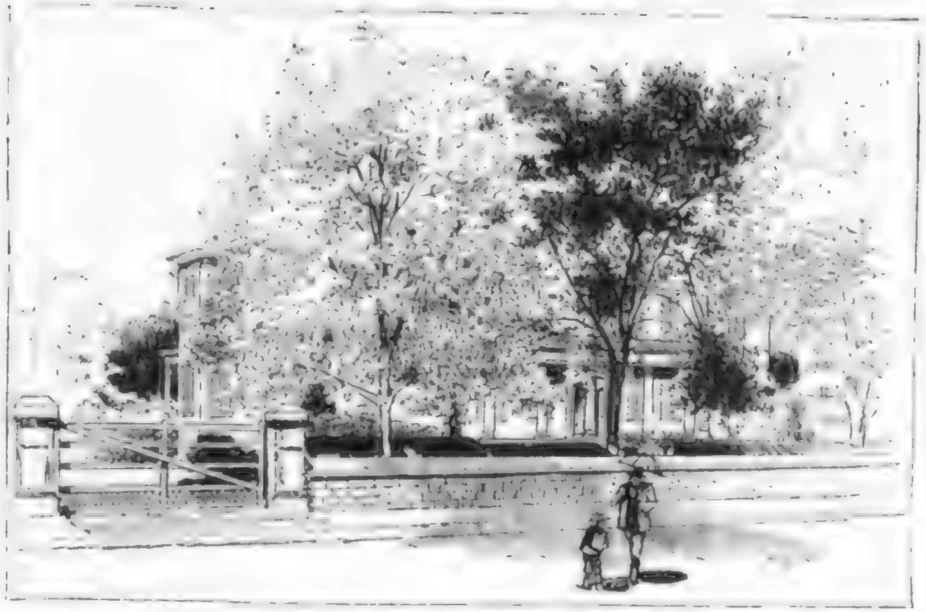
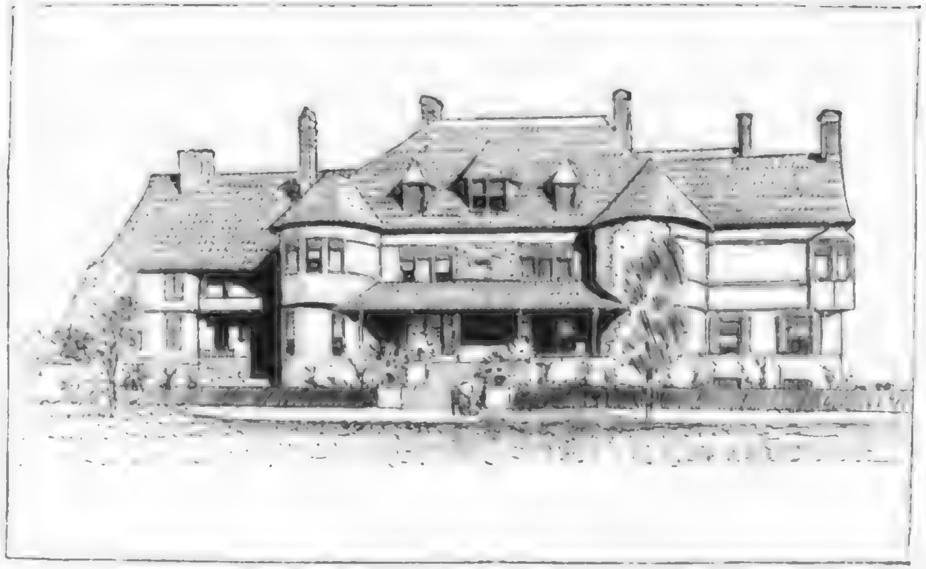
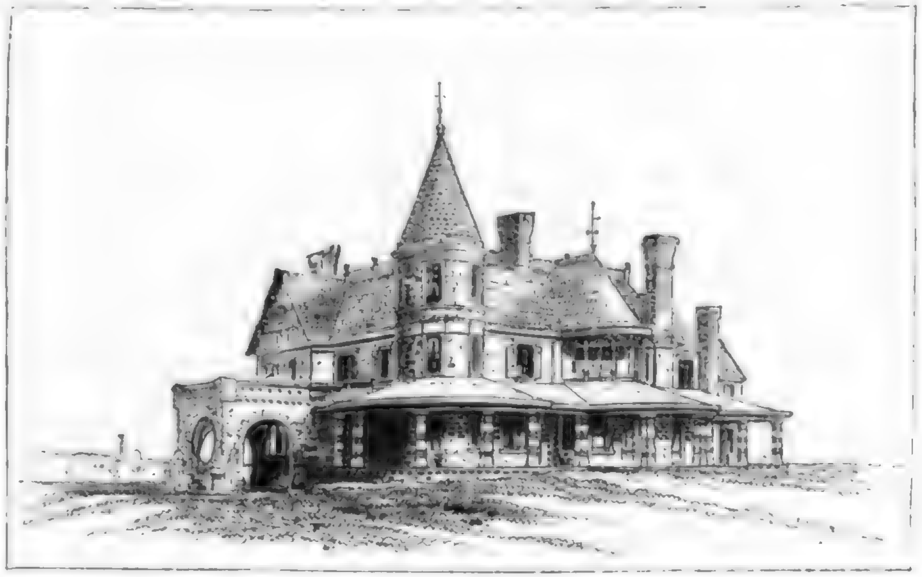


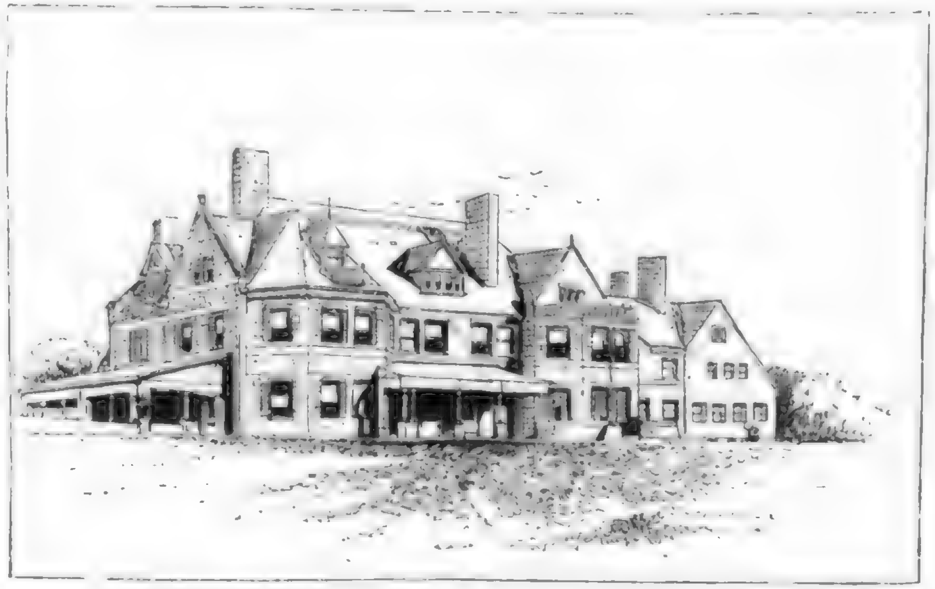
RESIDENCE OF JAMES GORDON BENNETT.



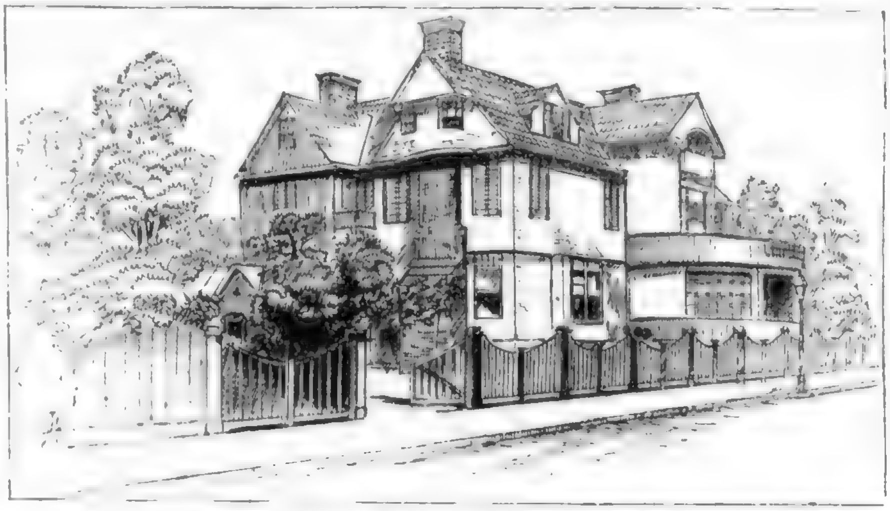
THE GOELET COTTAGE



THE DAVIS VILLA.



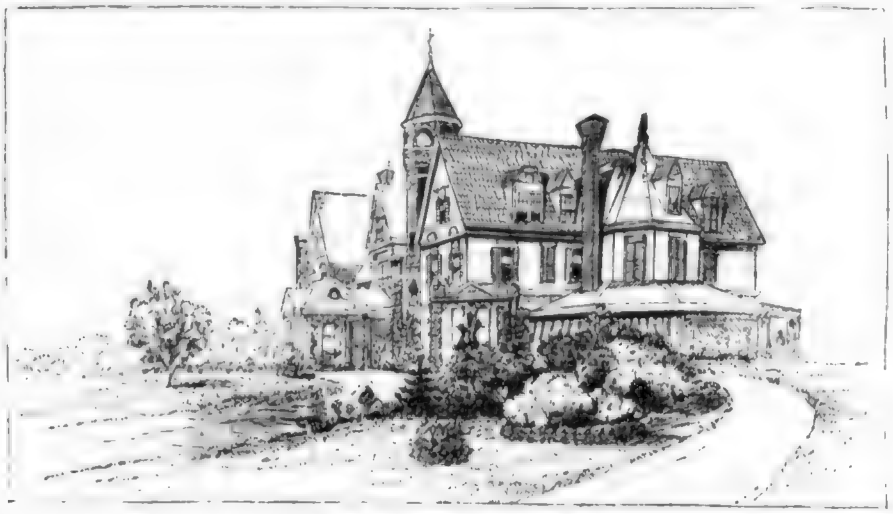
MISS WOOLFE'S COTTAGE.



MRS. BRUEN'S COTTAGE.

Western Province of the Cape there is no exception to this rule. Having worn out the subject of the *Teuton's* loss and the horrors attendant on the disaster, conversation lightly veered around to objects which have presented attraction to queens and courts for centuries past, and which at the present time, as an apparently unchangeable article of fashion, continue to constitute in the place where my scene is laid an important export of commerce. Some fair reader is probably curious to learn what I refer to: I will tell her in two words—Ostrich Feathers. Outshoorn was a centre of ostrich-farming districts, and an enterprising batch of Israelites, who are always to be found where an honest penny is to be made, were established as "buyers," and conversation waxed very warm and contentious as to the relative merits of certain bunches of "prime whites," "feminas," "tails," etc., which the Dutch farmers had traded away that day at the morning market.

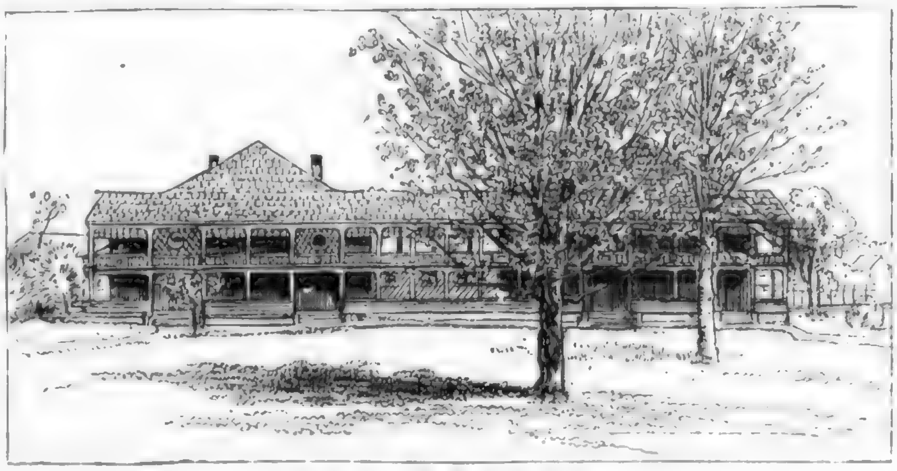
Taking at the time but little interest in ostriches, farming, or feathers, I suggested to my *compagnon de voyage,* a young American named Albert Thies, whose brilliant skill as a pianist had attracted my attention, that a fitting way to spend the day would be to pay a visit to the Montagu Pass—a cleft through the Western Province mountain chain, of whose beauty the Cape people are justly proud. In a few minutes we were rattling away, the white hood of our covered Cape cart affording ample protection from the burning sun; while its canvas curtains pulled open created a current of air truly refreshing and banished the lassitude which climatic warmth induces even in the cold-blooded Briton with his unparalleled energy and indomitable perseverance. A splendid bit of scenery is that Montagu Pass. I have never seen its equal in all my wanderings throughout South Africa, though I have descended the Sneuberg, piloted my way through the Hex River Valley, and crossed the lordly Drakensberg chain, into the fair land of Natal beneath.



THE LORILLARD COTTAGE.

The road through the Montagu Pass is a good one, and has been cut out of the mountain-side. A steep descent lies on one hand, sweeping precipitately down into the gorge below; the only protection for the traveler, his wagons and horses, being enormous boulder stones, and portions thereof forming an irregular wall, the path having been actually cut through some of these huge geological pages of the history of ages ago. Mountain crags, kloofs, and thick brush, are everywhere visible, and here and there abutting suddenly on the road are fancifully-formed boulders. It requires little effort of imagination to transform these into the resemblance of the rams of fossilized ironclads, which, floating about in an extraordinary era of the Earth's progress, were left high and dry by an internal disturbance, and became assimilated with the beach on which they were permanently stranded.

Alike interesting to geologist, artist, or tourist, the Montagu Pass boasts one more additional attraction. It is free from the harpies who proffer you indifferent photographs of the place of your enjoyment, or specimens of spar, or *reliques,* and last of all, it has no hotel in its vicinity with a *table d'hôte,* bad wine, worse cigars, and the other benefits of civilization which succeed in eradicating any interesting influences the beauty and peculiarity of the surrounding scene may have awakened. But Montagu Pass has its hotel, though, and I will even go down on my knees to the "Baas" of that hostelry, and in sackcloth and ashes implore his



THEATRE AND RACKET-COURT.

pardon, and that of the dark-skinned, rolling-eyed Caffre maiden who acts as his Hebe, if I have by implication animadverted on his Olympian Retreat. After five miles on foot it was more than gratifying on arriving at the summit of the Pass to find mine host's little thatched dwelling, and to be served by Kate Kackleback (in all the simplicity of her native modesty, and such fashionable apparel as a canvas sack and a blanket afforded,) with a glass of Cape sherry, well mixed with an old acquaintance, a bottle of ginger ale. Ginger ale, too, surmounted by a label which recalled "Ireland and the Irish, Dublin," and old acquaintances, Cantrell and Cochrane, for many a time and oft I had met at least one of them, and as the globules sparkled in the glass and the form of the worthy alderman rose in my recollection, it required little persuasion to suggest a toast omnipotent in the Emerald Isle, "Here's may ye never die till I kill you," with which adjuration the contents of the swarthy barmaid's glasses went rippling down our parched throats. A friendly sort of fellow, easy-going, and not to be put out, was the "Baas" of the hotel. We talked of shooting, and he produced a handsome rifle; I took it and tried a few shots at a piece of flat stone standing prominently in a clump of bush. For the third time I raised the rifle, and with settled purpose and well-nerved hand was about to deal death to the boulder when mine host suddenly bethought him that danger might be the result, saying, in the quietest, mildest way possible:

"I think you'd better not fire over there; one of my Hottentots is gathering wood in that clump—and the ostrich-camp is a little beyond with two pair of breeding birds in it; it wouldn't do to hit one of them," from which I inferred that the latter were of considerably more value than the former. It is needless to say that the intimation of a man being in the identical clump into which I had already dispatched two bullets made me feel that I was an accessory to deliberate murder—a sensation not relieved until the Hottentot made his appearance, bearing on his head the fruits of his search in the shape of a huge bundle of rotten branches, and evidently minus any particles of the lead which had been forwarded in his direction.

"What do you say to a look at the ostrich-camp, Thies?" said I to my comrade.

"All right," he said; "they are not musical, but that doesn't matter, I am," with which effort of jocularity he led the way.

A very important industry in South Africa is ostrich-farming. An "ostrich-camp" is a fenced-in area where the male and female birds, in pairs, are confined during the period of incubation. The cock or male bird takes his fair share of the process of hatching, carefully sitting on the eggs whilst his weaker half enjoys a little exercise and recreation, and he guards all approach to his spouse when she is engaged in her part of the duty.

The cock ostrich when thus paired is an excessively fierce bird, and though at other times tractable enough, becomes endowed with a resolute determination and courage that hesitates not to attack any disturber of his peace.

Curious, ungainly-looking creatures, their only claims to beauty consist in a few wing and tail feathers, and a pair of eyes whose clearness and brilliancy is that of a gem, with power of vision almost illimitable. They possess a stomach, too! Many an alderman of city renown would give a considerable portion of the contents of his money-bags for such a digestive apparatus. Many a *bon vivant*, in whose extremities the burning pains of gout show indication of the non-digestion of late suppers, would freely barter a part of his bank credit for the gastric juices of my two-toed acquaintance at whom we were gazing, as he stalked in a discomposed manner around and about his camp. The looker-on feels an inexpressible sensation of relief as, taking a rapid glance of the "kraal," he discovers no interstice in the fence through which the infuriated bird inside can make his escape. He is easy to feed; nothing, in fact, comes to him amiss. You can give him crushed maize, or broken stones, chopped lucerne, or ground bones; he does not disdain a *bonne bouche* of a couple of pocket-knives, whilst a half-dozen tenpenny-nails, a pair of scissors or a few gimlets he looks upon as a positive delicacy. It did not take us long to reach mine host's ostrich-camp, and there, sure enough, was the feathery lord, majestically working himself up into a towering passion, his brilliant eye having "spied strangers" with almost as acute a perception as a member of St. Stephen's.

Being more or less engrossed with the antics of the "Cock of the Walk," who was rolling his body, flapping his wings, gyrating his elongated neck, and giving vent to his feelings by an occasional smothered kind of hiss, I failed to notice that a few yards to the right, a very decided gap in the fence presented no obstacle to his escape, and a moment later he discovered his advantage. Moving slowly up to the broken part of the fence, working up his wrath in his own peculiar fashion, he suddenly turned, and charging through the gap, came rushing furiously in my direction. Eight or ten feet at the most divided us, and knowing that if he got a fair stroke at me with his double toe, well sustained by all the muscular force of his sinewy leg, the chances were that a fair division of my corporeal frame would be the result, and inspired more by instinct than courage, I rushed into close quarters with him, grappling at his long neck with my outstretched hand, in the hope of minimizing the strength of his blow by meeting it half way. More by accident or luck than coolness or design my left hand caught his throat, and the stroke with which he would, in all probability, have torn my body open, was turned aside, and its descending force exercised itself on a pair of pantaloons—one leg of which was converted into ribbons, and with a fair amount of outer cuticle from the limb within, strewed the scene of the combat. The impetuosity of his charge carried him a dozen yards beyond me, and before he could return to the engagement I had succeeded in putting a considerable clump of bush between us, and discovered my heroic comrade lying flat on his face, at the foot of a cluster of pampas grasses, having heard, as he afterward explained, that it was the correct thing to lie down when attacked by an ostrich. This to an extent is true, as the blow of an ostrich is formidable only when delivered by him perpendicularly —"straight out from the shoulder," as the "fancy" style it.

Bustling about, apparently conscious and proud of his victory, my late opponent made no further attempt to renew the combat, and feeling decidedly sore about the left leg, and generally disordered by the fray, I lost no time in ordering the retreat to be sounded, and, a wiser and a wounded man, I hobbled ignominiously over the nearest fence to the adjacent river-bank, where a little cold water to my scratched and bruised limb was decidedly acceptable. Joined here by my comrade, we compared notes on the recent engagement.

"Well!" said Thies, "all that I could see was a magnificent jumble of ostrich-feathers and coat-tails, in which a man and a bird were considerably mixed. I should say, after the brilliant way in which you resisted a charge made with such *elan* and impetuosity, that you are quite as fairly entitled to the South African war medal as the hundreds of government officials now wearing it, who never left their offices in Natal, and elsewhere, nor saw a shot fired nor an assegai flung—to say nothing of the thousand and one hangers-on to the skirts of the columns, who were conspicuous by their absence when danger was near, and by their presence when decorations or rewards were distributed."

"Come, come, my musical genius," I replied, "don't be sarcastic, but help me to pin together the fragments of my inexpressibles, which, by-the-way, would have delighted the heart of an Irish landlord, the *rents* were so apparent everywhere.

He did so, and with a feeling of greater interest in ostrich-farming than I had previously exhibited, we returned to the thatched roof-tree of the Boniface of Montagu Pass, where some very rough sticking-plaster and a few improvised bandages made my leg as comfortable as could be expected, and the needle and thread of the Caffre barmaid succeeded in rendering my pantaloons a trifle more presentable in appearance.

"It's a good job," said the Baas, "you didn't harm the bird. That pair," he added, "cost me £180."

"Well," thought I, "this is the most Christian-like person I have stumbled against for some time. He doesn't mind my shooting his Hottentot servant, but I mustn't endanger his ostrich, even in defense of my life."

I return, sore, wounded, and bleeding from an encounter with one of his vicious birds, and receive for consolation a general warning that it is rather a good job that I, and not my enemy, his feathered monster, has been injured in the fray.

"I say, old chap," said I, as I painfully clambered into the Cape cart, "I shall get you appointed officer for this district to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and next time I come this way perhaps you will be good enough to summon that cock ostrich of yours for a wanton and provoked assault—and next time you've any Hottentot shooting on hand, just let me know, and I'll bring down a friend or two, better marksmen than I am, who will probably afford you more satisfaction."

Our cart rattled gayly away by the light of the moon—bright as silver—such moonlight as only tropical climes display; and as the various points of interest of the Pass were re-traveled, I had leisure to think over the narrow escape I had experienced. I also dwelt on ingratitude, as a characteristic of the ostrich; for reflection told me that I was a holder of a number of shares in the Grahamstown Ostrich Farming Company, and assisting in keeping in luxury the friends, if not the "sisters, cousins and aunts," of that cock ostrich.

THE SIGN LANGUAGE OF THE INDIANS.

One singular fact is the infinite diversity of Indian languages. Not only every tribe, but every band, of which there are sometimes fifty in a single tribe, has its own dialect. In all times the Indians have disdained to learn even a few words of an enemy's language. Stranger yet, the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes for three-quarters of a century have been firm friends, camping and hunting together and making war upon the same enemies at the same time. The children constantly romp and play together in the common camp. Yet no one in ten of either tribe can hold the most ordinary conversation in the language of the other. Unable to speak each other's language, the Indians of the West have constructed a wonderful sign language by which they hold intercourse. Gestures, signs, are more or less natural to every one. Among the Plains Indians alone have they reached their most wonderful development.

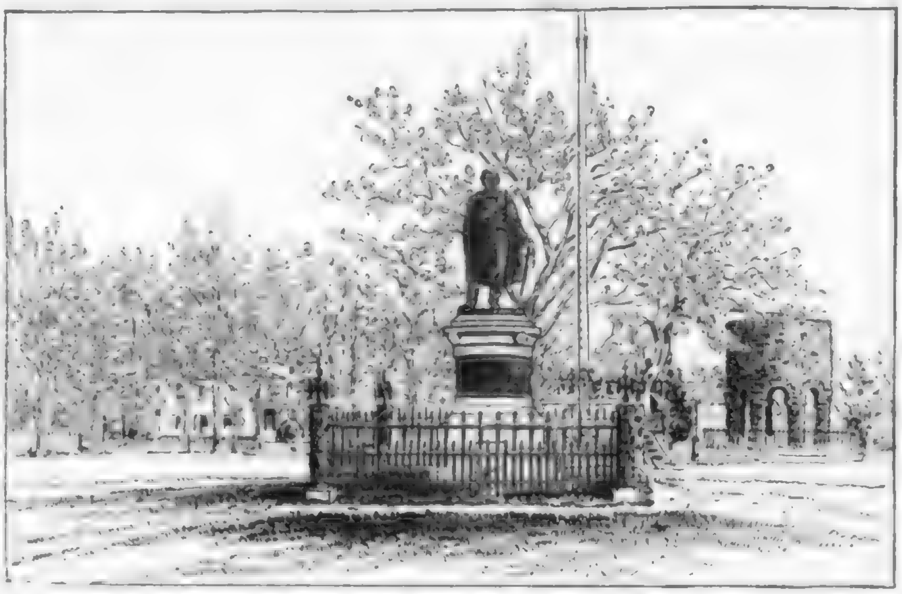
So complicated and elaborate is the sign language, consisting of countless gestures and movements, the slightest variation in which marks wide differences in meaning, that only a few Indians in a tribe are complete masters of it, and the masses can only use it slightly. The signs do not indicate letters, nor words, as with the deaf and dumb, but ideas. There is one sign to indicate hunger, another for "stop talking," another for Summer, and so on infinitely. Yet an expert sign-talker will either make or interpret a long speech, which consists of an infinite number of signs, following each other with lightning-like rapidity. Two strange Indians will meet on horseback, each unable to understand a spoken word of the other, and while holding the reins with the left hand, will converse for hours with their right, telling stories or relating their experience without a single misunderstanding.

PUGNACITY OF THE QUAIL.

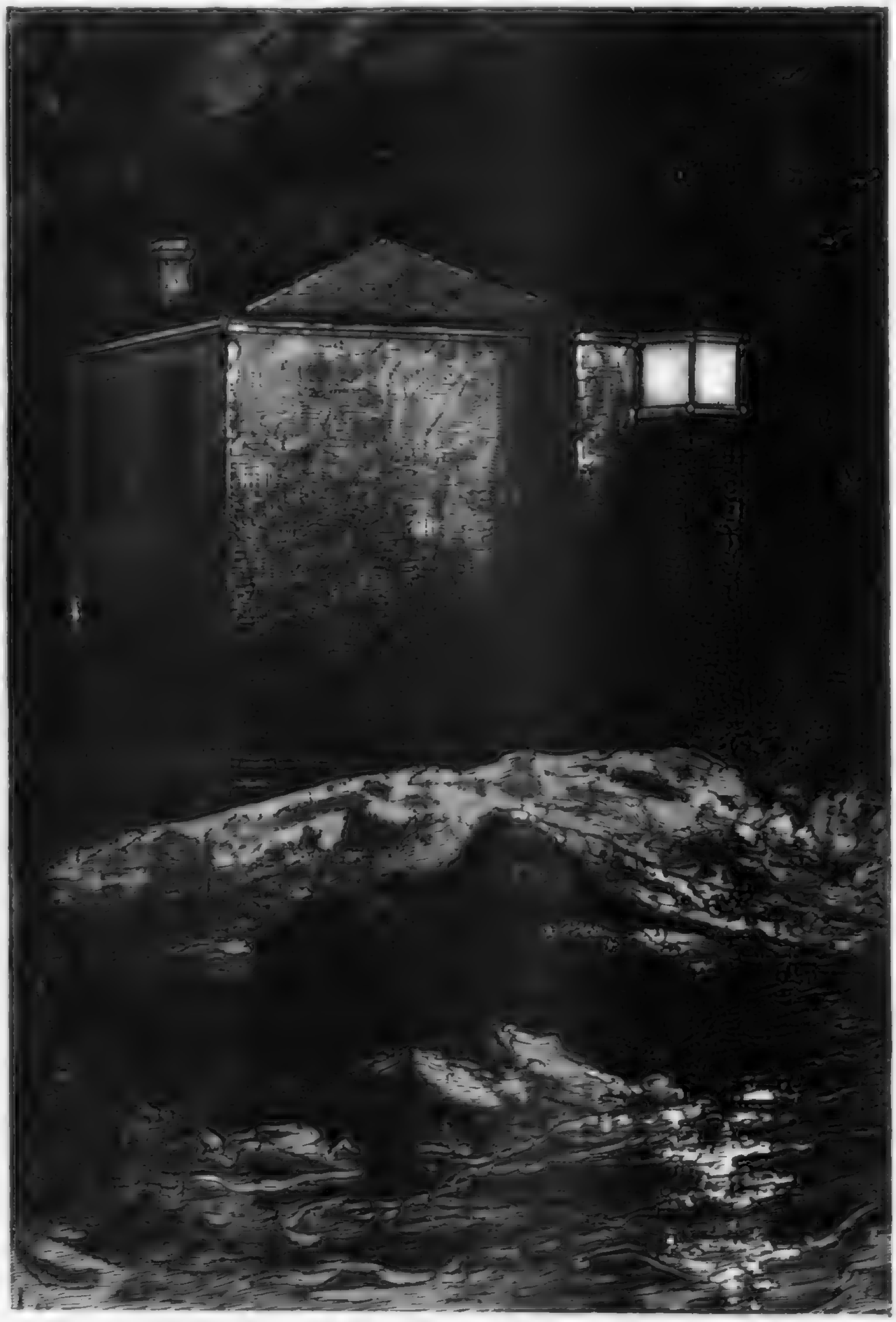
A note on the quail would be incomplete without an allusion to the pugnacity of his disposition. This is unhappily incontestable, and it is probably the chief cause of that speedy dispersal of the "bevies," or broods of young birds, which almost invariably occurs. The cocks are able and willing to fight each other when only two or three weeks old, and in the Spring the contests of the parent males often end in their mutual destruction. The quail possesses no spur—a want, however, which has been supplied by the resources of civilization. Among the Chinese, combats of quails are still as fashionable a pastime as cock-fighting once was in England. The Greeks and Romans were also passionately addicted to these contests, the winners in which have been glorified by the poets of both nations. There is, indeed, a well-known, though, from the modern standpoint, hardly creditable, story of Augustus, who is said to have condemned a prefect to death because he served up at a banquet in the emperor's honor a quail celebrated for its numerous victories.

SIOUAN FOLK LORE.

The rabbit has a singed spot on the back of his neck, because when Ma-shchin-ge, the rabbit, caught the Sun in a trap, the latter being scorched the hair on the neck of the former as he stooped to cut the bow-string forming the trap. The buzzard owes his bare head and neck to the behavior of his mythical ancestor, when caught by Ishtinike. Snow was made by U-sni, the Male Winter, who puffed several times into the air when he left his lodge. The Winters are not so cold now, because the Male Winter was killed by the rabbit. Thunders are now found in the sky in warm weather, bacause banished thither by the chief's son (when he sought for the snake woman), who told them to cool the earth (by sending rain) when men needed it. The Sun is now in the sky because he quarreled with the Moon when both were on the earth; so they determined to separate and go to the upper world. The Moon is a good woman, who carries a water-kettle on her left arm. (The Kansas say there is a man in the moon, whose abdomen is so large because he ate so many turkeys when he came down to earth.) Gravel and stone have been found all over the world since Ties-stones-to-his-ankles pushed over a huge rock which overshadowed a village. Wind was made by large serpents when they opened their mouths. Rain was made by the big turtle, as told in the story of the rabbit and the muskrat, of which I have only the Oto version. Earthquakes were caused by the yelling of the rabbit as he went to deprive the grasshopper of tobacco.



STATUE OF COMMODORE PERRY, AND THE OLD MILL.

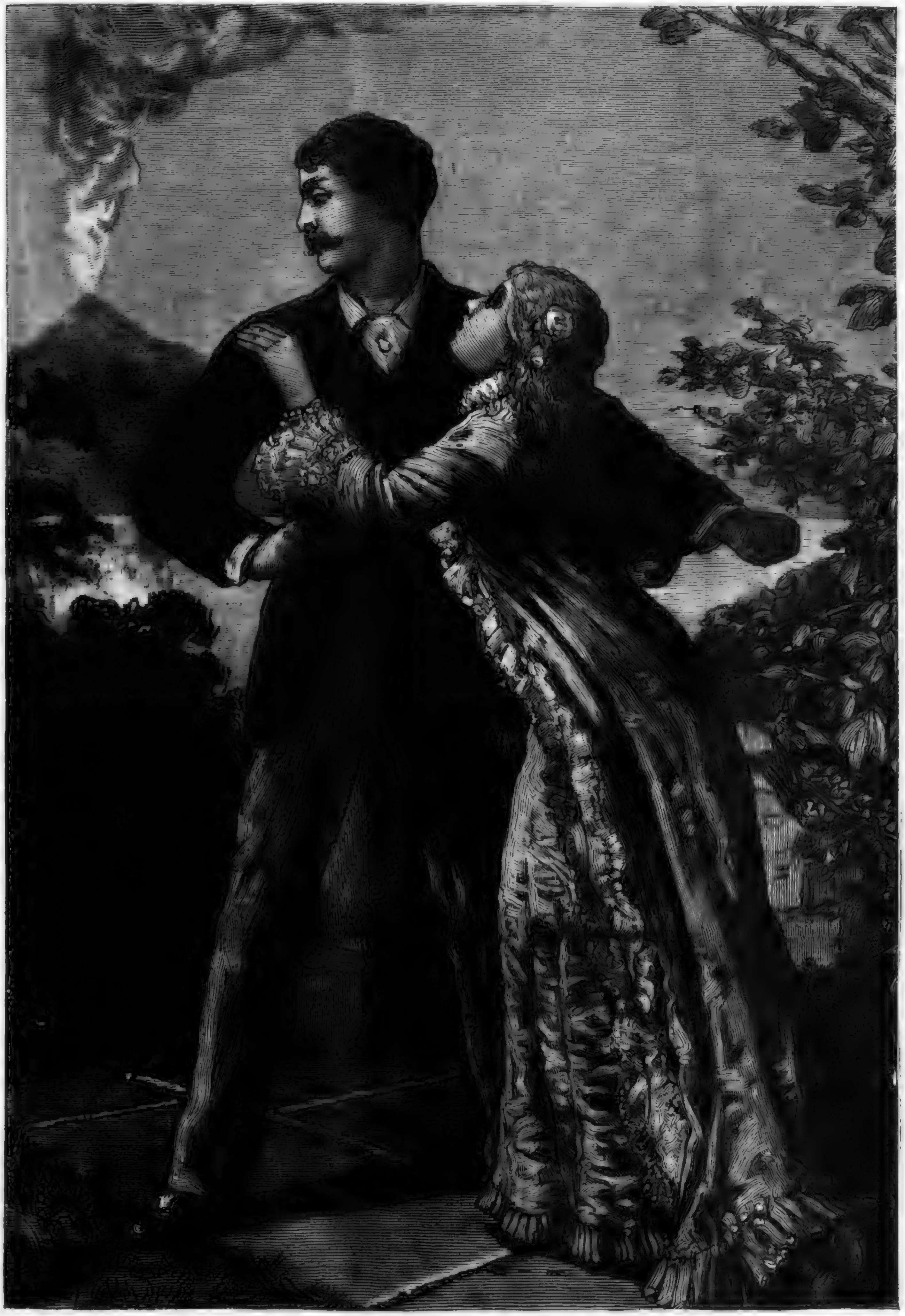


LIME ROCK LIGHTHOUSE, NEWPORT.

Some years ago, in a field beside one of the lakes near Arras, in the Pas de Calais, a horse put out to pasture came to the edge of the water to drink, when his lip was seized by a huge pike. A desperate struggle ensued before the horse could pull out the fish, whose weight was thirty-nine pounds. The most remarkable thing is that the horse was discovered many hours after, enduring great agony, the dead pike still hanging from his lips.

A monk named Basile Valentin, who dabbled in chemistry, with the hope, perhaps, of discovering the Elixir of Life, tried the effect on pigs of a peculiar preparation of antimony which he had composed. The result was most encouraging. After a preliminary cleansing out of their system, the grunters attained brilliant health and respectable corpulence. Valentin then administered his drug to every one of the monks in his convent, as a remedy for the sick and a prophylactic for the healthy. But all his patients proved that they were not pigs, by falling desperately ill when they did not die. Antimony turned out to be a real monksbane—a very powerful antimoine, or antimonk. Such is the origin assigned to the word—which need not be accepted without reservation. Nowadays we have anti-everything. A pork-butcher has made a fortune by anti-eructative sausages.

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it.



"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."—"THE GOLDEN-BROWN HEAD LAY ON HIS SHOULDER ONE SECOND, WHEN A RUSTLE STARTLED THEM. THE COUNT STOOD GLOWERING AT THEM WITH GLOOMY EYES."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

DR. JOHNSON AT THE FEET OF MRS. THRALE.

[Poor Walter Thornbury had some charming things in his "Two Centuries of Song." One of these we reproduce—the playful verses addressed to Mrs. Thrale on the completion of her thirty-fifth year. In those days grave lexicographers could throw off a pleasant *jeu d'esprit* when inspired by the charms of beauty and intellect.]

TO MRS. THRALE ON HER COMPLETING HER THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

An Impromptu.

Oft in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five!
Could philosophers contrive
Life to stop at thirty-five,
Time his hours should never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
High to soar and deep to dive
Nature gives at thirty-five.
Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five;
For howe'er we boast and strive
Life declines at thirty-five.
He that ever hopes to thrive
Must begin by thirty-five;
And all who wisely wish to wive
Must look on Thrale at thirty-five.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

By Helen W. Pierson.

"SEE THERE!" exclaimed Mrs. Cadwallader, with a portentous wave of her hand—"one of that objectionable type of American girl who has brought discredit on our good breeding, and given rise to erroneous ideas about our society in the Old World."

The good lady rustled all over with a sort of tremor of indignation. Her companions were a tall, aristocratic young girl, in a severely simple black satin dress, straight in its folds, clinging in its outline as the drapery of a statue, its sombre hue only relieved by three strings of amber beads wound closely about her throat; with a broad, black plush hat, and long black plumes drooping over the pale, fair, high-bred face; and the other a young man, very English in his whiskers and clothes, with handsome dark eyes, a straight, positive-looking nose, a somewhat opinionated mouth, and, over all, that reserved and, at the same time, languid air supposed to be "good form" in exclusive circles.

The young lady slowly lifted her white eyelids, and faintly shrugged her drooping shoulders, as if to say, "Really, mamma, I have no interest in this sort of thing!"

Howard Winthrop, on the contrary, looked with a dawning interest kindling in his dark eyes.

It was a fresh October evening, and Venice was all aglow with light and sparkle. In the Plaza San Marco the white-coated Austrians were making music in their own masterly manner. Never till their enemies had come into possession had such delicious strains ravished the ears of the people, but they listened to it sullenly enough, for it tells of their slavery. Still, the people are gay and careless; only a few of the nobles leave the place at the first crash of the victor's band. Ladies in grand toilets sit and eat ices under the great arches, and street venders of flowers and sweetmeats and lemonade, or the delicate white shell-work, and a hundred other trifles, go about with their wares. Red-sashed gondoliers, swarthy sailors, with great golden hoops in their brown ears, gorgeous Turks, Greek merchants, and the straight-browed Venetian ladies, with their dark, slumberous, melancholy eyes—all make a moving panorama of color and light charming to the eye.

But our friends were not looking at this picture just now, but at a gondola near them, in which stood a young girl, her slight figure thrown out in a cameo-like relief against the sky. The sun has set, but the after-glow is still there; the water beneath is sheeted silver, the breeze has grown fresh, and blows full against the lithe young figure, whose heliotrope silk dress is of the soft, clinging kind, termed "surah" in the fashion journals. It has the beauty of falling in soft folds, and it seems to cling caressingly to the well-rounded, supple limbs of this girl, who stands, with the oar in her hand propelling the gondola herself, while the gondolier looks on, with a surprised grin upon his face. The light upon the flushed face shows intense and vivid coloring, and all the charms of youth and health, added to a sort of radiant independence of everybody and everything. The bronze gold hair that hangs in a bewitching soft, curly fringe almost down to the "wine-dark violet eyes," is carelessly blown by the same wind, and the long old-gold feather that decorates a plush hat of the same color, sweeps out like a meteor upon the breeze.

"I knew I could do it, mamma," she is saying to a pale, delicate-looking woman, whose plain gray dress forms the greatest contrast to her daughter's. "It only needs practice to do anything."

Howard Winthrop could not resist the thrill of admiration that ran like a subtle electric fire through his whole being. The fresh, unconventional attitude, the radiant health and youth, the vigor, the fire, the *verve*.

At that moment, the long feather, having lost its hold in the rude struggle with the wind, fluttered away like some bright-winged bird, and sailing along for a moment with a sort of giddy delight in its freedom, dropped suddenly and softly as a golden shadow at the young man's feet.

He seized it rapturously but tenderly, and hastened nearer the water's edge. The flight had been noticed, and the gondola was turned toward the land.

The young lady looked about her as it stopped, and, having discerned a very handsome young man with her plume in his hand, she smiled a bewitching smile.

"It was carried to my feet," Howard said, bowing.

"She's the worst for losing her things," said the mother, in a plaintive voice, hovering near, like a dim gray moth about a gorgeous butterfly. "Nothing ever stays on her that can get away."

"I would call that an evidence of the depravity of inanimate things," said Howard, with an admiring glance.

The mother looked puzzled. The daughter laughed.

"They come back, you see," she said.

"I should think they would," answered Howard. "I'm sure I wish I might."

He was quite shocked at his own boldness, but perhaps more so at the girl's answer.

"I wish you would; we don't know any one here."

Yet her face was so frank and ingenuous that he could not think evil of her cordiality.

"I should be glad to be of service to you in any way," he answered, cordially. "I know Venice pretty well, as this is my third visit."

"We are not at a hotel, but at a *pension*, and it's very dull," she said. "We staid one night at a place in the Plaza San Marco, but the people never go to bed there, and mamma could not sleep. We are abroad for her health, and so we had to find a quiet place, and it *is* quiet—oh, deadly quiet!"

Howard suddenly recollected his companions who were waiting for him, and drew out his card. The gray mother produced one of hers, and feebly seconded her daughter's invitation. The whole proceeding struck the young man as curious and unconventional in the extreme, as he walked back to his party. While he had looked at the radiant vision, it seemed correct and proper.

"They don't know me. I might be a blackleg and an adventurer. I hope they don't admit every one so carelessly. The girl is so beautiful."

And he experienced a sort of pang at the fear that any one else should be taken into their acquaintance in the same unconventional manner.

"I can be of real service to them," he said to himself, as he took out the cards and read, "Mrs. John Stirling." "Miss Dulcie Stirling."

"Dulcie."

What an odd diminutive, yet it had a soft, clinging music about it that thrilled him. It was singing itself over and over again in his brain when he came upon Mrs. Cadwallader, looking very stately and sedate, and Miss Mabel with an additional frosting in her face and manner.

"Really, Howard, that very *outré* and curious person seemed to have something to say to you," said the elder lady.

But Howard did not satisfy the curiosity that was evident. He only bestirred himself to procure a gondola, and in a few moments they were afloat on the smooth, shining water. It is not yet dark, the after-glow has not faded.

The golden lamps shine out like golden flowers against the deep violet shadows. Domes and spires come out distinctly in that light, and all the serried masts of the merchant fleet at the mouth of the Quidecca stand up like lances. So they glide on till the darkness falls, and a pale crescent moon rises "like a silver sickle in a field of stars."

But Howard Winthrop is thinking of none of these things. He sees instead a slight figure in a pale purple gown, with a vivacious, sparkling face and wind-blown bronze hair. "She's deuced pretty, but 'bad form,'" he decides, as he lights his cigarette that night. Yet she had taken possession of his fancy, and seemed quite at home there.

No one could have been more astonished than our hero himself when, a few evenings after this, he found himself drifting over the sheeted silver of those same waters with the enchantress herself. How it had come about was not exactly clear to him; but it seemed as if the invitation had come from Miss Dulcie herself, and that her mother had failed at the last moment.

"We hire the gondola by the week," the young lady had volunteered, "and it's a pity to send it away, with such a moonlight, too."

So Winthrop found himself at her side, feeling as if he were sailing in an enchanted boat on an enchanted sea.

"Mamma gets tired so soon," she says to him, frankly, "that I have to go about alone. One hour in a picture-gallery uses her up, and she don't remember anything about it, poor dear; so what's the use."

"But you are too young, and, excuse me, too pretty, to go around without a chaperon," said Winthrop looking at the effects of moonlight on the glowing face, that bloomed like a flower in that pallid light.

She wore a dress of Vandyke blue velvet, with a cape of white Spanish lace carelessly tied over it. About her neck was a quaint collar of filigree silver, and on her arms bracelets of the same delicate frostwork. A Rembrandt hat of blue plush, with a long blue feather, held in place by a bird's silver claw, shaded but did not conceal the glory of her ruddy hair.

It gave Winthrop a sort of pang that he could not explain to look at her and think of her freedom.

It was not the proper thing at all.

"They have such musty, fusty ideas in this Old World," she said, smiling brightly up in his face, "I rather like to shock them. Perhaps I shock you, too?"

"Would you enjoy that?" the young man asked, evasively.

"Oh, no! I would rather you approved of me; though"—with a mutinous and bewitching smile—"I don't know that I would give up my own way to bring that about. I've been a good deal indulged—you have seen that, I know. The doctors told mamma long ago, when I was a child, that if I was opposed I would burst a blood vessel and die. I'm afraid I've made use of her fear to get my own way. It's an ignoble confession to make, isn't it?"

"Yet you look extremely healthy," he answered, in a skeptical tone. "I own I should be tempted some time to oppose you. It's not healthful for any human soul to meet no crosses."

"Well, mamma consoles herself for her own weakness by thinking I may have a strong hand to rule me one of these days. She takes the most dismal views of matrimony, do you know, and says, 'Poor dear! she will suffer enough one of these days. Let her enjoy life now.'"

"But you? I trust your views are more rose-colored," said Winthrop, feeling his heart beat more rapidly, and half-despising himself for it.

What was this strange, impulsive creature to him?

"I? Oh, yes! I have my own dreams—what girl has not? I do not believe life is so leaden-hued as some say. The poets are particularly to blame for that, I think. They should be crowned with cypress instead of laurel, for all the dismal songs of grief and gloom they have perpetrated. But I have not seen the Fairy Prince yet—at least, I think I have not," with a mischievous look into Winthrop's eyes. "You know I am not eighteen, and not out."

Winthrop thought it would be hard to find a girl more emancipated, although she was not out.

"I predict all bright things for you," he said; "let me look at your hand. I learned palmistry once from an Arab."

The girl frankly held out her hand; it was rosy-white and dimpled. Its soft touch, as it lay in his own, thrilled Winthrop from head to foot.

"The line of life is——"

He hesitated. He knew it was all nonsense, but he felt his heart sink as he saw the mystic line so suddenly broken on the little rose-lined hand.

"Well, what is it? Shall I die soon! That will be when my husband contradicts me, I know."

Winthrop rallied, and spoke gayly:

"You will have a long life, a rich husband, and always have your own way. Here is a dark man who loves you."

It was quite in the approved gypsy style, and Dulcie nodded.

"Oh, yes. I know the dark man."

"What?" exclaimed Winthrop, in surprise, "I thought you knew no one."

"Oh, he is an Italian count we met at Trouville in the Summer—a dark, gloomy fellow, with magnificent eyes. He has a history."

"They all have."

"He is very poor."

"They all are."

"And he talks English in a broken way, and in a low, musical voice. He was teaching me Italian, and I am going on with the lessons when I get to Naples. He lives in Naples."

Winthrop could not account for the jealous pang that stabbed his heart.

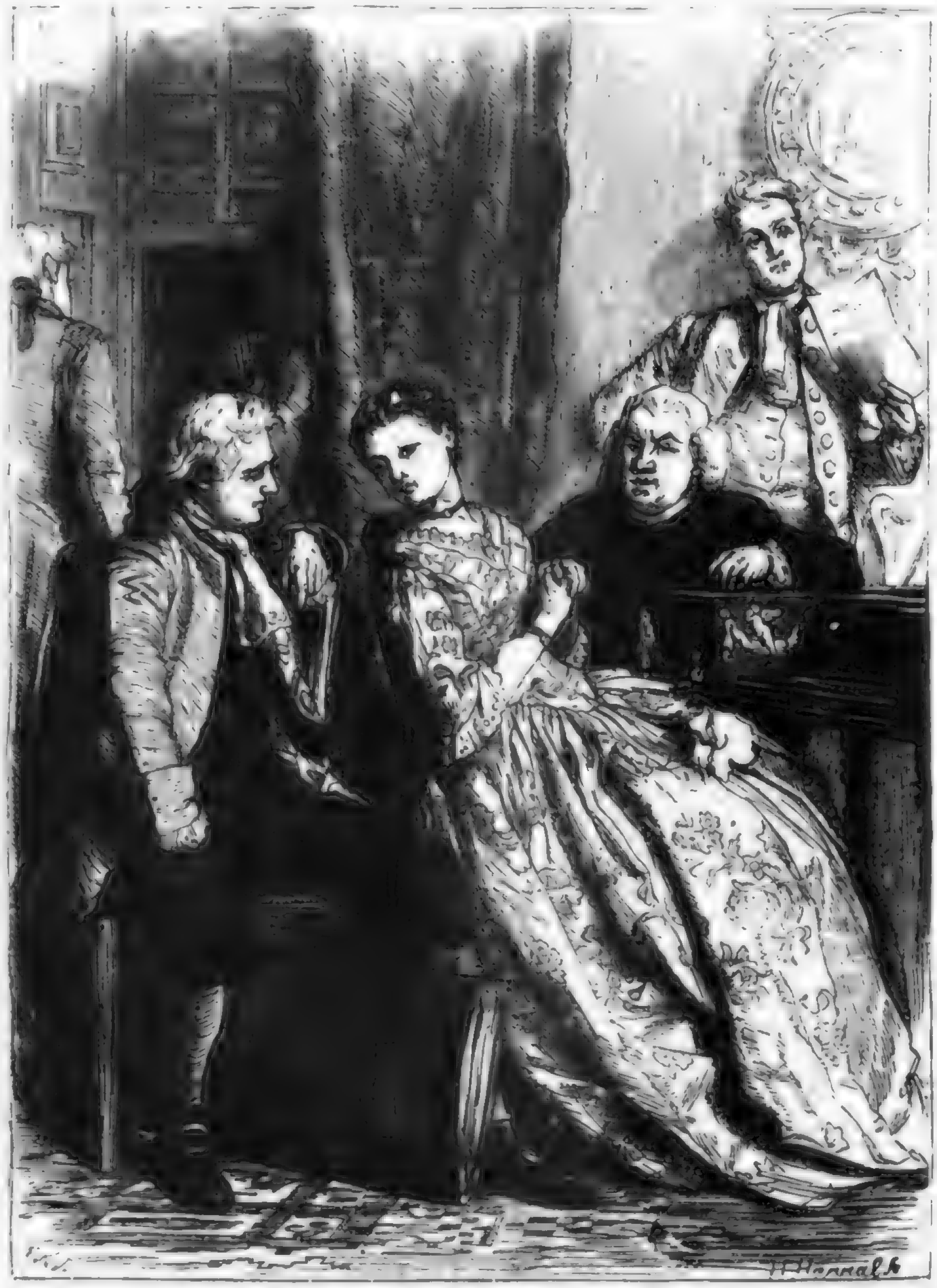
XUM

"Mamma has been in constant terror lest I should fall in love with him on account of the romance of the thing; but I'm afraid of foreigners. I feel that Count Torriani could do any one of those dark deeds we read about in Italian romances; but there *is* an interest in being with a man who adores you," with a bright glance.

Winthrop winced.

"So he adores you, and tells you so?"

"Oh, yes. He reads me sonnets full of volcanic passion. He accounts for my indifference by believing that I am too young to be fully awakened to the best happiness of my life."



DR. JOHNSON AT THE FEET OF MRS. THRALE.—SEE PAGE 146.

"And you go about with him?" Winthrop asked, in a dumb fury.

"Certainly. He is splendid-looking and a perfect gentleman. Besides, he knows his country, as a foreigner could not do; and he appears to feel so much, that I cannot crush him at a blow—can I, now?"

Winthrop felt himself growing hard and cold.

"You can only decide that for yourself," he said.

Somehow, the rest of the sail seemed to have lost its enchantment. They landed and climbed the sandy ridges that glisten in the silvery light.

Every pool is a molten mirror. Before them lies the placid lagoon, on one side a line of dark blue, with creamy waves crawling lazily upon the shore. It is the Adriatic.

It was in vain that Winthrop tried to withdraw himself from the subtle charm of Dulcie's society. In vain he repeated to himself that she was too unconventional—too impulsive for that strict and cool Boston circle to which he belonged:

> "Where, in order that things may go 'toujours tranquille,'
> They seldom express themselves *quite* as they feel."

Mrs. Cadwallader shrugged her shoulders at the very mention of the girl, and Mrs. Cadwallader was the autocrat of his society. She had voted Miss Dulcie "crude—crude in the extreme," and there was scarcely a more significant term in that lady's vocabulary.

There was Mabel, a truly high-bred and perfect specimen of conventional breeding—a girl whose voice, musically modulated, was never raised above the regulation tone, whose step, floating and graceful, was never quickened by impulse, whose manner was cool and quiet and charming, but she charmed Winthrop no more.

He found himself longing for Dulcie's changing, ringing tones. There was everything in her voice: appeal, merriment, tenderness—it was as changed as her eyes, her face, her whole manner. She was never the same—a perpetual study, an eternal delight. She was *outré*, perhaps *bizarre;* but she fascinated him.

He spent all the time when he was away from her in steeling his heart against her, but with the first glance into her fearless bright eyes all his panoply fell from him, and he became her slave.

And so at last they find themselves together in Naples, and a new personage appears on the scene.

The tall, dark, melancholy nobleman, who expresses a whole record of past grandeur and fallen fortunes in his sallow pathetic face and sombre dark eyes, is seen everywhere with Dulcie.

Her mother seems to keep in the background as persistently as if she were indeed a gray moth, and shunned the daylight.

When the count saw Winthrop, an antagonism seemed to spring up at once in his breast. He discerned a rival, and hated him from that moment.

As for our hero, he ground his teeth in impotent rage when he saw his charmer leaning upon the count's arm, looking up with a bright smile into his face, and listening to his broken sentences, as if they were the wisdom of the gods. He tried remonstrating with feeble Mrs. Stirling, who was just at that moment engrossed in a new symptom, and indifferent to everything else.

"It gives rise to remark," he said, "unless a young lady is engaged to the gentleman."

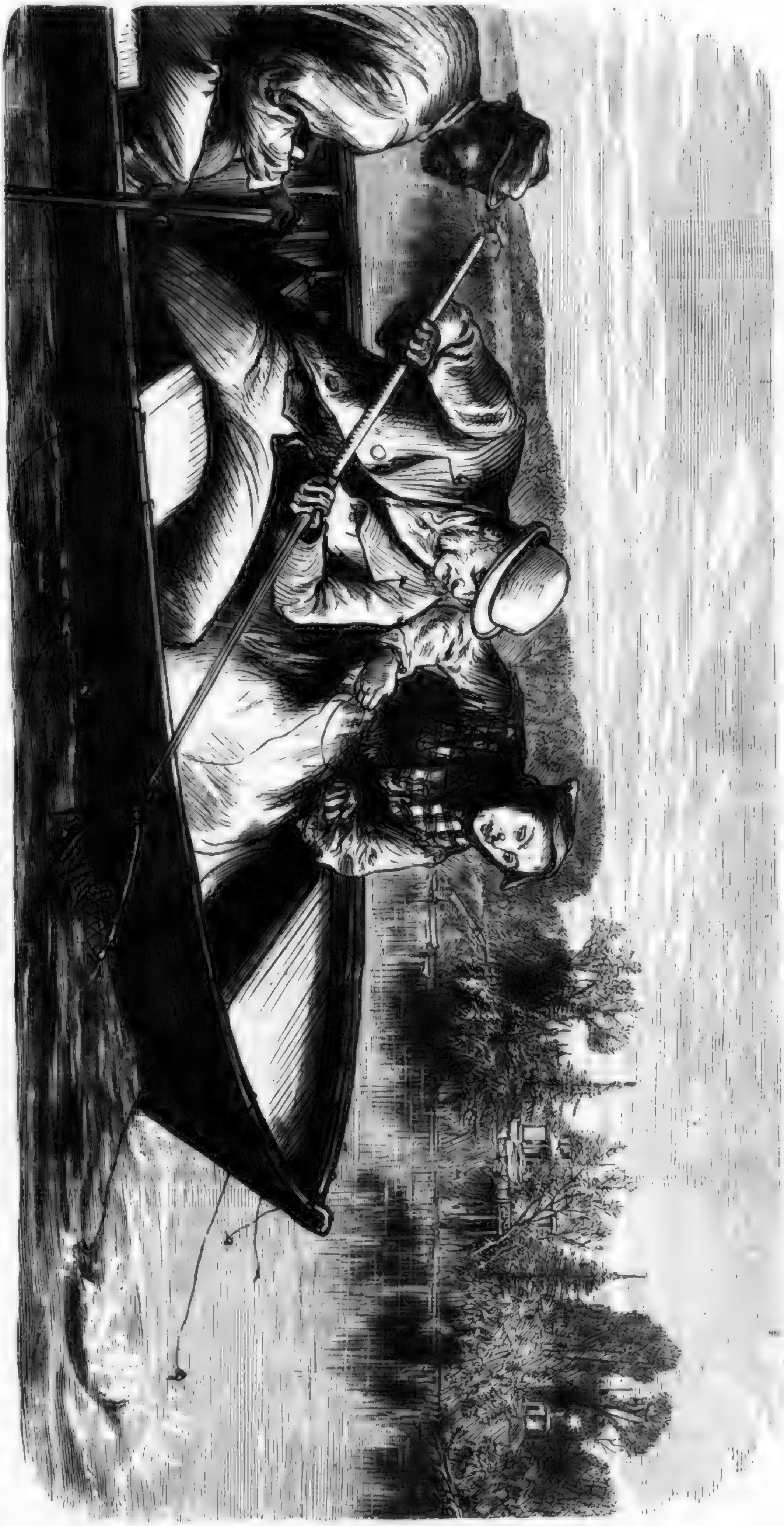
"Oh, dear me!" she wailed; "don't ask me to interfere. Dulcie does as she likes; she always has—she always will; I haven't the nerve to control her—and, after all, I'm sure of her, Mr. Winthrop. She is very independent, but she will do right always—I have that confidence about her. Do you know anything of Edison's remedy for neuralgia? I have heard wonders of it."

Winthrop answered somewhat wildly, and got away in a discouraged mood. He must speak to the young lady herself. Most girls are keenly alive to rumor; and perhaps he might alarm her sufficiently to make her throw aside this languishing count, who infuriated him so with his adoring airs.

It was a lovely sunset. As Winthrop stepped out upon the terrace between the sculptured vases full of trailing flowers, he saw a view which is, perhaps, the most famous in the world. The bay, like a shining crescent, lay before him, purple and emerald in the shadow of rocky headlands.

The fishing-barks, with their white wings, look like birds asleep on the blue waters.

There is a flicker of amber among the trailing ivies beneath him, and he hurries toward it. Dulcie is sitting there, idly picking some flowers to bits, a mosaic of bright leaves lies over her dress.



BASS-FISHING ON SARATOGA LAKE.—SEE PAGE 151.

XUM

"So you serve the offerings of your victims?" he said, grimly.

"Oh, they are from the count. I couldn't keep all he gives me."

"Does it never strike you that you might stop it, if you don't care for it?" Winthrop asked somewhat brusquely.

Dulcie opened her lovely eyes.

"But suppose it is not altogether unpleasant?"

"Oh, in that case it is quite correct, otherwise it might be better not to give rise to surmises that may be incorrect and injurious."

There was a slight rigidity about Dulcie's mouth and a little tremor in her voice.

"And why should *you* care?"

With those lovely eyes raised to his, the fresh young lips so near, the slender form within his reach, Winthrop's self-possession deserted him. A thicket of ivy and myrtle screened them from sight. He forgot everything but the rapturous beating of his own heart. In a second he had snatched her to his breast, and pressed a sudden kiss upon the scarlet lips.

"Because I love you, darling!" he murmured.

The golden-bronze head lay on his shoulder one second, while Dulcie said, artlessly:

"Oh, I am glad—glad!" when a sudden rustle startled them. The count stood glowering at them with gloomy eyes.

Winthrop started back, with a sudden impulse to knock him down, there was so much hate in the dark face. But he restrained himself—perhaps the man had done him a service. He had interrupted a passing frenzy; yes, that was what our unworthy hero styled his unpremeditated confession.

"Leave me," Dulcie whispered. "I must speak to him. I can calm the wild beast in him, I am sure."

Winthrop was glad to go away. He felt quite breathless with the plunge he had taken. It was all over now—too late to escape.

Was it too late? He had been betrayed into a sudden declaration and a kiss. Well! Dulcie had heard many such, and had been kissed before, very likely. A girl so very unconventional—no, somehow Winthrop could not wrong her in his mind.

What was a kiss? He felt the touch yet upon his lips light as a rose-leaf, yet glowing as flame. Should he give up all for that kiss? Dulcie was sweet and bewitching, but she was not the wife for him. She was "crude, undeniably crude."

He felt, somehow, all the harder to her that he had been betrayed into that weakness. He had looked upon himself as a self-poised, self-centred fellow, who had himself well in hand; this undisciplined rebound of his nature was owing to her.

Her unfettered nature had worked upon his own to his detriment; he must shake off the fetters.

He nerved himself to the task, and sat down to write. He would not see her again—he dared not. The very memory of her witchery stole to him like a subtle and bewildering perfume. He must write.

Never was task so hard. Over and over again he attempted and tore into bits the unsatisfying result.

Now it was diffuse and kind; now it was too short and cold. At last, he kept one in despair.

It ran as follows:

> "MY DEAR MISS DULCIE—I am called away so suddenly that I fear I shall not have the happiness of seeing you again. Forgive me for the liberty I took this afternoon. I cannot forgive myself. Believe me, the feeling was not feigned; but I scorn myself for the weakness that betrayed me into an expression of interest that I cannot indulge. Circumstances, our own spheres in society and the fitness of things, must all be consulted as well as that treacherous organ—the human heart. Make my adieux kindly to your mother. With best wishes for yourself, I am,
>
> "Yours, very humbly and repentantly,
>
> "HOWARD WINTHROP."

When the young man had dispatched this note, he began to pack hurriedly. He had not the nerve to meet the girl again after having sent it.

He resolved to wait until it was dark, and then to go. He could trump up some reason for the Cadwalladers.

The night was singularly alive and bright. Winthrop noticed that Vesuvius's plume had grown into a column; it grew beneath his eye, piling itself mass on mass. As he gazed, it was no longer a plume, but an arch that spanned half the horizon.

It grew rosy, fire-tipped. The dark billows were rose-crowned, the sombre mountains of smoke were flame-capped. The mountain was in eruption.

He paused to look. The sight charmed him and made him forget his journey for the moment.

There was a trembling in the earth, in the air. Then a volley of black vapor shot up, rent with veins of fire, like a cloud veined with lightning, and streams of lava—seething liquid flame—began crawling down the cone.

Standing so transfixed, Winthrop has forgotten everything. He is not aware of a dark shadow stealing behind him, or of the glitter of steel flashing near. Only when he hears a woman's cry and feels two round, young arms about his neck, does he realize that some one is crashing away through the shrubbery, and that Dulcie has fainted in his arms.

He lifts her to a long rustic seat near, and realizes for the first time that he has stopped near the garden—nay, that they are on the very spot where he had kissed her that very day. She lies there now pale as the stone Niobe that stands near, and he suddenly sees with a cold horror that there is blood streaming over her white dress.

But the lovely eyes are open for a moment, and an arm steals about his neck again.

"I saved you, did I not, darling? You are not hurt?"

"No, no—but you? I do not undertsand."

"It is a scratch. But the count's dagger was aimed for your heart. I have saved you—that is joy enough."

Then she fainted dead away again, and he is aware that the attendants are thronging about them—that the mother is hovering with feeble moans over her daughter—that a medical gentleman is examining the wound. "It is not serious," he says; and then Winthrop gives her up to other hands with a sickening feeling of reluctance, and she is carried into the house.

He paces the garden-walks a long time, but scarcely looks at the wondrous panorama before him. Only he feels as if he, too, had undergone some strange convulsion of nature, as if a torrent of seething lava coursed through his veins instead of blood.

"And I have been ready to cast away such a love!" he groaned—"a love that could fling away life as a worthless thing for my sake. Oh, my darling, forgive me! I know I cannot live without you now."

Suddenly, the memory of the letter stabbed him like a dagger. It had not reached her, evidently, before she had left the house. His messenger had, indeed, stopped on the way to do a little courting on his own account.

"Oh, fool that I have been!" he cried, starting into a hurried walk. "My doom is sure if she sees that. She would never forgive that cursed, cold, heartless letter!—my proud darling!"

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He hurried up to the hotel, hoping it might not yet have been delivered. He felt as if he would give ten years of his life to get that scrap of paper in his hand once more. He had some hope as he asked for Mrs. Stirling.

There seemed an unusual bustle about the halls. A flurried look in people's faces. Mrs. Stirling did not come to him. He made his way to their parlor. The door stood open.

"Is she worse?" he asked, as he caught Mrs. Stirling hurrying by. "Is the wound more serious than the doctor thought?"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, go away!" moaned the mother. "She has burst a blood-vessel, the doctor says. It is not the wound at all, only he says the excitement may have brought it on. She was quite calm, and was reading a note that some one brought her. She gave a strange cry as she looked at it, and the blood gushed from her mouth. There is no hope. I cannot be calm, and so they will not let me stay with her. O God, have mercy upon me! No—no, you must not go in."

But Howard Winthrop heeded nothing. He strode onward to the couch upon which they had laid the wounded girl. She was ghastly white but conscious, and turned from him with a shudder.

He forgot conventionality then. It mattered not to him that his conduct was "bad form." He dropped on his knees at the bedside and gasped out:

"Forget it, Dulcie; it is not true. I have found out my own heart now, and know that you are my life. I love you—before Heaven I love you!"

She lifted her languid eyes to him, and the shadow of a smile touched her pallid lips.

"I told you that I had never been crossed in my life. You see, when it came I could not bear it. I am going to die, because I cannot have my own way. I am a poor weak creature, after all."

"You are heroic," cried Howard, with a great sob in his throat; "do not slip away from me now, when I know your worth. Oh, darling! God has angels enough without you. Tell me—tell me you forgive."

She held out the crushed slip of paper she still had in her hand.

"Take it," she whispered, faintly. "I forgive—and believe—in spite—of all—that you love me."

A gray pallor settled on her face, and Winthrop was hustled from the room to pace his own floor till the sudden hush that falls on all earthly sounds when one Presence enters settles down over all. He knew he had thrown away the most priceless boon ever offered to man, that he had murdered his own happiness for ever.

> "He could hear the 'Never, never,' whispered by the phantom
> years."

A voice that followed him with a ceaseless cadence of pain, saying always, "It might have been. It might have been."

BLACK BASS FISHING.

By M. Seymour.

In a former paper we said a good word for the trout, and mentioned, incidentally, that from a sportsman's point of view, the black bass was the superior fish. The black bass (*Micropterus pallidus*) is essentially an American fish. As of the trout, so of the bass, there are many varieties—the huge bass of the Florida lakes, running twelve and fourteen pounds, the strawberry bass of the Ohio, etc. The black bass is found from St. Lawrence River to Kentucky, and as far west as Wisconsin, in whose cool, rock-bordered waters it is claimed he reaches his prime, often tipping the scales at seven and eight pounds. In the Eastern and Southern States he rarely exceeds three and one-half pounds. Of course one misses in him the glorious rainbow-coloring of the trout, but still, when fresh from the water, his olive scales and shining eyes are something worthy our admiration. The bass is, like Scott's opinion of the gentler sex, "uncertain, coy and hard to please"; bold as a lion, and yet shy as a "hobbledehoy, neither man nor boy." But what's the use of talking about him? Let's take the boat and pull out on this blue pond, whose white caps yonder tell of a spanking breeze. Here's a rod apiece—a strong rod, for you'll find no child's play when you strike a three-pound fish, or he strikes you. I have a fly-hook, and while the boat drifts along the lily-beds I'll give you these three, the Davis, the Doctor, and a nondescript.

I take a green-drake May-fly, the Professor, and one of Prime's trolls, a small bit of shining metal half as big as your thumb-nail, but a deadly killer; for the bass, you must know, look very admiringly at a small *bonne bouche.* Yes, they're epicures in their way. But why in thunder didn't you tell me to keep away from this old tree-top, before I sprawled on the bottom of the boat, and you on top of me? Now keep your eyes open, and give us the straight tip next time. Pull your pole up, and—What's that?—Oh, pshaw! a lubberly pickerel. Mind him, or he'll get away with your leader and flies—that is a dollar. There! he's settled. And now, do you know how to steer with a paddle, and I'll pull for the ground, three miles away? You don't! Well, now, take and put that paddle in the water, and by turning your wrist alone you will find the boat follow your motions. You see through it? Now practice that art a little, and keep a lively eye on the two rods, if you don't want to lose them. You say they couldn't be pulled out of the boat? I know this much: last July I had a rod, cost $12, lent me by a friend, and a set of flies, and a $4 reel of mine, the whole thing making a hole in $18, and I was out on this mud-puddle. I had splendid luck, and down round that old big rock I struck a two and one-half pound fish. The wind had been brisk all day, and as I crossed the sandy beach I took it in full strength. See that cove yonder? about 7 P. M., homeward bound, I struck there, and the pole started to go over the stern; I jumped, and grabbed it, and a four-pound fish broke water at the end of the line, and then he started for shore. I gave him the butt, and the rod circled, but stood the strain bravely, but being all alone, I was drifting on shore too; so I got the fish to steer for deep water, and put the pole between my legs and pulled for all I was worth, the fish quietly diving under the boat. I glanced over the side, and saw a large rock barely a foot under water, and thought that if I weathered this obstacle I was all right; and as I swung past it, two more bass, one about three and one about two pounds, struck the two remaining flies, and that pole shot out of the boat, and I haven't seen it yet. I looked for it, but you see I had about sixty feet of line out, and that old settler at the end of it, and I suppose they all struck for deep water and got the line hitched round some obstruction. My friend added coals of fire on my head by laughing, and lending me another rod, but I felt awfully ashamed of what I could not help, however. And you remember, when a black bass strikes at anything he means business, every time. Did you see that? Yes, I got him; only a small one, three-quarters of a pound. But didn't he shake that pole lively when he fastened! Reel up your line while I get him in. By

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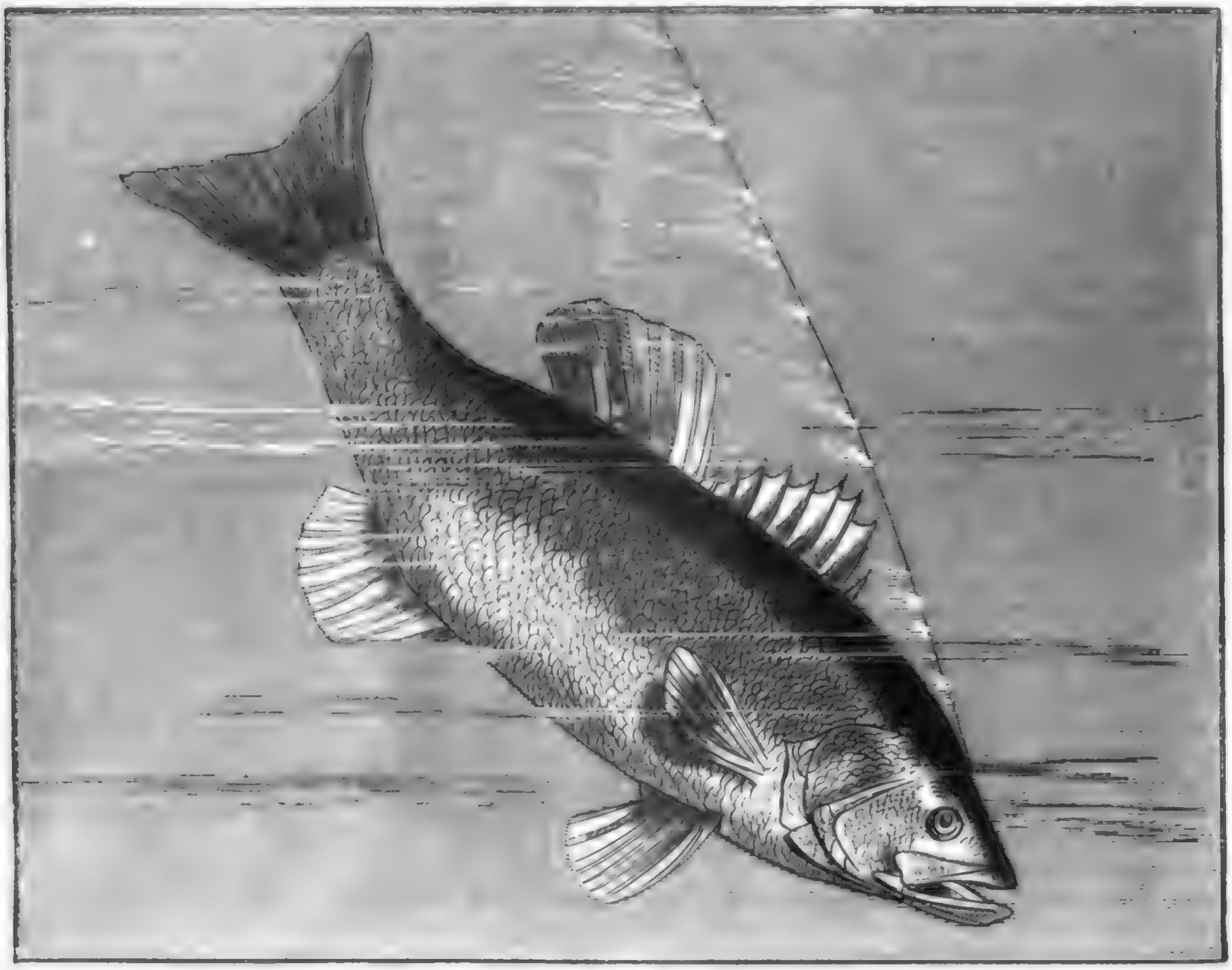


THE BLACK BASS.

Jove! you have a good one, over two pounds? Now keep cool. He's well hooked, or he'd break water. You feel the muscle of this fishing now? Now turn him. Give up? no, sir; they never give up. "*La Garde meurt, elle ne se rend jamais.*" Now he'll keep you busy for a good five minutes, so I will down the anchor and wait for you. I have one again. Here's the net for yours. There, sir, isn't that a beauty? Look at that jaw and head and strength of the shoulder, and no wonder they spring like an arrow from a bow. Now you learned something since we went trouting for the first time, so cast your flies among these lily-beds. Now the evening light fills the hollows of the hills; Jay Peak and Owl's Head Mountains shine through it like an amethyst. Reel up, and I'll pull home. It is not entirely for the sake of *killing* something that I love fishing so much; it is the contentment born of a simple and cheap pleasure among the loveliest nooks that one can find. Now take this sparkling stretch of water, one side bounded by 300 feet of pine and maple crowned rock, whose reflections we are now drifting through. Just look a moment at that marvelous web of intricate color and form blended so exquisitely around the shore. Then the eye is gradually led to the sloping hills of the opposite side, fading away in misty outlines of blue hills to the far horizon of the St. Lawrence Valley. Hark! at yonder loon laughing. What a weird, delightful cry! And as we drift by this moose-misse bush do you hear the hermit-thrush giving the day his vesper song? Is it not a lovely one? Does not the whole scene speak of repose and contentment, and awake the unconscious, unuttered, but heartfelt prayer that life might be composed of just such peaceful glory?

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Let this, my young friend, be your aim: never take life *wantonly*—you cannot *give* it. Take note unceasingly of all the clouds and birds and animals that come in your way, and learn of all things; and the more you learn, the more will you love, not them only, but your fellow-creatures.

Speaking of observation, I think the best anglers I have known were all keen observers. Now, the flies we used this afternoon may be useless to-morrow, for bass is one of the most capricious fish that swims, changing his diet in a very unsatisfactory manner, and without apparent reason. Early morning and late evening I prefer for fly-fishing for trout or bass, and after nine or ten A.M., a live minnow till noon, when a grasshopper, or any prominent beetle found on the shores, may prove attractive till five or six P.M., when flies again come in play.

Now, there are *reasons* for the above change of bait, based on observation of the habits of the fish—observations which, here given in a few lines, took many weary miles of roving to find out.

For instance, when I first made black bass a study, I was perfectly crazy with delight when, after ten days' fruitless fishing, I struck a small yellow fly that proved *the* thing, and that afternoon we made it lively for each other. Next day I never got a strike until I changed for a green fly, and observed that a certain portion of the water afforded large, and another one smaller, fish. Why? Because I think the food of either was somewhat different—the big fish feeding on small minnows and shadwaiters, and the smaller, on grubs, insects, flies, etc.; but mind, after sundown I couldn't strike a small fish, even in their accustomed haunts, probably because of the invasion of the big ones, feeding.

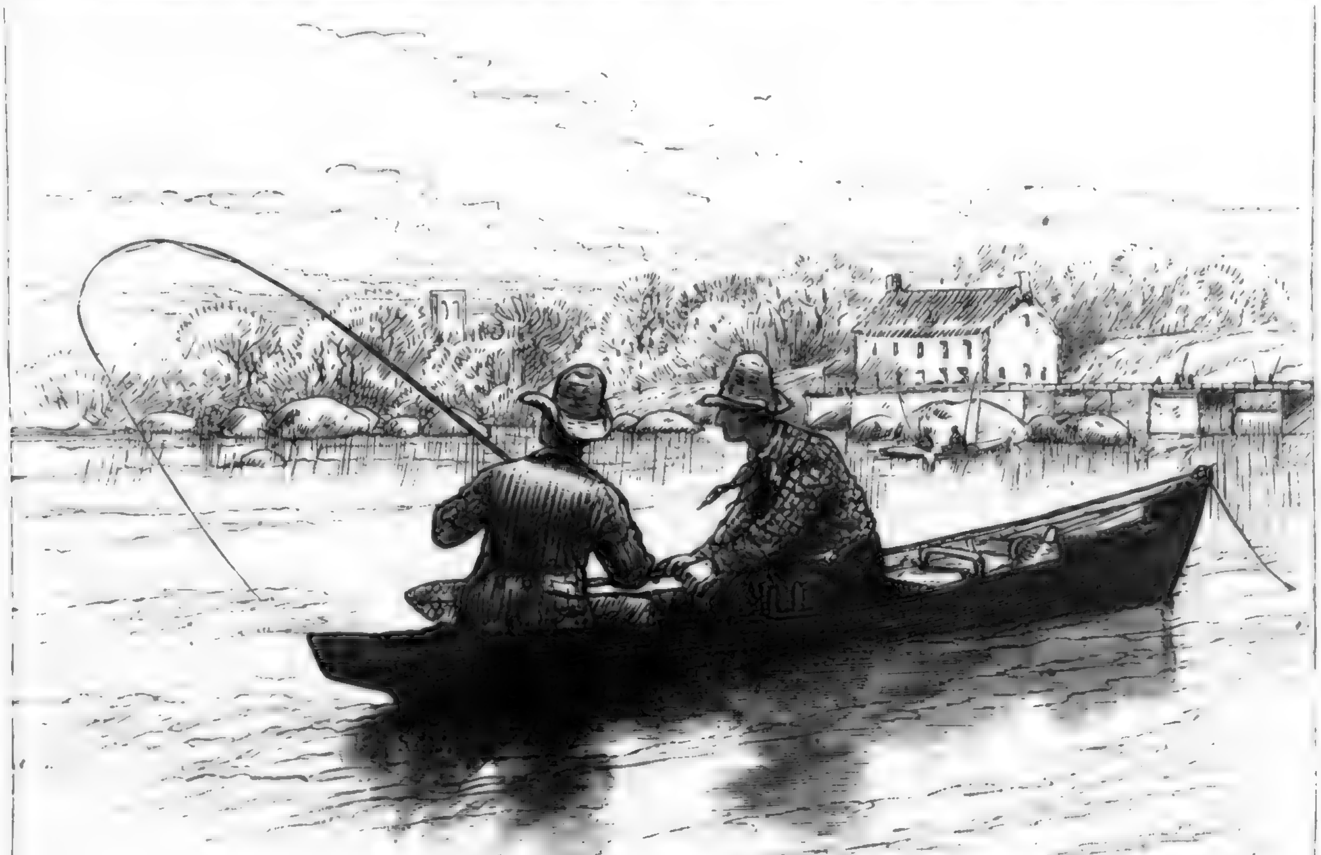
My next discovery was that flies were only really taken eagerly at certain times. As the weather grew warmer I failed to find them at all in their earlier haunts, and had to prowl round a long time to find out the reason. Most of my wanderings have been alone, and one sultry noon I was perched on a rock overlooking the glassy water, and heard a noise apparently under me. As I supposed the rock to be solid, this was a startler, and I put it down to a mink in his hole; but again I heard something uncommonly like a fish flapping, so I clambered round and found that this rock was fissured, like many others around it, and the water ran under it. The dark, sunless shadows prevented my seeing anything, but continuing my investigations under another rock, a gleam of sunlight shining through a chink showed me five big bass in about eight inches of water, and just a couple of yards beyond the water dropped to thirty inches. Presently one of them shot out like a flash, and in a cove beyond were some minnows, one of whom then paid his debt to nature. There were many springs trickling through the rocks, and here in cool water they congregated, taking a minnow occasionally for an appetizer, and woe to the grasshopper or beetle that dropped overboard. No wonder I had been casting outside for nothing. After this hint I had no trouble in getting something. So much for pond-fishing. Now, in a river it's very different. Here the fish lie in the deep pools and quiet stretches around old logs, canal-boats, or stonework. Under the stones on the banks will be found a most loathsome-appearing creature, a helgramite—a species of marine centipede, with a pair of nippers; these, with addition of crawfish, are admirable baits for bass. The bass and trout swallow or bolt their food directly. The pickerel or maskalonge take the bait (if a fish) crossways, and shutting their iron-like jaws, crush it to a pulp, and then bolt it. By-the-way, do you know the latter have to turn on their back like a shark to seize their prey?

Black bass spawn in May and June. They are in their prime about September, fat and juicy. In the cold Winter they hybernate among the rocks, packed together in vast shoals. This was discovered by an accident on a railroad skirting a lake, where the workmen discovered the fish while removing the *débris*. For bass-fishing is required a strong, pliable rod; a reel and sixty yards of line; and a couple dozen assorted flies, some tied on thin gimp for trolling; this prevents their being bitten off by wretches of pickerel.

For Lake Champlain and adjacent waters, the Davis fly, made by Orvis, of Manchester, Vt., and Silver Doctor, are most reliable and killing flies. Of course, other flies are sometimes desirable, but these from experience are first-rate. For night or late twilight, use a large white miller. Bass-fishers are divided into two classes: fly fishers and minnow fishers. For myself, I prefer the former, but the latter expert attains great skill with a rod made expressly for the purpose, and can cast a minnow fifty feet easily.

In the Potomac, around Harper's Ferry, is a glorious place for the latter sport. For some occult reason they don't care for a fly much, but in this picturesque valley, standing on a rocky boulder with the rushing, swirling eddies around, and a can of good lively minnows, is an experience worthy a more toilsome journey.

Mr. Pangbourne, advertising manager of the B. & O., and author of that charming pamphlet, "B. & O. Picturesque," is a veteran bass-fisher, and anglers visiting the Potomac River from Washington to Cumberland will meet with every facility and courtesy at the hands of the B. & O. officials and employés, as I know by experience. The bass here frequently reach four and five pounds, and



BLACK BASS FISHING OFF PELHAM BRIDGE, NEW YORK.

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take a minnow or helgramite greedily. Speaking of the latter, reminds me that, once being requested to take a gentleman who had been "not very well" for a little excursion on the water, I provided a can of helgramites and we "went a-fishing." We prospered quite fairly, till presently I was horror-stricken to see him grab at his leg, and with a wild yell jump overboard, barely saving the boat from capsizing. I was undecided whether to brain him with a paddle or what to do; finally I let him hold on the paddle and explain. He begged to come in, and kept kicking out like a crazy creature; and, adjuring him to be careful, I let him in, and he proceeded to roll up his pants, and lo! two helgramites had got loose and crawled up his leg and were nipping him, hence those tears and yells.

ON DOGS.

Lest any one should be so misled by the title of this paper as to imagine that he is about to read one of the usual panegyrics on the faithful companions of mankind, I will confess at the outset that I am no lover of dogs. Neither do I write in the capacity of a naturalist seeking to solve the mystery of the canine origin, for it is to me a matter of the most profound indifference whether the wolf or the fox is to be regarded as the progenitor of the dog; it is the present, and not the past, of that animal which excites my liveliest interest and apprehension. I therefore confess that I do not love dogs—nay, more, I make the humiliating admission that I am grievously afraid of dogs. *Cave canem* is to be the sole moral of what I have to say. But first, lest this fear should be attributed to constitutional cowardice, I must, in justice to myself, briefly mention the fact that in the days of infancy I was on this very point singularly fearless and intrepid. I am assured by those who knew me then that it was my childish habit to seize strange dogs by the ears, and to embrace passing mastiffs or bulldogs in the public thoroughfares. Since then I have learnt the caution which is suggested by reason and experience, and, by a strong reaction of feeling, I now shudder to think of the awful perils to which I was exposed by my childish ignorance. I write, therefore, somewhat in the character of *advocatus diaboli;* for, though I must disown any merely malevolent intention of "giving a dog a bad name," yet, having suffered much myself, I am anxious to communicate my reasonable apprehensions to others by pointing out the more formidable characteristics of the canine tribe.

I am aware that mankind has long indulged in a belief, which I can only regard as a most unhappy hallucination, that the dog is the special friend and protector of the human race. Nevertheless, in all stages and periods of history, we find unmistakable traces of a secret recognition of the real fact that the dog is naturally an object of terror and aversion. Else why do we see that among the ancients the dog was ever the emblem of what is hideous and misshapen? What interpretation are we to put on the Egyptian Anubis and the dog-like deities of the Nile? Why was it that the Greeks, when their busy imagination impelled them to create any monster of unusual ferocity, had recourse to this same symbol—as, for instance, in the tremendous conception of the dog Cerberus and the dog-headed Scylla? Why, when they wished to brand a special sect of philosophers as peculiarly coarse and repulsive, did they invest them with the title of Cynic, or dog-like? Again, how are we to account for the still more remarkable fact that in all the pages of the Scriptures the dog is never once mentioned with sympathy or commendation?

When we come to modern times, we find that a contrary fashion has arisen, and that the canine character is praised with most lavish and indiscriminate flattery. "Every dog," saith the proverb, "hath his day," and this certainly appears to be the day for dogs. For a dog-hater like myself, the inconveniences caused by this dog-worship are considerable. If I go for a day's enjoyment to a public resort, the chances are I find myself in the middle of a dog-show. If I visit a seaside place, I fall in with whole troops of dancing dogs. If I wish to purchase a pair of gloves, I am offered dog-skins. Live dogs abound everywhere in our streets, and dead dogs in our pools and rivers; even traveling has become unsafe, for I have heard that our railways are now haunted by a "traveling dog." There is, in fact, no limit to our infatuation. We dwell with delight on the many legends of pious dogs; we shed a tear on the tomb of the martyr hound at Beddgelert; we weep over the sufferings of poor dog Tray; we watch the performances of dog Toby, who is ever with us, with unflagging sympathy and interest.

We make the dog the emblem of sagacity, fidelity, and all that is good and virtuous. We point with pride to the Newfoundland who saves the drowning man, to the St. Bernard who rescues the lost traveler, to the Esquimaux dogs who draw their master's sledge; we praise the intelligence of the sheep-dog, the watchfulness of the house-dog, and the usefulness of the humble turnspit. Even the fine arts are enlisted in the same cause, and we are never weary of gazing at the masterpieces of Landseer.

And yet—and yet—if the truth must be spoken, there is also a dark side to the picture. Infatuated as we are, we cannot entirely shut our eyes to the true facts of the case. Poets and novelists may do their utmost to exalt the character of their favorites, but where is an historical dog who has a real and lasting claim on our admiration? Was it the vigilance of the watch-dogs that saved the Roman Capitol from the nocturnal attack of the Gauls? On this point the testimony of Livy is explicit: "Tanto silentio in summum evasere, ut non custodes solum fallerent, sed ne canes quidem excitarent. Anseres non fefellere."

Again, take the case of Newton's dog, Diamond, as a specimen of the assistance given by the canine race to science and philosophy. I fear that, in our admiration of the patience of the philosopher, we are in danger of forgetting or palliating the mischievous guilt of the dog. But there is no need to multiply instances of individual misdemeanor, for we have a sure index to the real opinion of mankind if we will but observe in what connection the word "dog" is used. "Sly dog," "dirty dog," "surly dog," "sad dog," "idle dog," "greedy dog"—all these, and other proverbial epithets, point to a practical insight into the canine character which contrasts strangely with the high opinion which we theoretically entertain. The same moral is pointed by various significant expressions. If we wish to hint that a person is conceited, we have but to call him a "puppy"; if cowardly, a "cur"; if we wish to charge him with selfishness, it is sufficient to refer to the notorious fable of the dog in the manger. The very word "dog" is itself a term of contemptuous reproach, and when used as a prefix to other words it conveys a sense of marked inferiority or worthlessness. Of all the finny tribes, the dog-fish is held in lowest esteem by fishermen; of all the seasons of the year, the dog-days are the least agreeable and salubrious; even among flowers we see that the baser and more degenerate kinds are distinguished by the same appellation, as in the case of dog-roses and dog-violets. To dog-ear one's books is not the characteristic of a good librarian. To be brief, one can find no stronger expression to denote utter ruin and demoralization than "going to the dogs."

Why, then, need I be ashamed to confess that I am afraid of dogs, and that I regard the dog as one of the most formidable of animals? Dr. Watts himself has borne indisputable testimony to the natural savagery of the canine race; while, as to the consolatory proverb that the bark is worse than the bite, I have never been able to believe it.

What animal is more terrible than a bloodhound? The very name has a startling significance, and has aptly given rise to the metaphorical expression of "the dogs of war." Then, as regards the much-praised fidelity of the dog, it is doubtless true that dogs are generally faithful to their own masters, but on this very account they are more to be dreaded by other people, and as one cannot own all the dogs in the world, it is obvious that the race must, as a whole, be the cause of decidedly more apprehension than security. For this reason the fallacy of the proverb, "Love me, love my dog," was long ago exposed by Charles Lamb. Moreover, the fact that dogs are not invariably to be trusted by their own masters is shown by the fate of Actæon, and similar legends; while the impressive story of the contest between Shirley and her dog Tartar proves that the uncertain temper of bulldogs may cause anxiety even to those who know them best.

What, then, is to be done when one is attacked by other people's dogs?—an untoward emergency which we cannot affect to think improbable, when we consider the number and nature of the animals in question. It is a wise saying that warns us to "let sleeping dogs lie"; but what if they lie, as they are wont to do, precisely in the path by which we are compelled to go, or on the door-step of the house which we wish to enter? There is a piece of advice for people in this predicament, given by Aristotle in his dissertation on "humility," "to sit down, for dogs never bite those who are seated." I mention this advice, as it may be unknown to some of my readers, but I confess it seems to me to be somewhat foolhardy, and almost realizing that mysterious operation commonly described as "tempting Providence." Of one thing only am I quite sure, and this is but a negative kind of expedient. It is supremely useless to call aloud for protection to the owner of the dog, if he happen to be present, for he will infallibly have the impudence to assure you—yes, even when you are in the very jaws of the animal—"that he does not bite." And, strange to say, the difficulty of such a position is even greater in the case of a small dog than of a large one; for while the master of a bloodhound will, for his own sake, prevent him from going to the extreme length of taking you by the throat, a bull-terrier will generally be allowed the minor privilege of taking you by the trousers. In dealing with pugs, poodles and lap-dogs of all kinds, though the actual danger is less, the embarrassment and humiliation are proportionately greater; for by a cruel etiquette, the victim of such small assailants is prevented from taking vigorous measures of self-defense, and is compelled to assume a feigned air of indifference and cheerfulness; even as the Spartan boy, when the stolen fox concealed under his cloak was gnawing into his vitals, was forbidden by his national code of honor from betraying his anguish by a cry.

And now I come to a subject so terrible that I can only briefly allude to it—the subject of Mad Dogs. We have all read the story told in "Golden Deeds" of the heroic owner of a mad dog; how he pursued the furious creature for miles along the road, and finally deposited him in a place of safety in the house nearest at hand. I confess, however, that the feeling uppermost in my mind when I read the story, is profound pity for the unfortunate person who chanced to open the door of the house, and, on innocently asking what was the matter, received the astounding and positively life-shortening answer: "I have brought you a mad dog!" It opens out on a new vista of hitherto unimagined dangers, if a sudden rap on one's hall-door may be the prelude of the entrance of a mad dog carried in by the neck and hind-legs. There is some comfort, however, in reading of such perilous adventures being brought to a harmless termination; though in the most notable and consolatory instance of this kind, to wit, Goldsmith's poem on "The Mad Dog," there is a certain improbability and levity of tone, of which I cannot wholly approve on so serious a subject.

Such are some of the perils to which men have made themselves liable, through their infatuated belief in the harmlessness of their canine friends. I protest that the world is now so environed and overrun with dogs that it is no easy matter for one who dreads them as I do, to find a secure habitation; indeed, I long sought in vain for a refuge from the all-pervading pest. If I turned toward the East, I saw a visage of the savage dogs of Constantinople, the pariah dog of India, and the vicious curs that infest all Oriental towns. If I sought relief in the West, I was equally unsuccessful, for there I saw in imagination the illimitable plains of America teeming with countless packs of wild prairie-dogs. I could not seek the ice-fields of the Northern seas, for even there I should meet the sledge-drawing dogs of the Esquimaux, and I should hesitate to take the word of an Esquimaux that they do not bite. And, lastly, if I fled Southward, I should but come to the fierce heat of the Tropics, where the cruel dog-star is for ever in the ascendant, and where madness must surely be rife among the race of dogs. After long perplexity and hesitation, I was at last fortunate enough to discern an isle of refuge in one of the wildest of the Hebrides, where, thanks to the unselfish and patriarchal government of a sporting land-owner, no dog, except a few of his own, are suffered to exist. It is my intention to retire at the earliest possible date to this island of the blest, and there to spend the rest of my existence in a safe and blissful seclusion.

As a sop to Cerberus, and also as an instance of the drastic system of government that prevails in my adopted home, I will conclude with a brief but touching anecdote which was told to me by one of the native islanders. Some years ago this poor peasant surreptitiously maintained a dog—"an awful kind dog" was his own expression—whose existence was by some means or other long concealed from the knowledge of the dreaded gamekeeper. But at last the fatal hour arrived; the secret had leaked out, and the immediate execution of the unfortunate stowaway was peremptorily demanded. His reluctant master had no choice but to "make him away," so the "awful kind dog," after receiving a good breakfast, was led down to the shore, and soon the waters of the loch had closed over his head, and the island was restored to its normal and dog-less condition.

In spite of my antipathy to dogs, I could not but shed a tear when I heard this woful story. But, though I do not advocate the general application of such severe measures to the whole canine race, yet I cannot but think that all wise governments should make some attempt to protect loyal subjects from a danger that is ever on the increase. The tax on dogs should at once be doubled or trebled, and at the same time a large scheme of emigration

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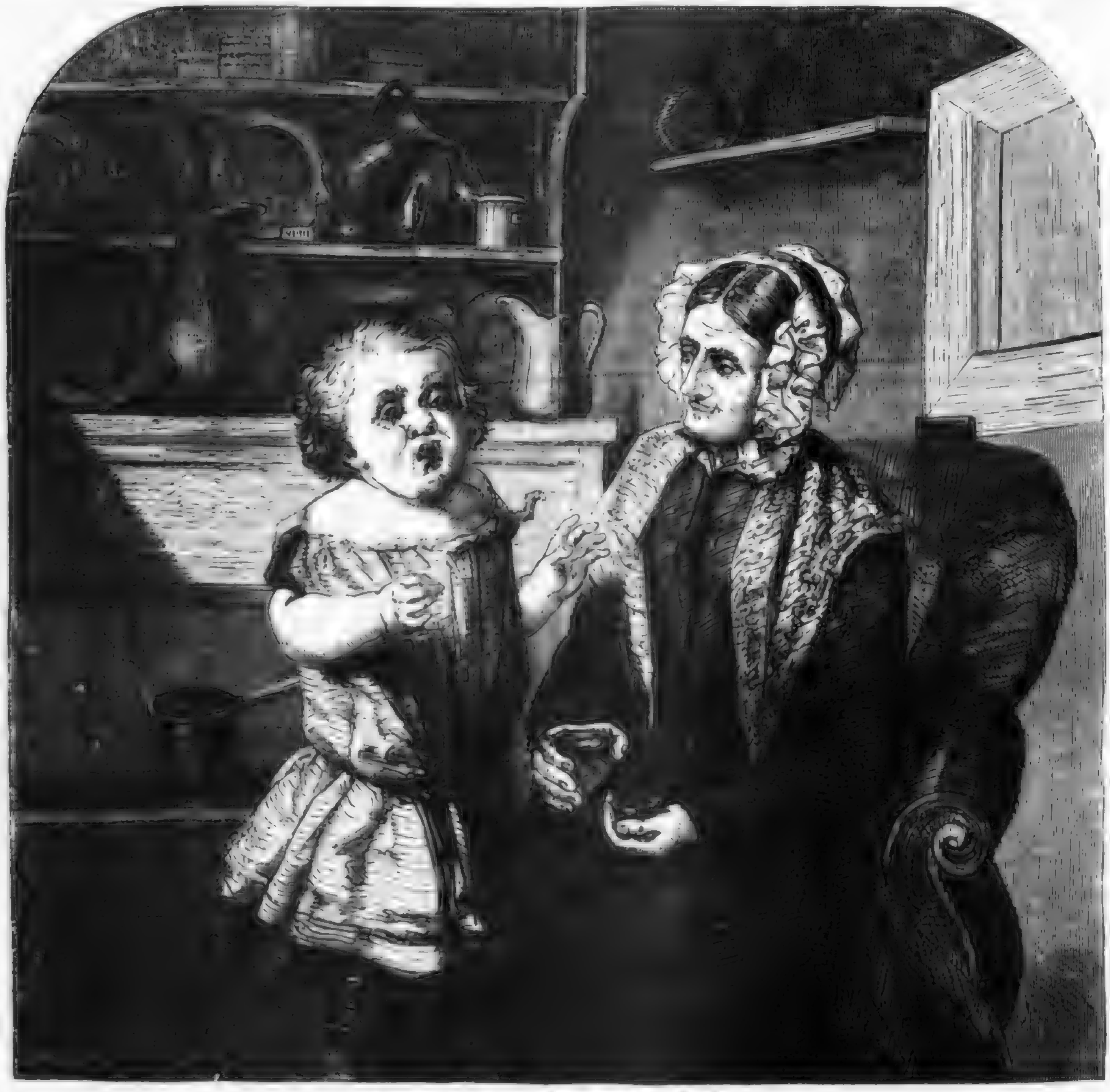


A PINCH FROM GRANDMOTHER'S SNUFF-BOX.

should be organized, by which dogs might be conveyed on advantageous terms to the Far West, and there turned out to run wild and fraternize with their kindred tribes on the boundles prairie plains.

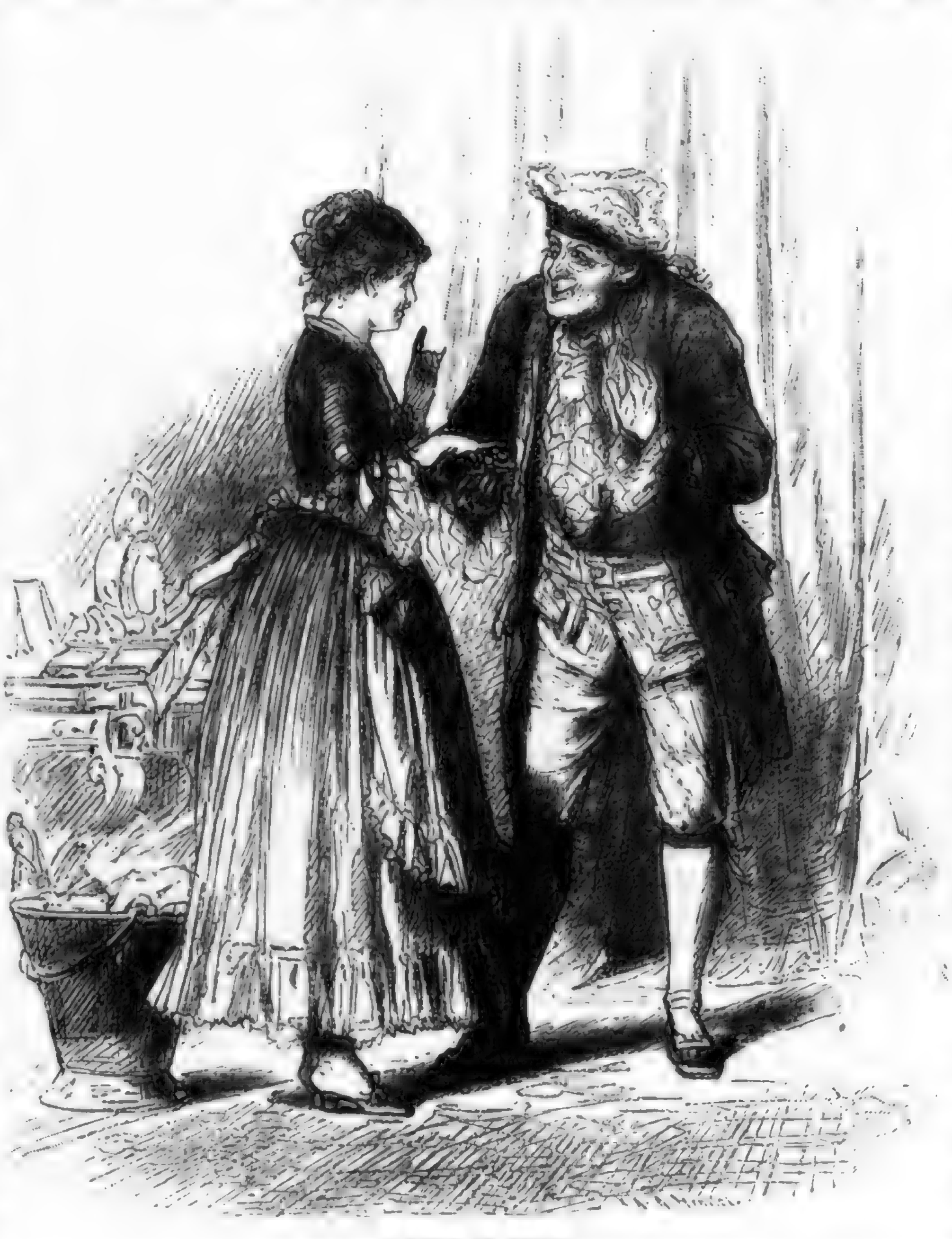
ON SNEEZING.

Sneezing has been defined as "a convulsive motion of the expiratory muscles, by which the air is driven rapidly, and rushes sonorously, through the nasal fossæ, carrying with it the mucus which adheres to the pituitary membrane." It has also been called more plainly, "an emission of wind through the nose." It can scarcely, however, be said to need description. We have all of us, probably, had that happy experience of the thing itself, which is better than a hundred definitions. There is, perhaps, no individual who does not now enjoy the luxury of a sneeze daily. We say "now" advisedly, for from the beginning, if we may believe those who ought to know, it was not always so. According to the learned Rabbi, Eliezer, it was originally intended that men should sneeze once, and only once. When man's first disobedience brought death into the world, it was ordained that sneezing should be the means and agent of dissolution. When a man's time came he was to sneeze, and, in sneezing, yield up the ghost. And this was the happy and easy mode of exit from this world for many generations. The patriarch Jacob, however, reflecting that so summary a call afforded no time either for spiritual preparation, or the settlement of worldly affairs, besought the Lord that he might be exempted from this law. After long supplication and "wrestling" with the Almighty, his prayers were heard. He sneezed and did *not* die.

It may be questioned whether Jacob acted wisely in thus bringing about so important a change, for if life ended with a sneeze, what an amount of pain and suffering might be spared us, and what a simple remedy would be ready to hand to all who think "life not worth living." A pinch of snuff would do the business. Jacob's contemporaries did not take this view of things. They regarded the change as a decided benefit, and "all the princes of the universe, when they heard of it, ordered that for the future sneezing should be accompanied with thanksgiving for the preservation of life and earnest wishes for its prolongation."

Such is the Rabbinical theory of the origin of sneezing, and of the singular custom that has prevailed among all nations of uttering some form of salutation on the occurrence of the act. There is, it need scarcely be said, no foundation for the story in the canonical Scriptures. On the contrary, the only Biblical reference to sneezing treats it, not as the signal of death, but as a sign of returning life. The son of the Shunamite, at the prayer of Elisha, sneezed seven times, and then revived.

The Greeks connect the origin of sneezing with the Promethean fable. Prometheus, having created a man out of earth and water, in order to give life to his creation, stole fire from heaven, bringing it to earth in a reed. Applying this to the nostrils of the yet inanimate figure, the statue sneezed, and soon appeared instinct with life—a living thing. Prometheus, delighted at his success, uttered fervent prayers and wishes for the creature of his hands; and so, ever after, when any one sneezed, it became the custom to pray for blessings on the sneezer.



A PINCH OF SNUFF.

The Siamese, and some Eastern nations, explain the matter differently. They believe that a register of men's lives, and their duration, is kept by one of the judges in hell, and that when any particular leaf is turned over and inspected, all those whose names are written thereon immediately sneeze, on some such principle as we Westerns shudder when "the goose walks over our grave." It is but natural that the friends of the sneezers should wish them well through the inspection.

The custom of invoking a blessing upon the sneezer being thus, according to Hebrew, Greek and Eastern tradition, as old as sneezing itself, it is evident that they are not to be heard who would assign to it a later origin. Yet there are some who would connect it with so recent a date as A. D. 595. In that year, according to these, there was a great plague throughout Italy, and the air was filled with such a pestiferous vapor that most who breathed it sneezed, and those who sneezed for the most part died; whereupon the Pope, Gregory the Great, appointed a form of prayer for persons sneezing, to avert from them its fatal effects.

In the great plague at Athens, recorded by Thucydides, the occurrence of sneezing was accounted, as in the instance of the Shunamite, a sign of returning convalescence. The above mediæval account, therefore, not only offends against the best traditions of the custom in this respect, but is an attempt to modernize and make pious capital out of an honest social custom as old as mankind, that is quite unwarrantable. A hundred generations before the sneezing Litany of Gregory, the custom had been universal. As early at least as the time of Homer the Greek had his "Jove preserve thee!" for the sneezer, and the Roman considered it a breach of good manners not to salute him with a *Salve*. In every country, too, of the Old World, from the Ganges to the Shannon, the custom in some form prevailed, and what is still more remarkable, on the discovery of the New World, it was found to be in existence there. When Hernando de Soto, in 1542, had an interview with the Mexican Cacique Guachoya, the latter sneezed; whereupon, we are told, his followers arose, and, raising their arms in the air, exclaimed, "May the sun guard you!" and the like; and travelers tell of a similar observance amongst the natives of the Polynesian Isles.

Few attempts have been made to account philosophically for this singular custom. Aristotle, indeed, and Pliny discuss it amongst their Problems, but the ancient philosophers generally fight shy of it. Nor has the treatment it has received amongst the moderns been very satisfactory.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has a somewhat labored argument to show that sneezing, like the more violent actions of the body in epilepsy and hysteria, was regarded by primitive races as the result of demoniacal possession, and that the exclamation it almost invariably called forth may have been originally a kind of exorcism. But, surely, we need not go so far as this for an explanation. It may seem very presumptuous for a novice to rush in where so many doctors have feared to tread, or, at least, gone in doubt and trembling, yet we cannot forbear risking the possible consequences on this occasion.

It is very evident that a custom so universal must be founded upon some emotion or sentiment common to the human race. We find its origin in the strongest of all sentiments—the parent's love for its offspring. We believe we are right in saying (at least we have the words of many doctors and nurses for it) that one of the first things every human being born into this world does is to sneeze. It is, according to some authorities at least, the first and surest sign of complete vitality. On this account the anxious mother listens for it, and, hearing it, blesses the little sneezer. Sneezing and blessing coming thus into the world together, it is easy to conceive that they should never be separated.

On the subject of sneezing regarded as an omen, there is much to be said. Speaking generally, it may be regarded as of favorable augury. "Two or three sneezes be wholesome," says an old author, and "He that hath sneezed thrice, turn him out of the hospital," says the proverb.

Of sneezing, however, as of other good things, it is possible to have too much. Famianus Strada, the author of a grave historical work, has a learned digression on the subject of sneezing, and mentions one Pistor Suburranus, who died of a fit of it, expiring at the twenty-fourth sneeze. In Aristotle's time, men generally sneezed twice, but since then the art of sneezing, like other arts, appears to have advanced, and a triple sneeze is now, we believe, considered the correct thing. The virtue of sneezing, however, depends much upon circumstances of time and place. Sneezing from noon to midnight is good, according to Aristotle, and from night to noon the reverse, and we learn from another source that "if any one sneeze for three nights in succession, it may be taken as a sign that some one will die in the house," or that some other calamity will occur. According to Lancashire Folk Lore, a good deal depends upon the day of the week in the matter of sneezing:

"Sneeze on a Monday, you sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on a Tuesday, you kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on a Wednesday, you sneeze for a letter,
Sneeze on a Thursday for something better.
Sneeze on a Friday, you'll sneeze for sorrow;
Sneeze on a Saturday, your sweetheart to-morrow;
Sneeze on a Sunday, your safety seek,
The Devil will have you the rest of the week!"

Sneezing, as observed by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, is considered by Homer a good sign. In the Odyssey Telemachus is represented as sneezing when his mother is denouncing the suitors, and this was taken as a happy confirmation of her words. "Thus she spoke, and Telemachus sneezed loudly, and the house resounded and Penelope laughed [and said]—Do you not see that my son has sneezed at my words? Therefore shall death come upon the suitors," etc.

Xenophon tells of a sneeze which may be said to have decided his own fate and that of the whole Greek army. Whilst delivering the address in which he exhorted his companions to firmness and resolution, and while their minds wavered between resistance and surrender to the enemy, a soldier sneezed. The whole army accepted the omen, burnt their carriages and tents, and determined to face the dangers of the celebrated Return.

If the sneeze of a simple soldier could have such momentous consequences, it is but natural that the sternutations of kings and emperors should be regarded as of prodigious significance. Accordingly, when the King of Monotapha sneezed, we are informed, that acclamations passed through the city, and when his majesty of Ethiopia did the like the whole empire was *en fête.*

St. Augustine asserts that if on getting up in the morning any of the ancients happened to sneeze, while putting on their shoes, they immediately went to bed again in order that they might get up again more auspiciously, and avoid the misfortunes that might occur on that day—a wholesome example that might be followed advantageously by many persons who in these days are apt to "get up the wrong side the bed," or "get into their clothes the wrong way." The Hindoo performing his morning ablutions in the Ganges, uses the same precaution, for should he sneeze before finishing his devotions, he immediately begins his prayers over again, and repeats them *de novo* as often as they are interrupted by a cachinnation.

It is too much to expect that so inviting a subject as sneezing should escape the notice of ancient wits and jokers. It is introduced as an incident in several broad stories told at the expense of that legitimate butt of ancient comedy—the injured husband, who is made, under circumstances which we must leave the reader to imagine, to "bless" his betrayer. In the Greek Anthology there is a comical epigram on one Proclus, whose nose was so long that he could not hear himself sneeze, and who, therefore, never said to himself "God bless you," and there is a pretty story, quoted in Brand from the French, which may thus be told in English:

"A luckless gambler, issuing forth from play,
Snuffbox in hand, stood musing by the way;
A passing beggar, seeing one well dressed,
Instant to him his urgent need expressed;
As face to face they stood 'twas hard to tell
Which needed most, the beggar or the swell.
At length the latter, offering the snuff,
Exclaimed, 'Take, friend; of this I have enough,
But it is all they've left me—every rap!'
To whom the other, fingering his cap,
Replied, 'Kind sir, great thanks, but little need
Have I of snuff to make me sneeze, indeed,
For without that, I get from high and low
Kind wishes plenty, everywhere I go.'"

There is, too, a comical story of a schoolmaster, we remember somewhere to have read, which is *apropos* of sneezing. We think it hails from the East. This dominie, keeping a school where "manners" formed an important part of the curriculum, was particular to teach his pupils the ceremonies appropriate to all occasions, and, amongst others, to that of sneezing. Hence, whenever he himself sneezed, he insisted upon their holding up their hands and exclaiming, "God save our worthy master!" Now it chanced that on a certain day, the good pedagogue and his pupils being out walking, grew thirsty, and coming to a well, they found the bucket at the bottom. The schoolmaster volunteered to bring it up. Descending, he reached the bucket, and the boys pulled him up with the rope. No sooner, however, had his head appeared above the well than the poor man sneezed. Up unconsciously went the hands of the boys, with the exclamation, "God save our worthy master!" and down went the unfortunate dominie to the bottom of the well.

Sneezing is said to be produced by heat—by looking at the sun, or the fire, or by staying in a warm room. This would seem to bear out the Promethean theory of its origin. We have heard it affirmed that it may be brought about still more readily be a gentle titillation of the point of the nose with the finger-nail. The reader may easily test these statements for himself.

It is somewhat remarkable that the English-speaking nations should be those who have paid least regard to sneezing traditions, and have been the first to abandon its customs. Abroad the German peasant has his "gesundheit," and the Frenchman his "Bonne santée," ready for us on every occasion, and even Paddy salutes us with a hearty "Save your honor"; but in this country one may sneeze oneself breathless unnoticed. Whether this proceeds from the stolidity, or the *mauvaise honte*, which our enemies credit us with, or from the practical character on which we pride ourselves, or whether the custom was, as some say, abolished in Puritan times, we cannot now stop to inquire. We can but notice the fact and express regret at the apparent tendency of our race to see nothing more in a sneeze than an indication of cold in the head or incipient catarrh. In this we may be showing our superiority to prejudice, but we are at the same time placing ourselves in opposition to the general feeling of mankind, and the general feeling of mankind on any subject is a matter not to be "sneezed at."

PRONUNCIATION OF SOME ENGLISH NAMES.

Cholmondeley is pronounced Chumley; Majoribanks, Marshbanks; Cockburn, Coburn; Cowper, Cooper; Mainwaring, Mannering. In Elgin and Gillott the "g" is hard; in Gifford and Nigel it is soft; in Johnston the "t" should not be sounded. In Molyneux the "x" is sounded, and the name is pronounced Molinoox, with a very slight accent on the last syllable. In Vaux the "x" is sounded, but is mute in Des Vaux, and likewise in Devereux. In Ker, Berkeley and Derby the "e" has the sound of "a" in "far." In Waldegrave the second syllable, "de," should be dropped, and so should the "th" in Blyth. Dillwyn is pronounced Dillun. In Conyngham, Monson, Monkton and Ponsonby the "o" takes the sound of "u"; and Blount should be pronounced as Blunt, the "o" being mute. Buchan should be pronounced Buckan; and Beauclerk, or Beauclerc, is Boclare, the accent being on the first syllable. Wemyss should be pronounced Weems. In Hertford the "t" is elided, and the "o" has the sound of "a" in "far." Strachan should be pronounced Strawn; Colquehoun is Koohoon, the accent being on the last syllable; Beauchamp is Beacham, and Coutts is Koots. Another formidable name to the uninitiated is Duchesnes, which should be pronounced Dukarn. Bethune should be Beeton; and in Abergavenny the "av" is not sounded. Menzies is pronounced Mynges, Knollys as Knowles, Syndys as Sands, Gower as Gorr, Milnes as Mills. Finally, Dalziel should be pronounced Dael, Chartres as Charters, Glamis as Glarms, Geoghegan as Gaygan, and Ruthven as Riven.

Battle between a Pike and a Frog.—The Bishop of Bohemia and Bishop Thurzo are said to have witnessed a really desperate encounter between a frog (of a kind known in that locality as the water devil) and a pike in a large pond. The latter was sleeping at rest near the surface of the water, close beside the shore, when the frog leaped at and embraced the head of the fish, attacking his eyes with terrible ferocity and anger. The pike plunged and thrust itself into the rushes and weeds in vain attempts to dislodge its enemy, and was at last killed.

LOUD THOUGHTS.

Lord Albemarle, in his amusing work, "Fifty Years of My Life," mentions the late Lord Dudley's eccentric habit of giving vent to his thoughts aloud. He was a frequent guest at the Pavilion. His knowledge of good living led him easily to detect a great falling off in the royal *cuisine* since the decease of George IV. Sitting next King William, he exclaimed, in his deep bass: "What a change, to be sure—cold *pâtés* and hot champagne!"

The King and Queen, when Duke and Duchess of Clarence, once dined with Lord Dudley, who handed her Royal Highness into dinner. Scarcely seated, he began to soliloquize aloud: "What bores these royalties are! Ought I to drink wine with her as I would with any other woman?" And in the same tone, continued, "May I have the honor of a glass of wine with your Royal Highness?" Towards the end of dinner, he asked her again. "With great pleasure, my lord," she replied smiling; "but I have had one glass with you already." "The brute! and so she has!" was the rejoinder.

SONTAG vs. MOZART.

An admirable cantatrice, Sontag, at the end of the trio of the masks in "Don Duan," invented a musical phrase which she substituted for the original. The example was too tempting not to be followed. Every singer in Europe who sang *Donna Anna* adopted Madame Sontag's alteration of the text.

One day, at a general rehearsal in London, the *chef d'orchestre*, a friend of Berlioz, on hearing this audacious substitution at the end of the trio, at once stopped the orchestra and asked the prima donna, "Pray what is all this? Have you forgotten your part, madame?"

"No, monsieur, but I give Sontag's version."

"Ah, very well; but might I take the liberty of inquiring why you prefer Sontag's version to Mozart's version, which, after all, is the only one we have to do with here?"

"Because it produces a better effect!"

PLANT CULTURE IN MOSS.

Captain Halford Thompson claims to have discovered a new method of thus growing plants. Some time ago a Frenchman of the name of Dumesnil patented a kind of fertilizing moss for the purpose of growing plants without soil. With this production of M. Dumesnil Captain Thompson states that he made several experiments, which resulted in his considering it open to serious objections, and was by no means certain of its results. These defects Captain Thompson has endeavored to remedy in a new preparation with which he has experimented, and by means of which he states he produced the luxuriant plants which he exhibited recently. Having found that by Dumesnil's moss it was quite possible to grow plants without soil, he set to work to prepare a fertilizing substance which would enable plants to be grown in it without the precautions necessary in using Dumesnil's moss, and he thinks that he has been perfectly successful in his endeavors. He states that "plants in full bloom can be taken out of the ground or out of pots, and, after all the earth has been carefully washed off, planted in moss which has been previously prepared with fertilizing fibre."

XUM

DR. DIBDIN, THE BIBLIOMANIAC.

In Hornton Street, Kensington, England, for some years lived Thomas F. Dibdin, the lively bibliomaniac; for in the big books which he wrote he mixed up with antiquarianism many passages amusing for the reader's animal spirits and enjoyment. The doctor traveled much on the European Continent in his pursuit of visiting libraries, when he dined with the monks and others who possessed them, and made a feast-day of it with the gayety of his company. When he assembled his friends over a new publication, or for the purpose of inspecting old books, the meeting was what he delighted to call a "symposium"—that is to say, they ate as well as drank, and were very merry over old books, old words, and what they persuaded themselves was old wine. There would have been a great deal of reason in it all if the books had been worth as much inside as out; but in a question between the finest of writers, in plain calf, and one of the fourth or fifth rate, old and rare, and bound by Charles Lewis, the old gentleman would have carried it hollow; he would even have been read with the greater devotion. However, the mania was harmless, and helped to maintain a proper curiosity into past ages. Tom (for, though a reverend and a doctor, we can scarcely think of him seriously) was a good-natured fellow, and had the rare merit of being candid. A moderate sum of money was bequeathed to him by Douce, and he said he thought he deserved it, from the "respectful attention" he had always paid to that not very agreeable gentleman. Tom was by no means ill-looking, yet he tells us that being in company, when he was young, with an elderly gentleman who knew his father, and the gentleman being asked by somebody whether the son resembled him—"Not at all," was the answer; "Captain Dibdin was a fine-looking fellow." This same father was the real glory of Tom; for Captain Dibdin was no less a person than the "Tom Bowling" of the famous sea-song—

"Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew."

Captain Thomas Dibdin was the brother of Charles Dibdin, the songster of seamen; and an admirable songster was Charles, and a fine fellow in every respect was the brother thus fondly recorded by him. "No more," continues the song—for the reader will not grudge us the pleasure of calling it to mind—

"No more he'll hear the tempest howling
For death hath broach'd him too.

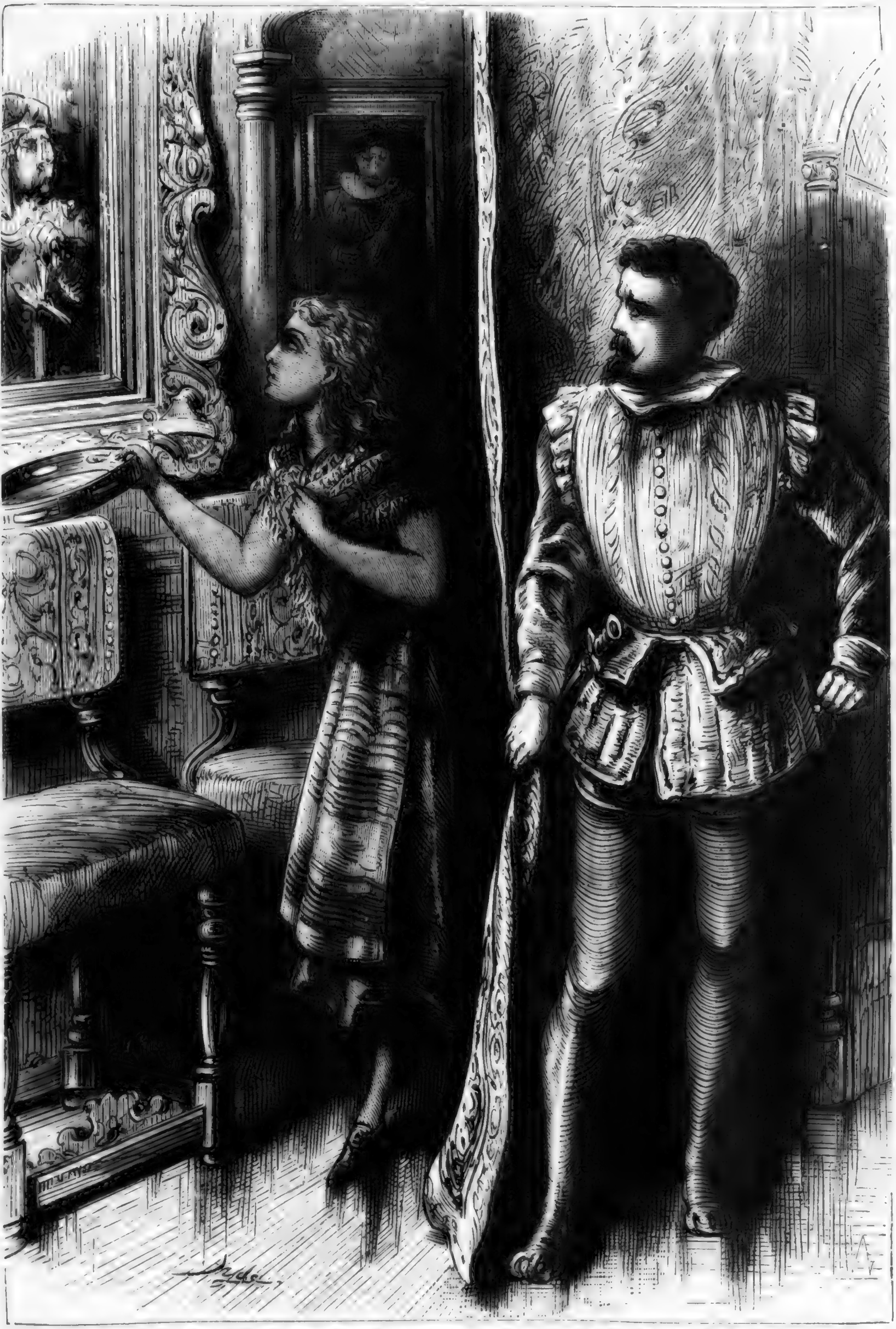
"His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft."

Dr. Dibdin was thus the nephew of a man of genius, and the son of one of the best specimens of an Englishman. His memory may be content.

ON SNEEZING.—THE CONSEQUENCE.—SEE PAGE 155.

The doctor relates an anecdote of the house opposite him which he considers equal to any "romance of real life." This comes of the antiquarian habit of speaking in superlatives and expressing amazement at every little thing. As the circumstance, however, is complete of its kind, and the kind, though not so rare, we suspect, as may be imagined, is not one of everyday occurrence, it may be worth repeating: A handsome widow, it seems, in the prime of life, but in reduced circumstances, and with a family of several children, had been left in possession of the house, and desired to let it. On a certain occasion a retired merchant of sixty, who was looking out for a house in Kensington, came to see it. He fell in love with the widow, paid his addresses to her on the spot, in a respectful version of the old question put to the fair showers of such houses, "Are you, my dear, to be let with the lodgings?" and, after a courtship of six months, was wedded to the extemporaneous object of his affections at Kensington Church, the doctor himself joyfully officiating as clergyman; for the parties were amiable, the bridegroom was a collector of books, and the books were accompanied by a cellar-full of burgundy and champagne.

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfill another.



EARL ORME'S FAIRE WIFE.—"SHE PASSED FROM PICTURE TO PICTURE BEGGING, WITH THE TAMBOURINE OUTSTRETCHED AS SHE HAD HELD IT FOR ALMS ON THE STREETS OF THE ITALIAN TOWN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

MY WASTED YOUTH.

By E. R. Chapman.

"Que vous ai-je donc fait, O mes jeunes années !

Let me alone !
I am weeping my wasted youth.
I am weeping the days when the orchard was white and white
As the driven snow, and I did not go, as I might,
To let the blossoms fall and cover me o'er,
And take the heart of the Spring to my own heart's core.
I am weeping my wasted youth.
Let me alone !

Let me alone !
I am weeping my wasted youth.
I am weeping the starlight nights that I did not see,
And the starlike eyes that never lit up for me,
The moons that on rippling waters have glanced and shone,
And the tender faces I have not looked upon.
I am weeping my wasted youth
Let me alone !

Let me alone !
I am weeping my wasted youth.
I am weeping the merry dances I could not tread,
And the tears of happiness that I did not shed,
The feverish joy, and dumb, delicious pain,
And the lost, lost moments that will not come again.
I am weeping my wasted youth.
Let me alone !

Let me alone !
I am weeping my wasted youth.
I am praying for those who have seen their youth go by,
With half its sweets untasted, unknown, as I,
That God—forasmuch as He left the first bright page
Of their life a blank—would send them love in their age.
I am weeping my wasted youth.
Let me alone !

EARL ORME'S FAIRE WIFE.

Chapter I.

"I DID not know that earth held such a face !" The speaker paused and gazed.

She at whom he gazed stood in the full flood of sunlight, bareheaded, ragged, shoeless—for she was a beggar—yet from crown to heel there was no flaw in that perfection.

The rabble of Genoa—though among them there were some who turned—might press on, not comprehending the revelation before them ; but what poet, what artist—who that had knowledge of the beautiful—who that could worship alike the embodied beauty and the beautiful embodiment, could pass her by ?

The vulgar gaze is caught by color—the artist demands loveliness of form. The sensualist asks for rounded outlines, the poet can tell what *frame* is beautiful. The frivolous seek only the eyes that lure without depth beneath ; the thinker looks for Psyche, *the soul.*

The beggar begged.

One arm held out a tambourine, with worn and battered edges, but grasped by a matchless though sun-embrowned hand. The naked feet were small—Greek art might have chiseled them. The ragged garments clung to outlines so perfect that their grace *spoke.* But ah ! the face!

Great eyes were the soul of it—eyes that would have been wild but for the purity of the soul that lit them. They would have seemed enormous, but for the dense shadows cast by the close lashes that, like reeds upon the margin of a crystal like, swept above and softened their lustre. The features had that symmetry which, though dream-faces possess it, and sculptors give it to their art-works, startle when seen in breathing being. Earl Orme, called by his friends "The Dreamer," lingered still, mutely gazing at Catarina, the beggar.

This was what he had sought for years, and never found—he was thirty now—and was still seeking. Beauty innocently unconscious of itself—*prideless loveliness.*

He followed the beggar to her home.

A month later the Italian town rang with the news, startling even in those olden days—and two of the earl's friends, to whom he told his secret, gave him a new name, that, though they may not have meant it so, was one of mockery. They called him "King Cophetua," for the last heir of many proud nights and noble ladies had married the beggar-girl.

* * * * * *

Time sped.

The earl had brought home his bride. Many marveled at her loveliness, but none knew from whence she came.

Who would have recognized in the richly-clad "ladye," as brightly jeweled as any at the King's court—the Eighth Henry held the throne—the girl that had asked alms in the streets of Genoa ? Her superhuman beauty remained the same, though saddened ; but its lustre had grown starlike. A certain majesty marked her motion, but it was only that of melancholy, not of courtly grace ; and her voice—merry once as the carol of the birdling—had grown plaintive ; her words few and slow.

They were not happy, Earl Orme and "faire" Catarina.

The nobleman who had married beauty had given no thought to its accompaniments—the street-beggar's ignorance, her strange and restless ways, the thousand things that betrayed her low origin. What did she know ? How to imitate the songster of the forest trilling its wild song, how to dance the dances that the gypsies who sometimes wandered into Genoa had taught her, and how to speak those rude words by which the "people" express their untutored thought. This was all. Of noble aspirations, of the high aims of being, of the grand traditions of the family whose heir and last descendant had made this lovely ignoramus his wife—to the sad despite of one great lady, the daughter of another most noble house—of court ways and town manners she knew less than nothing. Lady Isobel had the wisdom of the serpent—Catarina, the innocence of the dove.

The earl had summoned many masters to teach her languages, music other than that the birds made, and the slow pacings of the court dances ; but, except a few words of French or German, a song or two, and a most comical caricature of the drawings laid before her, as well as a broad *travestie* of the court "mincing and prancing dances," as she called them, she had acquired nothing. She would toy with a guitar, feed her ugly Barcelona monkey, chat with or playfully chide her maid, feed her swans, or gather flowers. But *think*—oh, no !

Yes, she thought one thought ; and when, like an angry cloud, it overcame her, the dark blue eyes would gather tears, the fair breast heave, and the lips—the childlike lips—quiver piteously. She saw that the earl's heart was turning from her !

Lady Isobel was fair. If not so beautiful—the countesses's mirror told her that she was not—as herself, yet—and there the mirror spoke again—what imperial grace had

"The daughter of a hundred earls!"

How queenly her gait—her tread ! With what an air she grasped her sweeping train ! The very pearls that held back her tresses of midnight blackness, which seemed to Catarina so much more beautiful than her own golden locks, were eloquent of the court—the very motion of her fan was haughty, and the turn of her head like that of the stately swans in the earl's gardens. Had not Lord Egbert said so?

One cause of the coldness between Lord Egbert and his beautiful wife was a habit which, for the entire time of their wedded life, had been hers. At eleven every night he had observed that she would leave her chamber, and for one hour absent herself. It had been in vain that he had endeavored to discover in what manner that time was passed. Certain it was that no inhabitant of the castle knew in what part of it that hour was spent, nor had Lord Egbert ever been able, at that time, to find his wife in the castle grounds. It may be imagined, too, with what perseverance he had tried to learn her secret, when, after three years, he still sought and had never yet fathomed it.

At last, one night, just as the chapel-bell tolled eleven strokes, and the bats whirred thick against the panes, darkening the gothic arches as they clung to them—and for a moment even obscuring the silvery shimmer of the vague, pale moon—the earl saw Catarina, clad in her sweeping robes of velvet, pass with furtive step along the corridor. This done, she began to mount the stairs, and, still evidently deeming herself unobserved—for, though she paused to listen, shading her taper, which shook in its tall silver candlestick, she did not see the earl—she passed on, on to the picture-gallery, where hung, in their majesty of armor and gorgeous draperies, the whole array of her proud husband's haughty ancestors.

At the door she paused. No sound, except the distant "tu-whit! tu-whoo!" of the owl, and the dolorous cicadas, ever complaining, broke the night's peacefulness.

Suddenly the earl remembered!

There was another, a secret, entrance to the portrait gallery—one known only to himself. Over it hung a curtain that in a hundred years had never been swept aside. He would seek that entrance, and from behind that curtain observe his wife!

As she entered one door Egbert slid back the bolt of another; and when her foot paused as she stood within the threshold, and she again, with startled eyes like the fawn's—for she deemed she had heard some faint sound—paused and listened, he parted the velvet folds of the gold-fringed curtain, just where its wealth of embroidery was heavy with the heraldic honors of his house—and hidden safely, he gazed forth and saw Lady Catarina's every motion.

She listened a moment longer, then the earl saw her pass to where a superb full-length portrait of her fair self was hung, representing her in the magnificent court-dress, heavy with many jewels, which she had worn when presented to the land's sovereign. She gazed at it a moment, raising the taper in her hand high above her head, displaying as she did so the statuesque beauty of her rounded arm.

Then, upon the silence of the gallery, there broke a sigh, deep, tremulous, heart-broken, a shuddering sigh—as if from a weariness of spirit so great that life itself was a burden almost too heavy to be borne.

Then, turning away, she passed to another part of the gallery, and slid aside a panel.

"What could be hidden there?" the earl asked himself. "How had she discovered it?"

Again his eager eyes fixed themselves upon Catarina.

She knelt. Then taking from the hidden partition in the wall a large bundle, she laid it upon the floor, first frantically pressing it to her bosom and kissing it. Then, unfastening a ribbon that bound it, she took out a faded gown, a tarnished tambourine, a tattered shawl and a colored kerchief.

The earl's eyes blazed with anger.

Then she stood up, still thinking that no human eye dwelt upon her, and, loosening her rich hair from its golden ribbons, suffering to fall about her the superb vesture of her state—the garb of the earl's "ladye"—she assumed—and she breathed fast as she did so, as the slave breathes who frees himself from his fetters—the beggar's garb, in which her beauty first brought Earl Orme to play—for so he now deemed he had done—the madman and the fool.

The earl had started with new anger as Catarina's rich garments rustled to her feet,

"Drowned gold and purple and royal rings,"

but his whole face flooded with indignant crimson, and his frame shook, as he watched his wife once more.

What saw he?

She had taken from the floor where it lay the tarnished tambourine; and, shaking it each time she paused, while she held her beautiful head to one side in arch entreaty, she passed from picture to picture of all the noble knights and courtly ladies in the grand train of Earl Orme's great ancestry, begging, with the tambourine outstretched as she had held it for alms in the streets of the Italian town, of one, of another, of each and all!

The secret was out at last! The beggar was to the very core of her heart one of the "people"! The earl's wife was a beggar still!

CHAPTER II.

In a moment more the earl stood before his wife.

He paused not to think of aught save his wounded dignity—of the degrading discovery he had made. Anger possessed him.

It matters not in what furious words he upbraided the Lady Catarina; with what scorn he reproached her. It was the ending that did more than all to crush the loving if erring heart.

"We part," said the Earl Egbert, in conclusion. "You at your heart can never sympathize with me; your blood is not fit to mingle with mine in the veins of an heir to my house and its honors. At heart you are still the Beggar of Genoa! I am the Earl of Orme!"

Catarina made a gesture of entreaty.

"But you shall not depart portionless," added he; "though I repudiate you, I still suffer you to retain all I have ever bestowed upon you. You can never know want while you retain the jewels and the gold with which it has been my pride to enrich you; but, after this night we meet no more!"

His wife stared wildly at her infuriated lord, as if failing to comprehend his words; and, as the fiat fell from his lips, she sank at his feet, and with a piteous cry extended her hands to grasp his arm and stay him. But in vain. Earl Egbert had descended the stairs, and in a moment more the clang of his horse's feet rang through the courtyard, the drawbridge fell, and the baying of the dogs about the castle told that its lord had ridden away.

Catarina uttered one wild, sobbing cry, and fell to the floor in a deadly swoon.

It was no hard task to win of that monarch, so ready to avail himself of divorce, the permission to repudiate the beggar wife.

One day, a month later, a letter came to the castle, borne by a court-page, and telling the Lady Catarina that the love "ruined at the root" was dead indeed. She was Earl Orme's wife no more!

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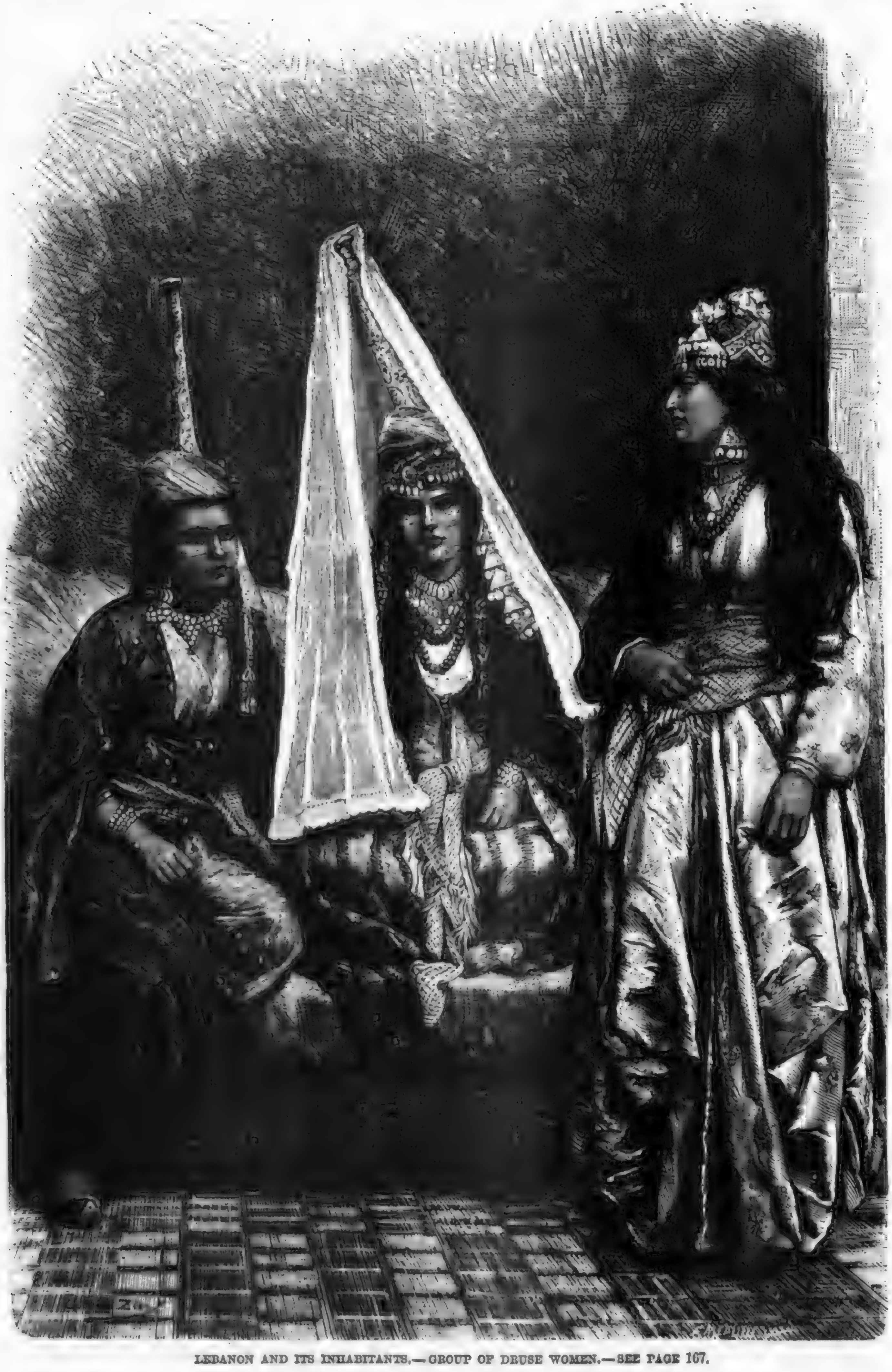
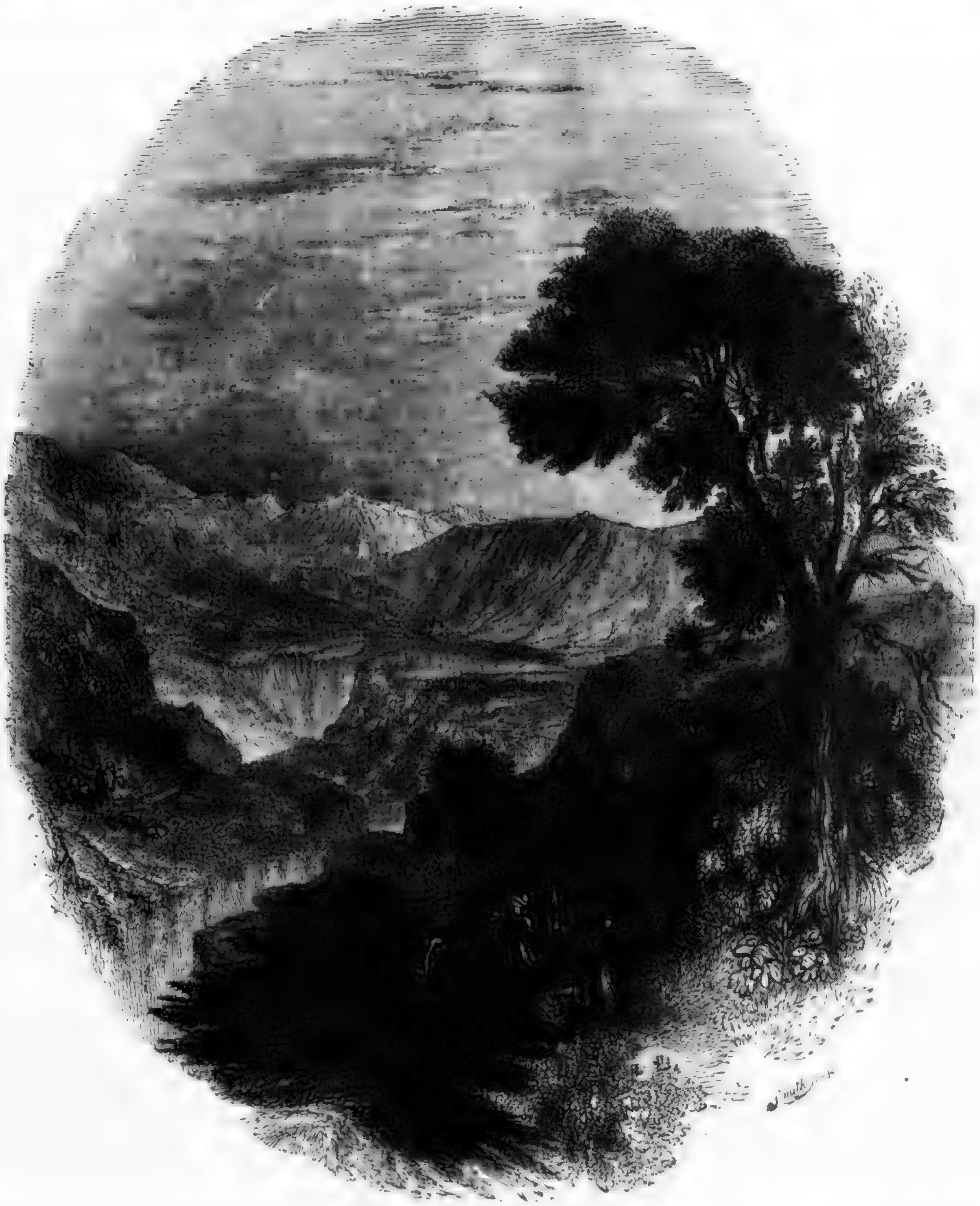


LEBANON AND ITS INHABITANTS.—GROUP OF DRUSE WOMEN.—SEE PAGE 167.

XUM

"Had he but known," she murmured, as the cruel missive fell from her hand, "that beneath my heart there stirs his child—— But, no ! that would avail me nothing. Did he not say to me that my blood is not fit to mingle with his own ? My child would still be less his than that of the Beggar of Genoa ! I will do his will. I will depart. He shall see me no more ! Never ! never again !"

Janet and Alice, her tiring-maids, who had taken pride and pleasure so great in the peerless beauty of their ever kind, ever gentle mistress, knew not why she had wept so much of late, nor why neither the flowers, the birds, nor her neglected lute, could win a moment's notice. They did not know at what hour, clad in sombre robes, and with slow, reluctant footsteps, there passed away from the castle that beautiful being whose presence had lit it with a light almost celestial, the radiance of a pure, meek spirit, whose price is "above rubies"—ay, better "than much fine gold."



MOUNT LEBANON.—SEE PAGE 167.

Chapter III.

Ten years had flown by, and during eight of these the Lady Isobel Shaftonsbury had held Catarina's place as wife to the Earl of Orme.

He could not complain now of lack of dignity, nor, sooth to say, of pride in his lady wife. A haughtier woman than Isobel, Countess of Orme, never trod even *his* ancestral halls. Of her predecessor, his beggar wife, she would never suffer word to be spoken, and it was her fiercest joy—and hers was in all things a fierce and fiery nature—to cast bitter disparagement upon her name, her memory, her very beauty. She had banished from its place the portrait of Catarina—and if she spoke of her, it was but tauntingly.

"She was glad, forsooth, to return to her shameful freedom. No doubt, amid the beggars from whom she sprung"—Isobel's heart had long ago won from the earl

XUM

the truth as to Catarina's origin—"she is happy. I fancy she is a queen among them, for my lord had given her, so my maids tell me, many jewels and much gold. It were no hard task, I ween, to find some clown with close-kempt locks to spend it with her!"

But the maids Alice and Janet would often sigh as they thought of the lost mistress, and marked the fierce temper of the high-born dame. They had worshiped Lady Catarina; they hated Lady Isobel.

At last an heir was born.

But, ere this, a bitterer sorrow than even that of the past had fallen upon the earl's proud heart. It was whispered that a court gallant, no less a noble than Surrey himself, had hung too oft about the Lady Isobel, and that it might be this heir was no lawful one. It needed not jealous eyes to see that the boy's face held no resemblance to that of its assumed father. The earl's heart was heavy. Bitter indeed to have reached forty years childless but to become the mock of a dissolute court—for such he believed himself to be.

But he took no action upon his suspicions. Why, it was never known.

It might be that he would not again repudiate a wife; and to leave again, as he had done for two years after the departure of Catarina, his home in England, was what he could not bring himself to do. In the prime of life the earl seemed aged. *His heart had grown old.*

And, from the hour of the birth of the heir, it was a sealed book to the Lady Isobel.

He withdrew himself, like a wounded stag parted from the herd, leaving his lady at court, and sought the solitude of his castle.

It was here that there reached him rumors of a wonderful poetess who made the deeds of lofty chivalry and the tales of romance her theme; and whose sweet verse in the rhythms of that choice Italian, so dear to the Earl of Orme, had won much fame among the learned of her country, and great honors abroad. It was said that King Henry had invited her to court, had caused her poems to be transcribed upon vellum, and bound in embossed gold; and that, at a festival soon to be given in honor of his approaching nuptials with Anne Boleyn, the poetess would send her son to recite some verses of her composition—lines, it was said, of wonderful harmony and beauty.

None spoke of the lady's face—for none had seen it—but it was rumored that she was a widow; and that the son—a boy of marvelous beauty—inherited the poetic talent of her mother.

Why, Earl Orme could not have said, but he had yearned, from the first moment of hearing of this wonderful songstress, to listen to the recitation of some poem from her pen. The few lines he had gathered at court spoke to something that lay in the most secret depths of his being; their sadness mated with his own.

The court had all assembled. Earl Egbert had not acquainted his wife with his intent to appear there; and it was with an angry start that, on entering, he marked her seated in a place of honor, with the light-minded Surrey beside her, glittering, like Isobel herself, with jewels.

Too easy was it to read their secret—he that "ran might read"! Easy and bitter indeed! Catarina's secret had been a slight thing and innocent compared to this!

At last the moment came for the reading of the poem. It was a sweet story of the love of an humble maiden for a lordly knight, and told how, in her hope to win his love, she had followed him to war, garbed as a page, till, at last, after all hope had failed her that her heart's prayer would be granted, she had sought the battlefield, and—in this the poetess called her "most happy"—saved the life of the noble knight by receiving into her own breast the lance aimed at his heart.

But what had startled the court, and held it entranced more perhaps than even the harmonious verse of the "matchless poetess Florinda"—so they called her—was the noble beauty of her son, who, garbed like the god Apollo, and bearing in his hand a silver lyre, recited in dulcet tones the wondrous rhythms of the "piteous storie of Isolinde and the Knight Rupert."

The earl's eyes stared at the youth.

"By my faith," murmured he, "the lad is like Brian, my brother, dead these fifteen years past! Not Brian even bore himself more nobly!"

The poem ended. The King rose.

"Noble words," said King Henry, "and nobly uttered. Approach, and receive of us the fitting guerdon for thy sweet gift of song."

And the King placed upon the brow of the boy a wreath of laurel-leaves wrought in the purest gold.

But, though the youth knelt to receive the wreath, it no sooner touched his brow than he removed it.

"Not to me, most noble monarch, this wreath of fame. The verses are my mother's; hers is the 'sweet gift of song.'"

And, though some lordlings made a movement to detain him, after bowing low the youth departed.

* * * * * *

It was not many days after the court *fête* that the Lady Isobel completed the sum of her evil deeds by disappearing from her post as attendant upon the new-made Queen.

She had fled; not, indeed, with Surrey, but with a foreign nobleman of infamous character, though of singular beauty.

The cruel mother, true to an utterly heartless nature, left behind her the son she had borne. The lad, a puny, sickly boy, grew daily punier and sicklier, till at last, in but a few short months after his mother's desertion of the earl, of her son and her duty, he fell into a malady of languor that ended in death.

For the Lady Isobel—from the hour of her departure from England she was doomed. The gallant with whom she had fled became, after being deperately enamored, desperately jealous, and—this was the last intelligence that ever reached the earl concerning her—in his fury, it was said, poured poison into wine, of which the lady drank, and expired in agony.

* * * * * *

One year later—and by this time, shame, sorrow, and, it may be, *remorse*, when he thought of Catarina—had made Earl Orme's hair white as the Winter's snows—a boy, the same beautiful youth whom we have seen at court reciting the sad "Storie of Isolinde and the Knight Rupert," rode up to the castle-gate. He bore a letter signed "Florinda"; and, when admitted to the presence of the earl, stated that the poetess, his mother, had bade him hand to the Earl of Orme the missive bearing her name.

It had required some courage to undertake the errand, young Lorenzo admitted to himself—for the earl was known to be a grave recluse; and, it was said, loved no society, especially that of women.

But the earl seemed glad to see the beautiful youth, and—strange for so stern a man—passed his arm about his waist, and led him to the portrait gallery, where, upon the wall, hung the painting representing Brian of Orme, his dead brother.

"Strange! strange!" murmured the earl; "the boy is liker to my house than the dead heir who bore my name! I will follow you," added he, "though it is now one year since my footsteps have passed beyond yon drawbridge. Come! mount your horse—let us away. My steed stands beside your own. I will go whither you may lead me."

And the earl and the beautiful youth went forth together.

CHAPTER IV.

THE earl followed his guide.

At last they reached the city.

It was in an humble dwelling in the outskirts that the youth dwelt with his mother.

There were a few flowers about the door, and the vines clustering over it formed a cool, delicious shade; but there were no signs of luxury.

The youth led the earl to a room—not spacious, but tasteful—where, on a low couch, reclined a female form. The boy knelt, removing his cap, kissed his mother's brow; and, rising in obedience to a sign from her, made obeisance to the earl, and left the apartment.

But as he did so a low, agonized cry broke from the lips of the earl.

For, on the lowly couch, lying prostrate, and—or the sunken eyes, pale cheeks and emaciated form spoke falsely—*dying*, lay his lost Catarina!

Was it for this that he had hoped for eleven years—he *had* hoped--that she would return to him, that they should be happy again?

The dying poetess raised herself.

There had been a world of sorrow and despairing wretchedness in Earl Egbert's heart-cry, and it had been balm to her crushed spirit. It gave her strength to speak those words he must hear, ere her waning life departed.

"Yes, it is I, Egbert, my husband! After many years! And now we meet but to part again; the death-dews stand upon my brow. But do not sob so! The earl had sunk weeping upon his knees at the bedside. "It is best thus—though now, I think, my lord and liege, you will not blush to have wedded poor Catarina, the Beggar of Genoa! No," added she, "when we parted, when you cast me forth out of your heart, away from your arms, and into that cold world which, even in childhood, had never to me been kind, I felt that I had failed to satisfy your great heart"—here Egbert clasped her cold hand, and pressed it humbly to his lips—"I saw that my ignorance was a crime; my untutored mind unfit to mate with yours; and that she whose intincts still yearned for an unfettered and informal life, was, as you said, *not fit to be the mother of another earl.*"

A sudden light broke upon the husband.

"The boy! the boy!" exclaimed he, springing wildly to his feet.

"Listen! I have more to say. Listen, ere my voice is for ever silent," urged Catarina. "After I left you, I felt that, to be truly a mother to the child I was about to bear, I must learn the wondrous lore of your great country and of my own—*for even the beggar*," added she, proudly, "*has a country*. I sold the jewels you had bestowed upon me in the days when your love was mine"—here the earl's sobs burst forth afresh—"and a learned sage gave me in exchange those treasures of learning that have made me what I am; not 'Florinda,' but Catarina Pessali, the poetess. My countrymen know my name, and Italy has pride in me!"

A pause; the dying woman's strength seemed failing fast.

"But it has cost me my life. I have lost my body's strength in the fierce ardor of study by which I hoped at last to win, as I *have* won, fame you need not blush to hear of. And the boy—my countrymen call him Lorenzo, but *I* call him Egbert—you need not blush for him. He has acquired, besides many of the secrets of science and the sweet art of poesy, that noble art of war in which those of his blood won fame, even in the Holy Land. Believe me, he will not dishonor you!"

"Call him hither. Let me embrace my child!"

"A moment," resumed the dying Catarina, and her voice sank to a whisper; "let me tell you also that I have taught him whose son he is; and yet, believe me, Lord Egbert does not blush to call Catarina, the Beggar of Genoa, his mother."

"Pardon! pardon!" cried the earl.

"It remains to me only to bid your son embrace his father, and to depart in peace," murmured the mother, as the beautiful youth entered the room, and knelt at his father's feet.

A glorious smile played upon the face of Catarina Pessali, the last waning light of a life ever sad. She raised her hands, and laid one upon the head of the father—the other upon that of the son.

"Be worthy of the House of Orme," murmured she; "*the noble House of Orme.*"

And as she spoke, looking up thus, she died.

But her memory died not. It lived, while they lived, in the heart of Egbert her husband, and of Egbert the heir, her son. The name of Lady Isobel Shaftonsbury and of her offspring is blotted out of the annals of the house—into which she came but to disgrace it. Across the false heir's name lies the "*bar sinister.*" But in undying lustre lives upon its pages the "historie of the most virtuous, the most 'faire,' and"—so stands the archive—"the most noble Ladye Catarina Pessali, Countess of Orme."

LEBANON AND ITS INHABITANTS.

BY OSCANYAN.

MUSSULMAN fanaticism, that Asiatic plague, which has devastated some of the fairest portions of the globe, has again made its appearance, this time in the Soudan, but it will not be long before its malarial influence will be felt in other parts of the Mussulman world.

Ever dominant, it has, for a long while, been kept in check through the progress of civilization, but has not been entirely eradicated; the germ, ever existing, is ready to break forth at any time and place on the least provocation.

This pernicious malady, which, at present, is in an epidemic form, being confined to Egypt, may become pandemic throughout Mussulman territories. Whether the next eruption may occur in India, Armenia or Syria, no one can tell; but its recurrence is beyond a doubt.

It is not likely, however, that it will first show itself in India, where there are 40,000,000 of Mohammedans. It is true that Moslem fanaticism will find as ready an echo and sympathy there as elsewhere; but it must be remembered that human actions are not so much governed by sympathy as by interest. It is not for the advantage of the governing classes of the Mohammedans of India to yield readily to the infection; because, having on former occasions received severe lessons, they are not likely to be easily inoculated.

Nor is it probable that it will break out in Armenia, because this malady has become endemic in that most unfortunate country without any apparent remedy to

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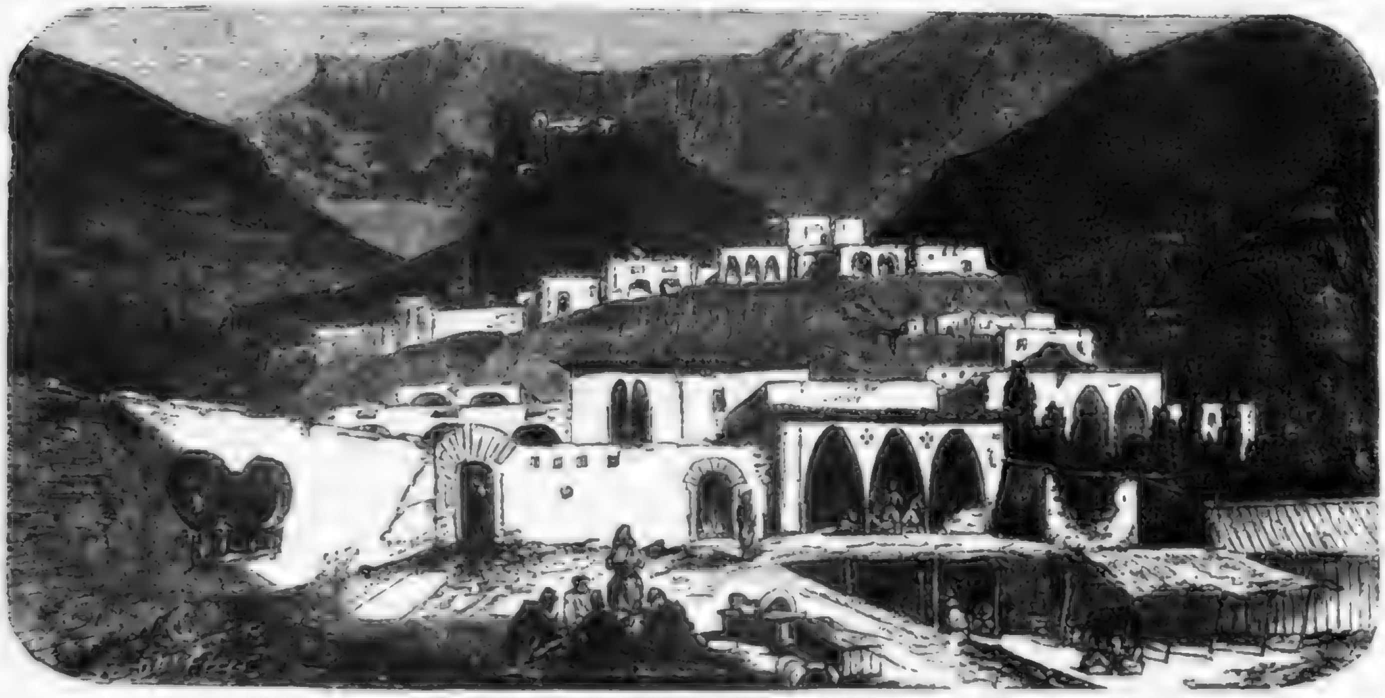


KAB ELIAS, A DRUSE TOWN IN THE LEBANON.

check its progress, unless it should suit the policy of Russia to interfere.

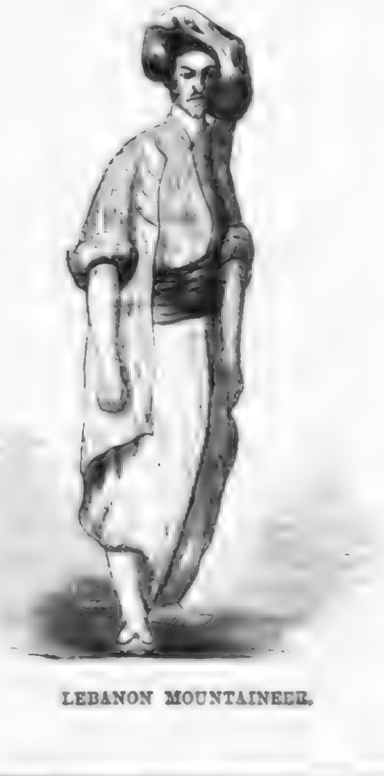
It is therefore more than probable that the next demonstration of this scourge will show itself in Syria—because Mussulman fanaticism is not only more rampant and malignant there than elsewhere, but other circumstances intervening will tend greatly to develop it.

France and Russia are already in the field, struggling for supremacy; the first through the Maronites and the second through the Greeks.

The French regard Syria as their natural share in the inheritance from the "Sick Man," and have grown nervously anxious since England's recent acquisition of Cyprus, and especially when that country is being drifted into annexation of Egypt.

Russia is already evincing symptoms of uneasiness, and is ready to revive her traditional claim to the protectorate of the Christians of the East and to the guardianship of the Holy Sepulchre.

And England, notwithstanding she has her hands full, will not certainly remain idle, or a passive spectator, but step in for her share, and make use of the Druses, as her ancient allies.



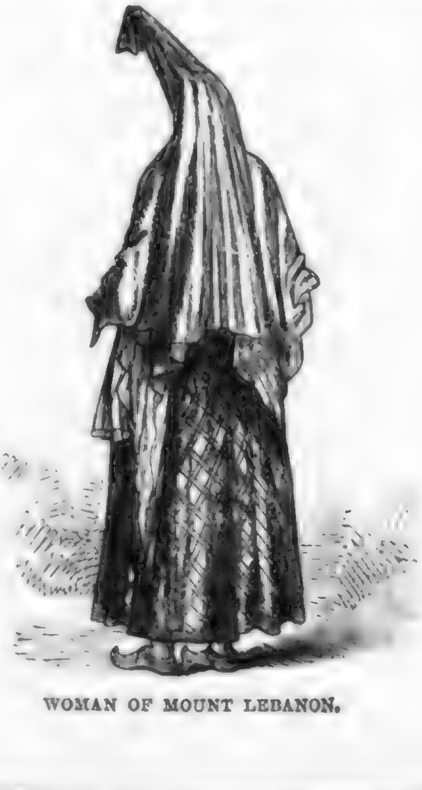
LEBANON MOUNTAINEER.

It was in this way, by the combination of conflicting interests, that the Crimean War, in 1854, and the dreadful massacre of the Maronites, in 1860, were brought about. The recurrence, therefore, of the same catastrophe is self-evident, for history repeats itself. The political *pot-pourri* is already set on the fire, and may soon boil over. For the Turk, when cornered, will naturally resort to that dreadful weapon which is most effective in the hands of the Mussulman populace—the *Jehad*, or religious war, which means war to the knife against all Christians.

In view, then, of coming events, which seem to cast their shadows before them, a brief sketch of the Lebanon, where the next scene will be enacted, will not prove devoid of interest to the general reader, as an anticipatory preparation for a just and sensible comprehension of things that are to occur there.

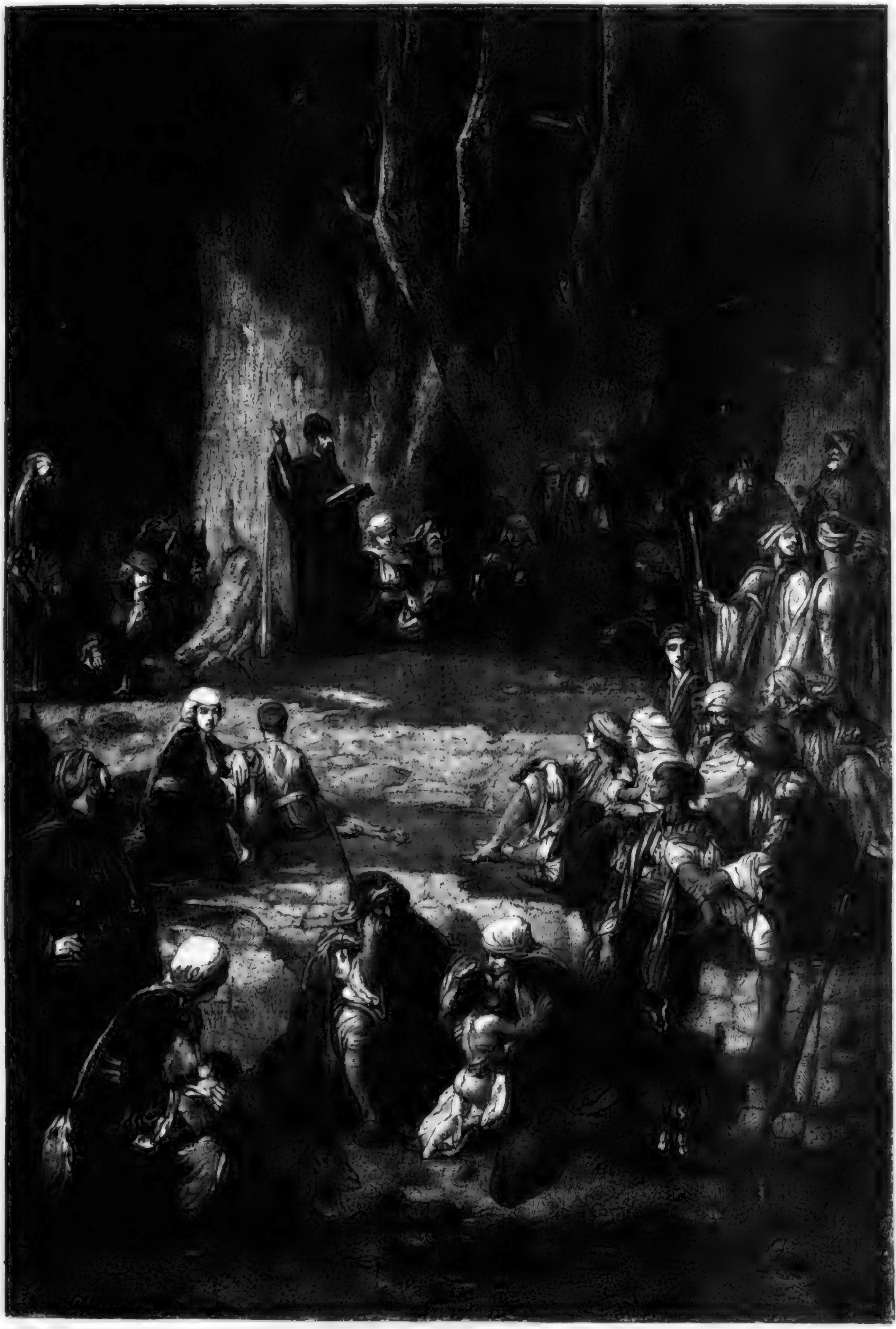
Lebanon, or Jebel-Libnan, the White Mountain, is a mountain range in Syria, a spur of the Taurus, extending from northeast to southwest, almost parallel to the coast. It is nearly 100 miles long, and from ten to twenty miles wide. It has an elevation of about 7,000 feet, with a culminating point, Jebel-Makkel, of 12,000 feet. To the east of this mountain is another, called Anti-Lebanon, running parallel to it. It is not as high as Lebanon, nor as long. Between these two is a valley, called El-Bukaa. It is not properly a valley, because of its undulation, varying from 2,000 to 3,000 feet. The width of this valley varies also from twelve to twenty miles. The ancient Orontes runs through it, and the River Jordan takes its rise there.

The peak of Lebanon is snow-capped, imparting refreshing coolness during



WOMAN OF MOUNT LEBANON.

the Summer months. Its general climate is delightful. In the Winter heavy rains fall, but the cold is not severe. The views enjoyed from the mountain heights, especially from the western slopes, are highly picturesque. The surface of both the Lebanons is very rugged, forming in many parts ravines and dangerous precipices. But in the lower regions of the range vegetation abounds, they being well watered and extensively cultivated. The numerous springs that gush from the rocks are icy cold, a luxury greatly enjoyed in a climate like Syria.



A MARONITE MONK PREACHING.

XUM

Extensive groves of olive, mulberry, orange, lemon, citron and fig trees are to be met with everywhere, as well as vineyards and grain fields. The cedars of Lebanon are of historic fame. There is a grove of several hundred of them, eight of which are most conspicuous, being very large and old.

Numerous towns and villages dot these two mountains, and they are inhabited by two distinct races, known respectively as the Maronites and the Druses. There are also Turks, Greeks, and even Jews, but they are few, and do not form an important part of the inhabitants.

The Maronites are the direct descendants of the ancient Phœnicians, consequently identified with the Greeks. In their adoption of Christianity they became victims of Mussulman persecution, to escape which they fled to Mount Lebanon, under the leadership of a certain Mar-Maron, or Father Maron. This prelate having built there, on an eligible spot, a convent, as strong and impregnable as a fort, people flocked thither for protection. From necessity other convents were erected, and these establishments multiplied, to afford shelter to those who sought in them a refuge. In course of time these people were known as the Maronites, in contradistinction to those who remained in the low lands. The Maronites are, therefore, the first settlers of Lebanon. During the invasion of the Crusaders they became converted to Roman Catholicism, through sympathy with the champions of the Cross, and through the material support which they received from them. Hence the Maronites are the Greek Catholics of Syria, acknowledging the Pope as the head of the Church, instead of the Patriarch, but retaining their native language, the Arabic, in the ritual of church service—a privilege accorded only to this community and to a few Catholic Armenians, Syrians, Chaldeans, Copts and Slavs.

When the Saracens invaded Syria the use of the Greek language was forbidden, and the schools were closed ; so that the Greeks of Syria soon forgot their mother tongue, and, through force of circumstances, adopted a foreign dialect, so that the prevailing language of Syria is the Arabic.

They are very zealous in their faith, and are often seen engaged in their devotions under the shade of the historic cedars, constituting a sort of camp-meeting.

In physique they are noble specimens of humanity and manly bearing. Having in their mountain fastnesses long breathed the air of independence, they have become more brave and valiant than the rest of their compatriots.

We will now proceed to describe the Druses, who differ from the Maronites only in religion ; so that any further description of the manners and customs of the one will apply as well to the other. Besides, there is a sort of mystery which envelops the character and being of the Druses which is worth developing.

The Druses are the remnants of the ancient Egyptians.

It is a well known fact that the prevailing religion in Egypt, in ancient times, was a belief in metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls. When Christianity was introduced into the land of the Pharaohs those who embraced the new faith through the instrumentality of a certain divine, Khupt by name, were designated Khupties or Copts, and those who remained in their original faith through the advocacy of another zealot called Dürz, were known as Dürzies, or Druses.

The invasion of Mohammedanism into Egypt, sword in hand, brought about an entire change. It tolerated no creed, and had for a rule of action, either to embrace Islamism or become abject slaves to the "true believers." Many, of course, became Mohammedans, to evade persecution and spoliation. The Copts preferred to remain in their faith, and resigned themselves to their fate and ignominy. Not so with the Druses. Proud by nature, and strong in their moral convictions, almost as fanatical as the Mussulmans themselves, they could not brook dictation or abject submission, so they concluded to emigrate. In the tenth century they left their homes in a body, under the leadership of a certain Fakhr-ed-Din, and took an easterly direction, as did the Israelites of yore under Moses.

Their sufferings during their journey were naturally very great, owing to hardships and privations, as they had to traverse deserts and desolations, many perishing on the way. On reaching Syria they were glad to meet with habitable lands, and the emigrants evinced a strong disinclination to proceed any further. But as the land into which they emigrated proved to be as strongly Mohammedan as the one they had left, the leaders were perplexed as to what to do, and in their ignorance of geography, not knowing how far they still had to go before they could get out of the clutches of the detested Islamites, the chiefs held a conference, in which they decided to resort to diplomacy. They concluded to remain where they were and conform to the requirements of Mohammedanism outwardly, but in secret to practice their own favorite dogma unknown to the outside world. This they could easily do, because their sect was already a secret society and a close corporation.

The Druses are divided religiously into two classes : the *Akals*, the knowing ones, or the learned in the law ; and the *Djehals*, the ignorant, or the mass. None but the *Akals* can be present at their *Halwés*, or meeting-houses. They are very strict in this observance, and more consistent than the Freemasons in their selection of members. None are admitted into the rank of *Akal* without strict trial and severe probation. Even princes are excluded. The *Akals*, being looked upon as men of probity and the custodians of their faith, exercise a sort of mysterious influence over the rest of their community.

Then, again, their moral code was also of a nature to greatly facilitate their plan. Hypocrisy being a part of their creed, they hold that it is lawful to speak falsehood to men of another creed in defense of their religion, and to keep aloof from the world ; not outwardly, but in heart. Simulation, then, being a principle with them, it was not a difficult matter for them to assume the garb and character of the Mohammedans. But that they are not such at heart their acts and conduct plainly indicate.

Although they occasionally go to mosque and indulge in Mussulman worship, they have their own *Halwés*. These are built on prominent places, and away from towns and villages. The approach to these *Halwés* is strictly guarded by sentinels, so as to keep their deliberations perfectly secret and free from intrusion. These are immediately advised of the approach of strangers, who are received into them, but their proceedings are stopped, and, if the intruder be a Mussulman, the Koran is produced ; if Christian, the Bible.

Contrary to Mohammedan tenets, their women are not excluded from their *Halwés*, nor seclusion in private life practiced, except when Mohammedans are present, or when they may expect to come in contact with them.

It is for that reason that the women are closely vailed when out of doors, flourishing that singular headgear called *tantour*. It is the scriptural horn, worn by the ancient Assyrian ladies of yore, which the Druse women have adopted. Independent of that feminine propensity which dictates a desire to shine above others, the Drus women, being gifted with an extra modicum of vanity, have improved this ornament in size and material. It is a straight tube made of either pasteboard, wood, tin or silver, varying in length from six to twenty inches, its size increasing and its costliness depending upon the social standing of the wearer. Some are even adorned with jewelry. It supports the white vail, which, when at home, is left pending behind in graceful folds ready for an emergency, and when abroad serves to envelop their features, leaving only one eye to guide their path.

It is the insignia of married life, the young ladies not being privileged to don it. The women are so proud of it that they are not content to carry this cumbersome apparatus all day long, but they go to bed with it on their heads for fear of losing their rank, or matronly condition, for an instant.

Neither do they conform to the Mussulman requirements of prayer five times a day, nor of keeping the Fast of Ramazan. The only thing they have in common with the Mussulmans is a hatred toward all infidels.

Having resolved to remain in Syria, the next point for the chiefs was to decide on the selection of a suitable locality. Lebanon presented many advantages. The climate was good, and, its situation being difficult of access, exempted them from molestation, as was proved by the isolation of the Maronites. They, therefore, courted the latter to become cohabitants with them on the mountain.

The Maronites, unaware of the secret principles which actuated and guided these people, and judging from their outward conduct, which evinced a decided antipathy to Islamism, and their valiant nature eliciting a sympathy in their favor, thought they would prove important auxiliaries for themselves. So they were permitted not only to settle upon a portion of the mountain without molestation, but, relying upon their valor and integrity, they were assigned to occupy the passes as guards of honor.

The Turkish Government favored also this project. They, the Government, knew very well that their pretensions to Islamism did not amount to a great deal; but even that nominal avowal was sufficient to be made use of to the advantage of the state, as, through them, they might hold some power over the Maronites, who were becoming formidable in their mountain fastnesses, and were gaining aid and support from their co-religionists in Europe.

Mutual interest, which was to oppose the aggressions of the Turkish Government, induced both Maronites and Druses to live peaceably together, yet they lived apart from each other as much as possible. They had their villages separate, and when in the same town they occupied separate quarters. Unlike the Mussulmans, the Druses had free intercourse with the Maronites, yet they did not intermarry.

Even in externals they showed a characteristic appearance different from the Maronites. Contrary to the gay and flashy habiliments of the Maronites, the Druses are modest in externals, excepting their emirs, or princes, who are fond of display. Their ample trousers are of the ordinary blue twill worn by the peasantry, a sash round their waist, buttoned-up vest, a tarboosh on the head, surrounded with a *baffé* or turban, or with a silken *keffié*. This costume is surmounted with a gayly striped *abaya*, made of woolen cloth, which is worn even in the hottest weather. The *Akals* are distinguished from the mass by the still greater simplicity in their apparel, they wearing neither silk nor gold about them, and their headgear being always white. Their women also present a distinctive appearance in public, with the tantour on their heads, which supports the white vail whether on horseback or on foot, and which gives them a weird yet picturesque appearance.

The general form of their dwellings is that principally adapted for the usages of people inhabiting a hot and sultry country. Those of the well-to-do are large, rectangular buildings, inclosing an extensive square yard, round which are the apartments. They are built on solid foundations, and of solid materials, mainly of square stones, and furnished with doors and windows roughly finished.

The roof is supported upon unplaned pine trees, and composed of branches, briers, odds and ends of planks, etc., over which is a heavy pile of earth, well rolled in and covered over with mortar, making, as it were, a terrace on top of the house. On many houses the grass grows luxuriously over the ledges.

In the Summer months it is much the practice to sleep upon the terraces, where they spread their mattresses. Sometimes the night dew is exceedingly heavy, but this is guarded against by temporary canopies or tents erected on the terraces.

The entrance to these dwellings is low and insignificant, so as to be easily blocked up in case of assault or invasion. The doors of the apartments are also low, and the whole building constitutes a species of fortification, within which, the main entrance being secured, the inmates of the house live in perfect security. Barred in with all his family one solitary inhabitant might defy many invaders by retreating, first from the courtyard into one of the chambers, and then from chamber to chamber.

The houses of the peasants are, of course, small, nor have they any courtyard inclosure, yet they are as strongly constructed as those of the upper classes. Their interior division is odd and peculiar; the whole of the interior is divided into four compartments by means of rude mats. Of these the largest is the reception or common sitting room, destitute of what is called furniture, save a divan in the further corner. It is remarkable for the manifold purposes which it is made to serve; it is the dining-room of the family, the bedroom of the servants and occasional guests; even the cattle there sometimes find shelter. In the centre of this room is a species of primitive oven, common throughout Turkey, in which all the bread of the family is baked, and which also serves the purposes of a stove to heat the apartment during Winter. It consists of a hole dug in the ground, about two feet deep and eighteen inches in diameter, in the form of a jar, and plastered. In it a wood fire is lighted, the embers of which, having heated the cavity to a proper degree, are raked into the centre. The prepared dough being rolled out into thin sheets, is stretched across the opening, when the heat within bakes the bread with great rapidity. This is called *lavash*, and, when hot and crisp, is quite palatable, and is a good substitute for the real article.

In the centre of the roof is a smoke-hole, a species of primitive chimney, made of two stones, covered over with a third.

Of the three other compartments, one serves as a general store-room, and the other two as dormitories for the family.

Deprived of a courtyard, they have in front of their houses an even piece of ground, which is prepared and hardened, kept clean and pure by frequent sprinklings of water and sweepings. Here the family usually congregate in the cool of the evening, and the *paterfamilias* smokes his long *chibouk*, or gurgles his favorite *narghilé*

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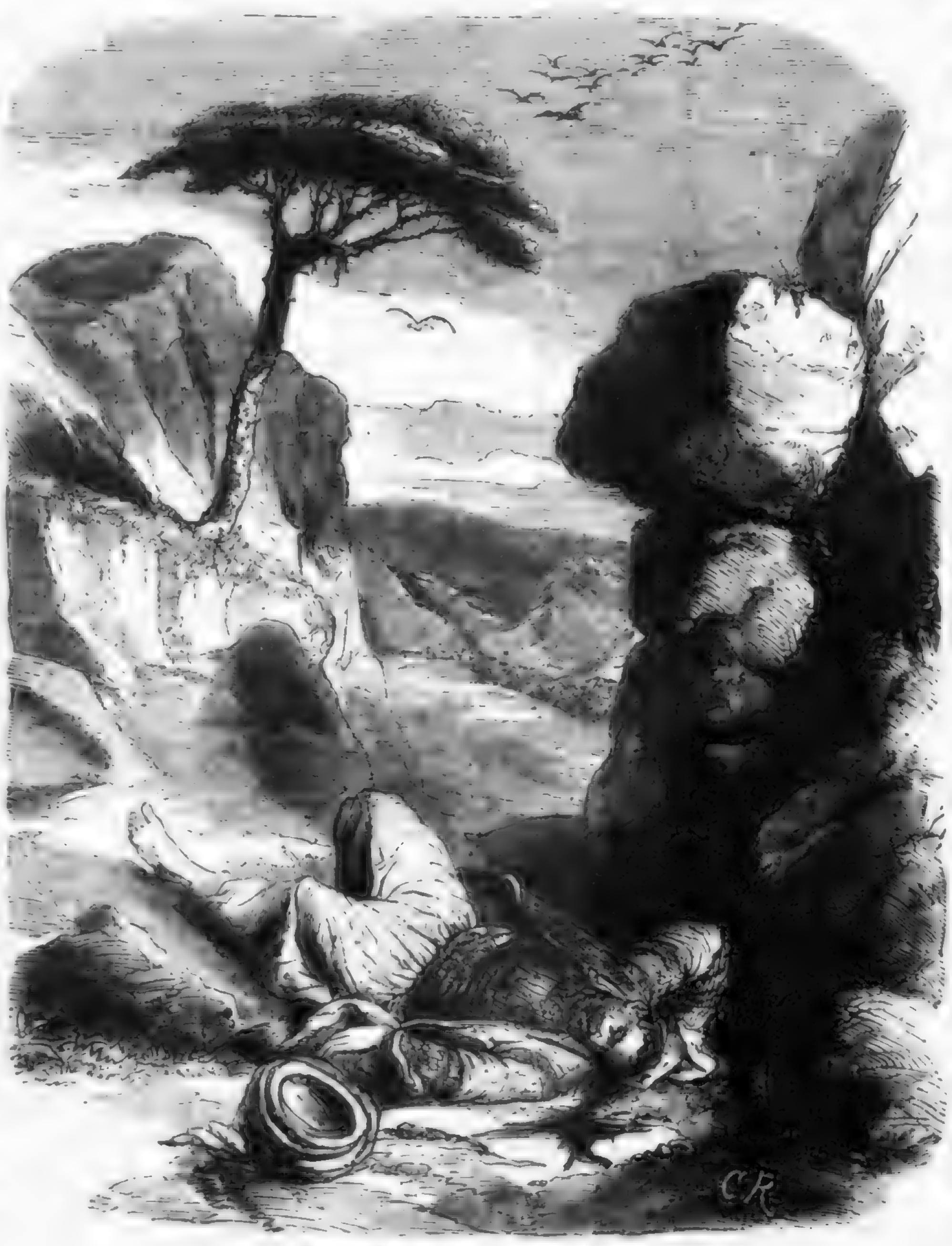
(the water-pipe), whilst his wife and children jabber and chatter like true Arabs. On many such occasions the hand-mill of Scriptural fame is brought forth, and the women are seen assiduously engaged in grinding the grain into *boulgour*, or grits, evincing a happy disposition and a contented character.

Their household is unlike that of a Mussulman. They are not polygamists. They have but one wife, and usually marry soon after arriving at manhood.

The *fiançailles* are effected by the parents, and so sacred does a young Druse, like all other Orientals, consider the duty of obedience to the wishes of his parents, that he never dreams of disobeying them, even though he may have his fancy for another more beautiful, more comely, and better adapted to make his future life happy. Yet these matches have very rarely an unhappy ending, as is unfortunately too frequently the case with man and wife in more civilized and more enlightened lands. Nor are they given to that arbitrary practice, as is the custom among the Mohammedans, of abruptly dismissing the wife at will by merely pronouncing the ominous word *bosh* ("null and void").



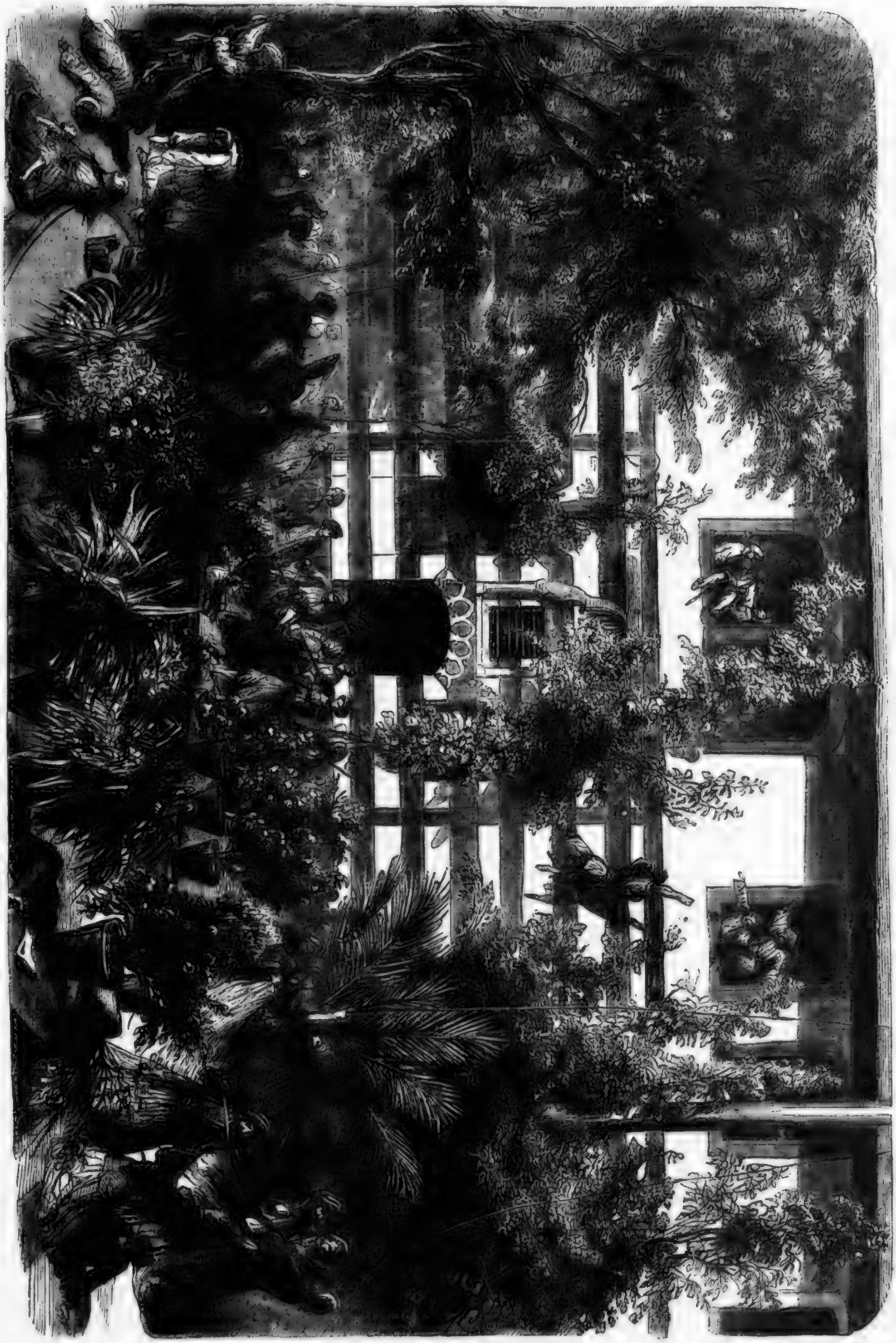
A MARONITE MURDERED BY THE DRUSES.

Generally, when the subject of marriage is brought upon the *tapis*, the young man whom it most concerns is usually consulted, in an indirect manner, by his parents, with the view to ascertain his preferences, and to know where to look for a bride for their son. Of course there are instances in which the girl may have been bespoken, and the fond youth is destined to disappointment, for even among the Druses the course of true love does not always run smoothly; but when this is the case, the matter is handed over entirely to the mother to repair damages, on condition that the girl to be selected should be young and beautiful.

When the preliminaries have been arranged, three days before the time fixed for the celebration of the wedding, the young man assembles all the youths of the town, and picking out of these the finest and handsomest, makes them arm themselves *cap-à-pie*, and converting himself also into a walking arsenal, leads the procession, which marches to the house of the father of his future bride, who, on his side, having duly received intimation of the coming, arms himself and his household also, and stands at the threshold of the door to receive him. Here in the presence of the assembled friends, and after loud discussion, the final articles of the marriage-contract are settled upon and agreed to.

This point adjusted, the young man solemnly declares and promises to the family to protect and love his wife. The betrothed girl, vailed from head to foot, and accompanied by her nearest female relatives, is brought to the door, and her lover asks her in a distinct voice that all-important question which settles the destinies of so many poor mortals on earth. As a matter of course the girl replies in the affirmative, and at the same time she presents him with a dagger, carefully sewn up in a woolen scarf of her own manufacture, to be used only for her protection, as a token of implicit obedience and reliance.

This much having been accomplished, the father invites the future bridegroom and all his friends to enter into his house and pass the remainder of the day in joyful celebration of the happy event. Accordingly the musicians are brought in, and the young men, seating themselves in a circle, commence the proceedings of the day by a boisterous outburst of mirth and revelry. Some sing, some dance, and others, who are good horsemen, caper on horseback by tearing up and down at the utmost speed, interchanging *djirids* (javelins), or suddenly throwing their horses upon their haunches whilst galloping furiously.



MASSACRE OF MARONITES IN THE CONSULAR COURTYARD AT DAMASCUS.

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Meanwhile the bride, immediately after her public interview with her future husband, disappears. She is taken away by her female relatives to the nearest bath, and there they pass the remainder of the day in the fish-like sport of splashing each other with water, and subjecting the bride to the process of purification.

The festivities continue for three days, and at last the auspicious evening for the celebration of the marriage arrives.

The bride, enveloped in an impenetrable vail, concealed beneath shawls and tinsel, and mounted on a richly caparisoned horse, is led off, surrounded by numerous cavaliers and duennas. The drum leads, of course, the procession, and their path is lighted by many torches. This procession is met by another, similar in character, from the house of the bridegroom. The two parties meet at the outskirts of the village, shouts and vociferations of gladness rending the air. Merging into one party, they proceed to the house. The bride is taken charge of by the women, and the bridegroom by the young men, and the torches stuck in the ground in front of the festive abode.

No sooner has the crowd entered the house, scarcely are they seated, when the orator of the occasion makes his appearance. Taking his stand in the centre of the room, he delivers himself, in rotund sentences, of a spread-eagle oration, worthy of a Western stump speaker, extolling the virtues of the happy pair soon to be united, and the bliss that attends a married life, etc.

This over, they all join in a repast, for which extensive preparations have been made all day long. Like all Oriental dinners, everybody thinks of eating, and nobody of talking, so that the business of that meal is speedily dispatched, and the tables and fragments are cleared away, and the guests are bountifully sprinkled with rose-water by a young man, who is the best-man of the bridegroom.

The evening is passed with alternate music, dancing, and general jollification, not only within the house, but outside also, for the crowd is so great that all cannot be accommodated.

About midnight a temporary lull overtakes the assembly by the rising of the *paterfamilias*, when the company follow his example and form a procession, leading the bridegroom to the door of the women's apartment. At the threshold he is met by an old lady, who, taking him by the hand, leads him to the door of the nuptial chamber. As he passes along he walks through a perfect wall of human beings on either side, each striving to follow nearest upon his heels to get a fair sight of the bride.

The bride is seen standing in the centre of the apartment, covered with a red vail, worked with gold tinsel and spangles. She is supported by two of the nearest female relatives of the bridegroom. The mother, who is standing by, now places in the hands of her son that indispensable instrument, the *tantour*, the emblem of womanhood; and he, on his part, on receiving it, advances close to his bride, and removes with his left hand the vail, and almost simultaneously places the horn with his right hand upon her head, disclosing to the anxious crowd a charming face, blooming with the roses of youth; for, be it said that the young ladies of Lebanon, Maronite and Druse, are very pretty.

The crowd now retires, and the happy pair are left alone.

No religious ceremony is performed, no prayer offered, the whole town being a witness to the fact; yet no tie is more binding among them than this simple process.

The guests do not, however, disperse, but keep up their festivities and sing, in Arabic rhythm: "We won't go home till morning, till daylight doth appear."

The Druses have many other social peculiarities which merit description, but want of space forbids us to expatiate further; enough, however, has been said to show them to be a very interesting and peculiar people.

The mystery which surrounded this people, and the singularity of their character, so different from the Mussulmans in general, soon attracted the attention of the civilized world, and they became a subject of study to the curious. Amongst others, Lady Hester Stanhope was undoubtedly the most noted.

This eccentric lady, it is well known, was the niece of William Pitt, the famous British statesman, and his private secretary. Through this position, and her shrewd ability, she wielded great power in political circles, and had much influence in English society. At the death of her uncle this was, of course, all gone, and she had to retire into private life and obscurity on a pension of £1,200 a year from the Government. It was a very mortifying circumstance to an ambitious spirit. She took to traveling in the East. Lebanon presented many charms to her fancy, and the Druses were an interesting people. So, resolving to live among them, she chose, in 1813, a desolated convent near the village of Iun as her residence. Converting this ruined monastery into a habitable castle, almost as impregnable as a fortress, and garrisoning it with a numerous retinue of Albanians, she lived there like a royal princess.

Her income, which would have proved insignificant elsewhere, was enough to sustain her in a land where frugality reigned supreme.

Brought up in court, thoroughly versed in diplomacy, with an extensive knowledge of human nature, and a queenly presence, she soon gained the respect and affection of the simple mountaineers, who dubbed her at once a "Sidi"—a princess.

She identified herself with the people in every respect, adopting their costume and habits of life. Disdaining, however, the ridiculous attire of the females, she donned the flowing robes of an Emir—tarbouch and keffié on the head, sword at her side, and handled the pipe with a grace and nonchalance worthy of a native-born prince. Whenever she appeared in public she was always on horseback, *en cavalier*, which is the style adopted by women all over the East, attended by her Albanian guards in their snow-white *fustannels*, or kilts, and armed from head to foot. Thus mounted and surrounded, her parade was always imposing and grand.

She kept open house, whither people flocked, either to partake of her hospitality or for advice or protection; for she often administered justice, and her decisions were respected because of their impartiality.

The style in which she lived was, notwithstanding the economic nature of the people of that country, beyond the means she enjoyed. Her debts began to accumulate, and she was pestered by her creditors. Not seeing any prospective relief, she resolved, one day, upon a singular method of liquidation. She ordered the door of her boudoir to be walled up, which was done; for to hear her was to obey; she ruled everybody with a despotic will.

Thus immured and deprived of nourishment, it was not long before death overtook her ladyship. She was buried in 1839, in a garden adjoining her residence.

The people of Lebanon have long enjoyed an autonomy, under the rule of a prince called "Emir," who resides at Deir-el-Kamer, which is the capital, in the central part of the mountain, and distant from Beiroot about ten miles. Their government is purely patriarchal, consequently depotic. The Emir is absolute, and has the power of life and death over the people under his rule.

Socially they are divided into three classes : the Emirs, or the princes ; the Sheikhs, or chiefs ; and the Zulmat, or the plebs.

The rank of Emir is not confined to the Druses, but also extends to the Maronites. The towns are governed by the Emirs and the villages by the Sheikhs, with a supreme Emir over the whole.

This principal Emir, or Governor, has, with few exceptions, usually been chosen from among the Maronites; because they were not only the most numerous, there being even at the present time 140,000 Maronites to 70,000 Druses, but the Maronites were the original occupants of Lebanon.

Lady Stanhope's long residence among them, her intimate relations with the people, and her high connections in England, brought the Druses into closer connections with the English than any other circumstance. The Druses began to look upon the English as being mortals of a higher order than the rest of mankind. The intimacy between the two peoples grew stronger day by day, until the one looked upon the other as their protectors, and the English considered the Druses their natural allies. So that, in 1840, when Ibrahim Pasha conquered Syria, the Druses, by the advice of the English, sided with the Porte, whilst the Maronites and the Greeks, from instinctive hatred of the Turks and the Turkish Government, affiliated with the invader, encouraged as they were by fair promises, based upon a prestige of liberal ideas held by Mehmed-Ali of Egypt.

This was the occasion of the first political dissension among the inhabitants of Lebanon.

The case became aggravated when Emir Bishir, the ruling Maronite Prince, through a partisan spirit, forced a conscription to be levied from among the Druses. The Druses naturally opposed it, and the strife waxed hot and bitter.

When Syria was recovered from the grasp of Ibrahim and given back to the Sultan by the united action of the Great Powers, tranquillity was restored in the Lebanon, and once more peace was re-established ; but not harmony ; for they lived ever after like cats and dogs, owing to the re-instatement of Emir Bishir, who had rendered himself odious to them, and to their disappointment in not having a Druse governor appointed.

Nevertheless matters went on as quietly as possible, until a trifling circumstance, a mere spark, set the whole fabric in a blaze, through the intrigues of the Porte and the instigations of the Damascenes.

Damascus, the hotbed of Islamism, is beautifully situated on a plain east of the Anti-Lebanon range, about forty-eight miles from Deir-el-Kamer. It is supposed to be the most ancient city in the world, and the cradle of the Mohammedan rule in Turkey ; they, the Mussulmans, having the traditional faith, "Eveli-sham ; Akheri sham"—Damascus first, Damascus last, meaning, "As there we had our birth, there shall we be found at the last."

The plain on which it stands is of great extent and extraordinary fertility, covered with the most beautiful gardens and orchards, irrigated by the limpid waters of the Barrada, forming a waving grove of more than fifty miles in circuit, rich in the most luxuriant foliage and luscious fruit.

Mohammed, when he first saw it, declared it to be a paradise on earth. It is regarded by the Mohammedans as a holy city, "Sham-esh-Sherif"; and here the pilgrims assemble annually, on their journey to, and separate on their return from, Mecca. It has a population of 120,000, 12,000 of whom are Christians, and 5,000 Jews.

Notwithstanding that the Mohammedans of this city enjoy the sobriquet of "Tcheleby," polite gentlemen, they are as bigoted and fanatical as the natives of Arabia ; and their hatred of Christians as intense.

These Damascenes have ever exercised a secret influence over the mass of the Druses, irritating them constantly against the Maronites, by taunts and jeers, so that the slightest wrong or injury committed by the one was at once resented and revenged by the other. For the Maronites, being no less proud and valorous, could ill brook any insolence from the Druses, whom they considered their *protégés*. Hence, occasions were never wanting to bring about a conflict.

It so happened that a peasant, whether a Druse or a Maronite it is not known, had emptied a basketful of rubbish over the wall, and into the property of his neighbor. This ridiculous circumstance was the occasion which gave rise, in 1860, to that dreadful catastrophe which horrified all civilized Europe. Partisans multiplied, murder upon murder was committed : a spirit of retaliation was everywhere dominant, until it ended in a general civil war.

Verily big oaks from little acorns grow !

Foreign interference became a necessity. But while the Great Powers were trying to arrange matters, the Druses laid their plot to massacre the Maronites.

Magnanimity is not a constituent element in the composition of an Oriental, especially of a Mohammedan ; vindictiveness is a trait, and treachery a principle. To forgive and forget, he knows nothing about ; vengeance first, vengeance last ; if overpowered, he abides his time and watches the opportunity. Accordingly, the Maronites were induced to enter the courtyard of one of the Druse chiefs and give up their arms, under pretense of peace and conciliation ; and these poor wretches, the Maronites, not suspecting any treachery, having complied with the request, for the sake of peace, were mercilessly slaughtered in cold blood, and in a most cowardly manner—2,000 men, women and children being massacred.

The intelligence of this massacre having reached Damascus, the Mohammedans there, as everywhere, watchful and ready to avail themselves of any pretext of venting their rage against the Christians, commenced at once to open fire upon them. Five hundred Christians were murdered there, among whom was the Dutch Consul ; the American Consul being severely wounded.

The Foreign Powers now took the matter in hand in earnest, put down the insurrection, chastised, in a measure, the guilty, and finally restored order and tranquillity.

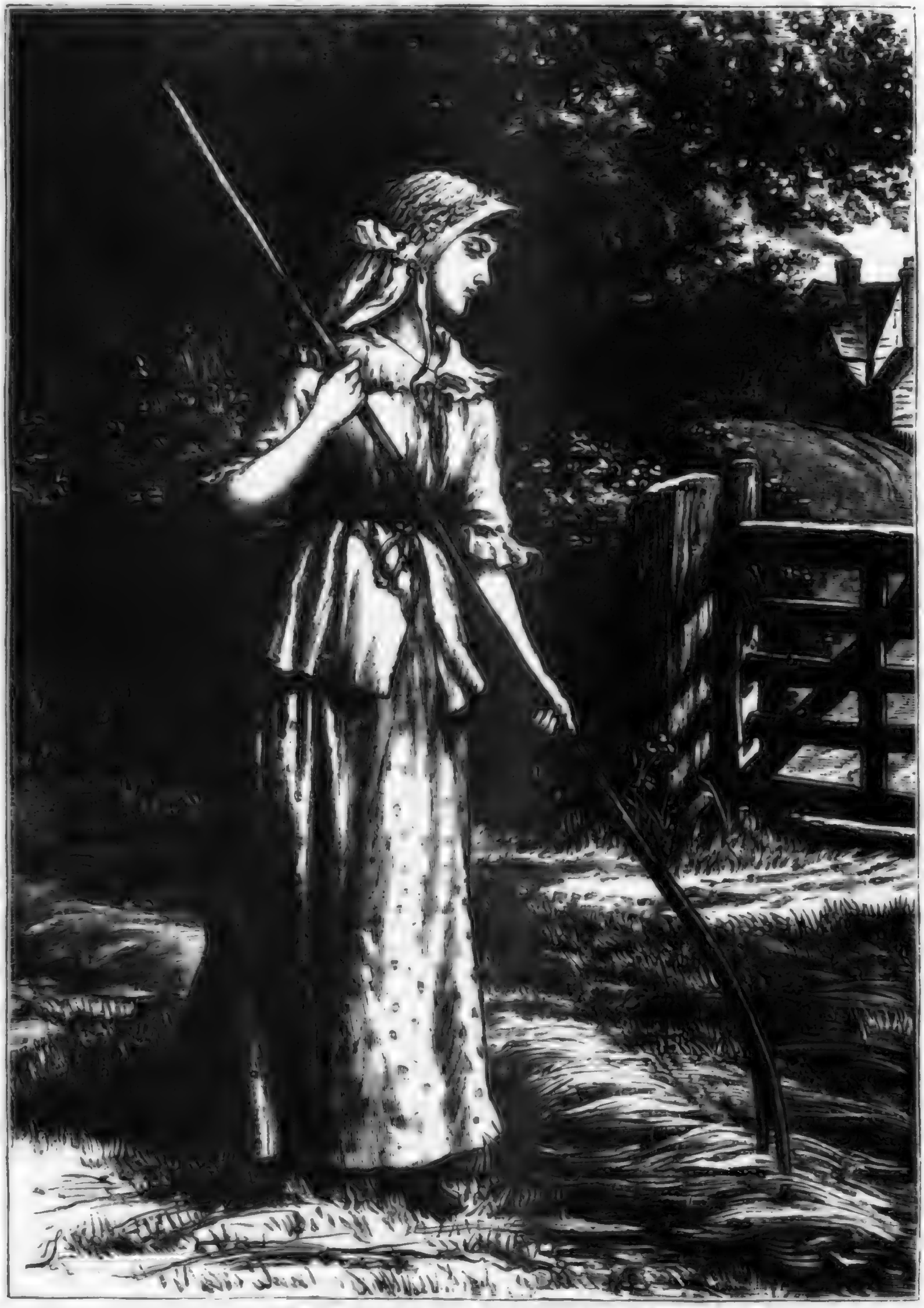
With the idea of giving neither the Maronites nor Druses cause for future dissension, it was there and then determined to have an outsider for Governor of Lebanon, with the proviso that he should be a Roman Catholic.

This arrangement was a compromise, since it satisfied both parties. The Maronites, seeing that they could not have one of their princes, as formerly, were appeased by the fact that the appointee was to be a Roman Catholic ; and the Druses were reconciled to it because no more Maronite rulers were to be set over them.

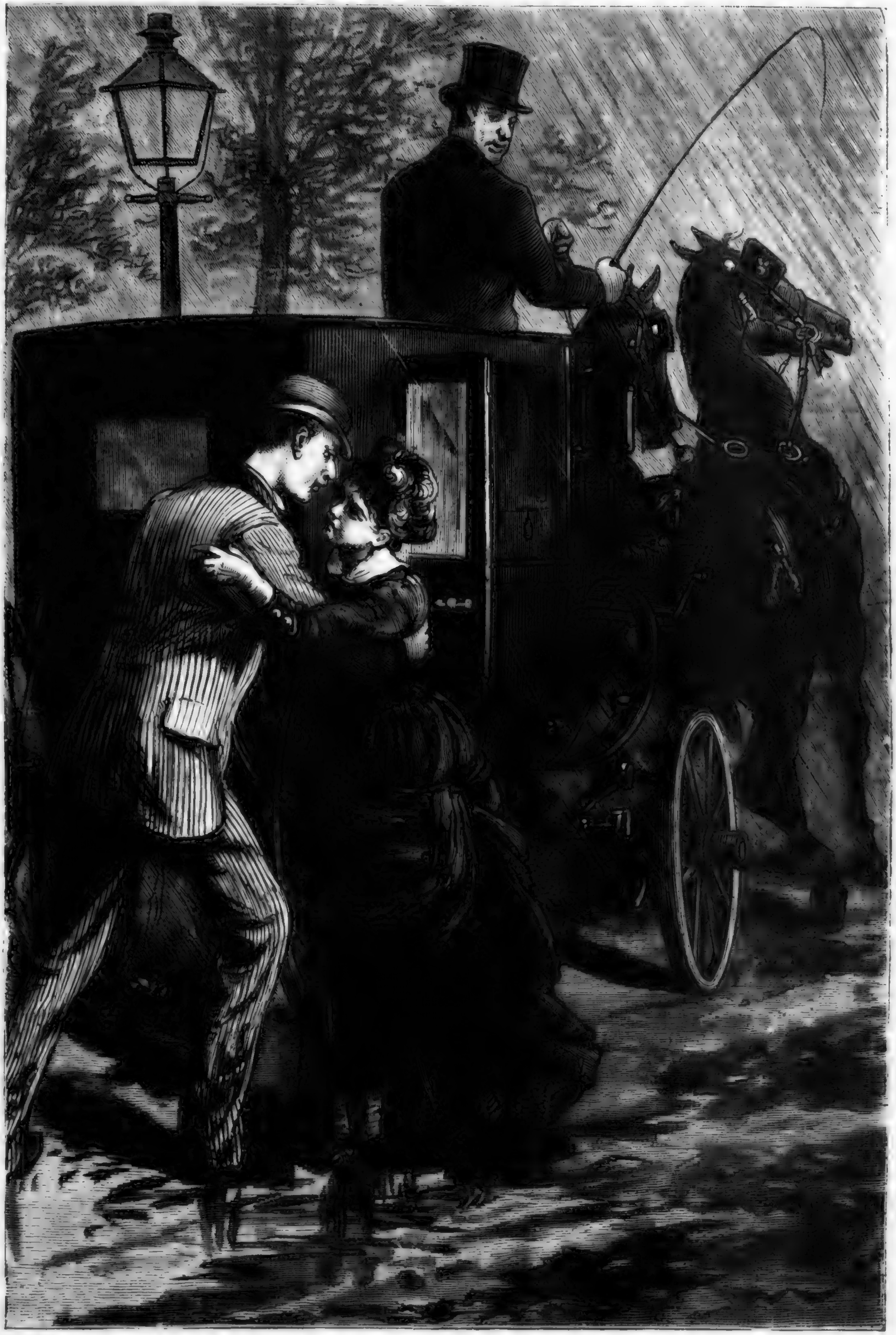
This Governor is an appointee of the Porte by the approval of the Foreign Powers.

The first of these rulers was Franco Pasha, a native of Aleppo, and an Armenian Catholic. He was an illiterate man, and in humble circumstances, having for many years been a mere collector in a French mercantile house in Constantinople. He was, by an extraordinary freak of fortune, suddenly raised to this position with the rank of a *Mûshir!* Uneducated as he was, and unskilled in diplomacy, he managed, through native intelligence and innate sense of human nature, derived from practical life, to give satisfaction to all concerned. On his death he was succeeded by Davoud Pasha, another Armenian Catholic, and a native of Constantinople. He was for many years in the diplomatic service of the Porte, and at one time was its Turkish Chargé d'Affaires at Berlin.

After several years' service on the mountain he was replaced by Rustem Pasha, an Italian by birth, Conte Marini, and, of course, a Roman Catholic. He had been for a long while in the service of the Sultan, and was for several years the Turkish Ambassador at St. Petersburg. His European education, and experience in diplomatic service, eminently qualified him for the post of Governorship of Lebanon. But having incurred the displeasure of



DON'T ASK FOR THE TOLL.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 178.



A QUARREL, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.—"YOU SHOULD HAVE WITNESSED THE EMBRACE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET, WHEN GEORGE ARRIVED ON THE SPOT, AND RECEIVED INTO HIS WILLING ARMS HIS POOR, SORRY, TIRED LITTLE WIFE."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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the French, at the expiration of his term, seven years, he was replaced by one of whom very little is known.

Wassa Pasha, the actual ruler of Lebanon, is an Albanian Prince, of the sect known as the Miridites, who are the Roman Catholics of Albania. Untrammeled with any knowledge of the world, nor versed in the wiles of diplomacy, but a mere creature of the French, when the next outbreak takes place he will certainly not be the man to cope with it, and it is feared his administration will rather hasten the catastrophe.

DON'T ASK FOR THE TOLL.

The breeze on the river fell light as a feather,
Just curling the water to catch the sun's beam,
When Sir Rowland and Mysie both came down together,
But each on an opposite side of the stream.
He came with his rod for the trout and the grayling,
She was going with her rake to help in the hay.
It was only a footbridge without any railing,
And Sir Rowland and Mysie met on it half way.
He smiled in her face as a blush o'er it stole,
"I can't let you pass,"
He cried, "pretty lass,
Unless you are willing to pay me the toll."

"The toll!" she exclaimed. "I have never paid any;
Scores of times upon scores I have passed over free.
Please, sir, let me by! I haven't a penny;
The hay is all cut, and they're waiting for me."
"I am Lord of the Manor," he answered, "so, honey,
My manorial rights I don't mean to miss.
You haven't your purse; well, I don't want your money;
The toll that I ask for is only a kiss;
But till I get one, the bridge I'll patrol;
I won't let you pass,
No! I won't pretty lass,
Till you've paid me a kiss by way of the toll."

Down under the bridge the sly trout were rushing,
The clouds they were sailing along in the sky,
Mysie said not a word, but her cheeks they were flushing,
Her bosom heaved fast, fire gleamed in her eye.
She looked in her anger the queen of haymakers,
As with her rake sceptre she dealt him a blow,
And the owner of river and bridge and broad acres
Went down with a splash to the fishes below.
"It is lucky," she cried, "that the water is shoal.
Next time a poor lass
Wishes by you to pass,
My lord of bad manners, don't ask for the toll!"

A QUARREL AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

By Marie Hazen.

Chapter I.

Mr. and Mrs. George Stanley had had a quarrel—a quarrel of the short, sharp order commonly known as a *spat*. Mr. Stanley had retired from the breakfast-table in some haste, and was cooling his heels—and temper, too—in the small reception-room at the end of the hall.

Mrs. Stanley still sat behind the urn, with flashing eyes and frowning brow, tapping the spoon she held in her fingers against the side of her teacup in a nervous, irritated sort of manner.

The fact was, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley had been married but a short time, and this was their first real difficulty, and began in this way:

Mr. S. had, after a few moments' devotion to the fragrant coffee and delicate rolls, signified his intention to absent himself from the domestic dinner-table, dine with Tom Clifford at the club, and "drop in" at the theatre during the evening.

Mrs. S. took exceptions instantly, and intimated the possession of a secret opinion in regard to gentlemen who left their wives to solitude and dullness, to find pleasure by themselves.

Mr. S. elevated his eyebrows and pursed out his lips in a highly exasperating manner, and committed the unpardonable offense of saying nothing.

Thereupon Mrs. S. lost control of that exceedingly useful but somewhat unruly member—her tongue—and made clear as sunlight the aforesaid secret opinion, which, strange to say, failed to reflect credit on the purposed course of her lord and master.

George was not the man to take an imputation against his honor calmly, and he informed Mrs. S., in exceedingly terse style, that whatever plans he chose to adopt were in no way a matter for her approval or disapproval, and hinted that he had advanced sufficiently on the highway of life to be able to discriminate between an inclination to remain at home and a desire to go out, without the assistance of any one.

Then Mrs. Stanley assured Mr. S., with great politeness, that she should be charmed to have him go—indeed, looked forward with great eagerness to the moment when the hall-door should close behind him for the day, and she be at liberty to amuse herself without sacrificing every thought to an unworthy subject—name not mentioned.

Mr. S. returned the courtesy by begging permission to retire from the table; which being granted, he left the room with an elaborate bow and exaggerated show of careless ease.

For full ten minutes he stood before the window in the little reception-room, with hands thrust deep into pockets, and eyes staring vacantly out of the window, secretly expecting a repentant little wife to steal in upon him. But as the little wife was by no means repentant, and was herself waiting in secret hope of *his* return, feeling terribly aggrieved all the time, Mr. S. was allowed to continue his survey of the street in uninterrupted solitude.

Becoming weary of this, after fifteen minutes spent in gnawing his mustache, that gentleman pounded out into the hall, whipped on his overcoat, thrust his hat on his head, and left the house with a slam, muttering to himself as he went a remark not altogether complimentary to the sulky little woman at the breakfast-table, or worthy of a husband of three months' standing.

Mrs. Stanley heard the door slam behind her angry spouse, and instantly burst into a flood of tears, partly of disappointment, partly of temper.

Novelists are fond of asserting that the rivers of tears which their heroines constantly weep make them look still more beautiful; but Mrs. Stanley's tears, I am sorry to say, only had the ordinary effect—they made her head ache and gave her a red nose. Consequently, as there was no one present to pet her, or be harrowed into abject contrition at sight of them, she wisely concluded to reserve the supply, and turn her attention to concocting some plan of revenge.

Was she to be treated in this style, and tamely submit? Certainly not! But what was to be done? That was the question which caused the little lady to knit her white brow and tap her dainty slippered foot.

George must be brought to book shortly and severely; that was clear as daylight. But how?

Several plans suggested themselves, but as all of them entailed more or less suffering upon herself, she abandoned them, and still continued to think with perplexed face. Just then, as she began to despair of hitting upon the right thing, her friend and confidant, Miss Fortescue, came rushing in.

Miss Fortescue was sympathetic and inquisitive, and before many minutes had heard the whole story of Mrs. Stanley's wrongs and her desire for revenge.

"I'll tell you what to do," said she, suddenly, after a few moments' reflection. "Mrs. Dodge gives a yachting-party to-day. You have an invitation—so have I. Let's go. Afterward do you come home to dinner with me, and in the evening we will make brother Ned take us out to the theatre! It's just the thing!" she cried, clapping her hands and waltzing around the room. "We will take good care not to get home till after Mr. Stanley does; and won't he be frightened!"

Mrs. Stanley laughed and agreed to the plan; and Miss Fortescue departed to don her coquettish yachting-suit, while Mrs. Stanley hastened to replace her pretty wrapper for a no less captivating boating-dress.

By eleven o'clock our two friends, together with twenty more ladies and gentlemen, were safely embarked on Mrs. Dodge's trim little yacht, the *Gypsy*, and merrily sailing up the Sound.

A gay party! Ribbons were fluttering, plumes nodding, and laugh and song ringing loud and clear over the rippling water.

Mrs. Stanley's face was wreathed in smiles, and being really bright and charming, and decidedly pretty, she did not lack for either attention or admiration.

The pretty, albeit somewhat fantastic, dress of dark-blue and scarlet, with saucy hat and feather, suited admirably the *petite* figure and piquant face.

In fact, they proved too fascinating for the wisdom of Mr. Gilbert Hunter—commonly called "Gill"—and caused him to be guilty of the indiscretion of hovering too long in the light of the little lady's presence, just a *trifle* to the neglect, and *largely* to the irritation, of his *fiancée*, Miss Fortescue.

Mrs. Stanley was utterly innocent of the slightest intention to offend her friend by absorbing any undue amount of her lover's attention. The truth was, that as her temper cooled her heart weakened, and it became necessary to fortify resolution by an exaggerated show of fine spirits, and a piquant mental repetition—"What fun this is! and how nicely I'm paying George off!"—which, after all, did not entirely satisfy her.

In short, Mrs. Stanley was nervous and unhappy, and her pink cheeks, bright eyes and over-gay laugh were due to this cause, and not to the pleasure she took in Mr. Hunter's society.

So the morning passed, and lunch was served and eaten amidst noise and fun—a somewhat lengthy performance, prolonged by song and story. In fact, so gay and joyous was the party, that they failed to observe an ominous cloud in the southwest.

The sea seemed provoked at the cloud, and began to show its discontent. Gayety began to fade. Mrs. Stanley, who had just exchanged a sharp word or two with Miss Fortescue, was soon too ill to do more than give a reproachful look to her friend as she made a hasty retreat for the cabin and some place whereupon to lie. As she turned to go, a short, sharp puff of wind lifted the smart little hat from its place and blew it far to leeward; but little heeded she! Hats and feathers dwindled into utter insignificance—admirers, friends, life itself, was but as dust and ashes. One thing only was to be desired—total annihilation!

The wind blew a gale, darkness settled down, and that fiendish little *Gypsy* pitched and tossed on the rough waters in a manner sorry to behold and diabolical to endure.

Poor Mrs. Stanley lay groaning on the cushioned benches that ran round the cabin, almost as heart-sick as she was sea-sick.

"Oh, George!" she moaned, "how wrong and foolish I was! I am so sorry! Oh-o-o-o! I wish I was home—*how* I wish I was home! Oh-o-o! Oh, my!"

Repentance was of little use. The *Gypsy* still rose in short jerks and fell with long swoops, which made the "unseasoned" feel that hanging would be actual luxury compared with it.

Gradually the storm subsided and a calm fell upon them. The wind died away with a low moan, and naught but the patter of the raindrops, as they fell into the bosom of the Sound, remained to tell of the storm which had passed on.

An hour more and this, too, ceased, and the sun came forth to take a parting peep before going comfortably to bed among his rosy blankets in the west.

Mrs. Stanley crept wearily on deck and sought her friend. Contrite and humble, she was willing to forgive every one, to be herself forgiven.

Poor little woman!—jaunty hat and feather gone, gay little dress wrinkled and disarranged, hair out of crimp and falling down—she certainly was a figure to awaken compassion in the heart of any one.

But Miss Fortescue was proof against the appeal. Being jealous, she was pitiless; and being tired and uncomfortable, she was cross. Afraid to vent her ill-nature on "Gill," the real offender, she poured out the vials of her wrath on poor little Gussie's head.

Her first salutation was: "My goodness! How you do look!"

"I don't care how I look," was the piteous reply, "if I could only get home. How long will it be, do you think, Mollie?"

"Oh, not for hours," responded Miss Mollie, with cool indifference. "There isn't a breath of wind, and we may have to stay here all night."

Foolish tears gathered in Mrs. Stanley's great brown eyes and rolled down her pale cheeks.

"For goodness' sake," said Miss Fortescue, sharply, "don't be such a baby! You look ugly enough now, without crying. Your hair will be quite down, if you don't put your handkerchief over it."

"But, Mollie," remonstrated Gussie, with a suspicious choke in her voice, as she meekly obeyed and enveloped the dispersed crimps and puffs in her scarf, "I'm so worried about George—and so sorry, too!"

"You're a goose!" was the polite rejoinder. "What a fuss you do make! Don't you suppose any one is uncomfortable but yourself? *I* didn't tell you to quarrel with your husband, nor advise you to 'pay him off.' It was all your own fault. I'm sure you enjoyed yourself without the *slightest regard to appearances*, till you grew too sick to sit up."

"What do you mean, Mary Fortescue?" demanded Mrs. Stanley, staring at her in horrified amazement.

"*I* don't mean anything; but *everybody* has been talking about you all day?"

"About me? For what?"

"How innocent we are!" sneered Miss Fortescue. "I suppose you think it looks very proper for a lady, only just married, to publicly advertise her quarrels with her husband, and then flirt shamefully with almost a stranger for an entire day. *You* may think it all very nice, but others don't—that is all."

"I never thought of flirting," gasped Gussie, too much confounded to be angry.

"Oh, indeed!—didn't you? Perhaps you were *really* in love with Mr. Hunter, instead of *pretending* you were!"

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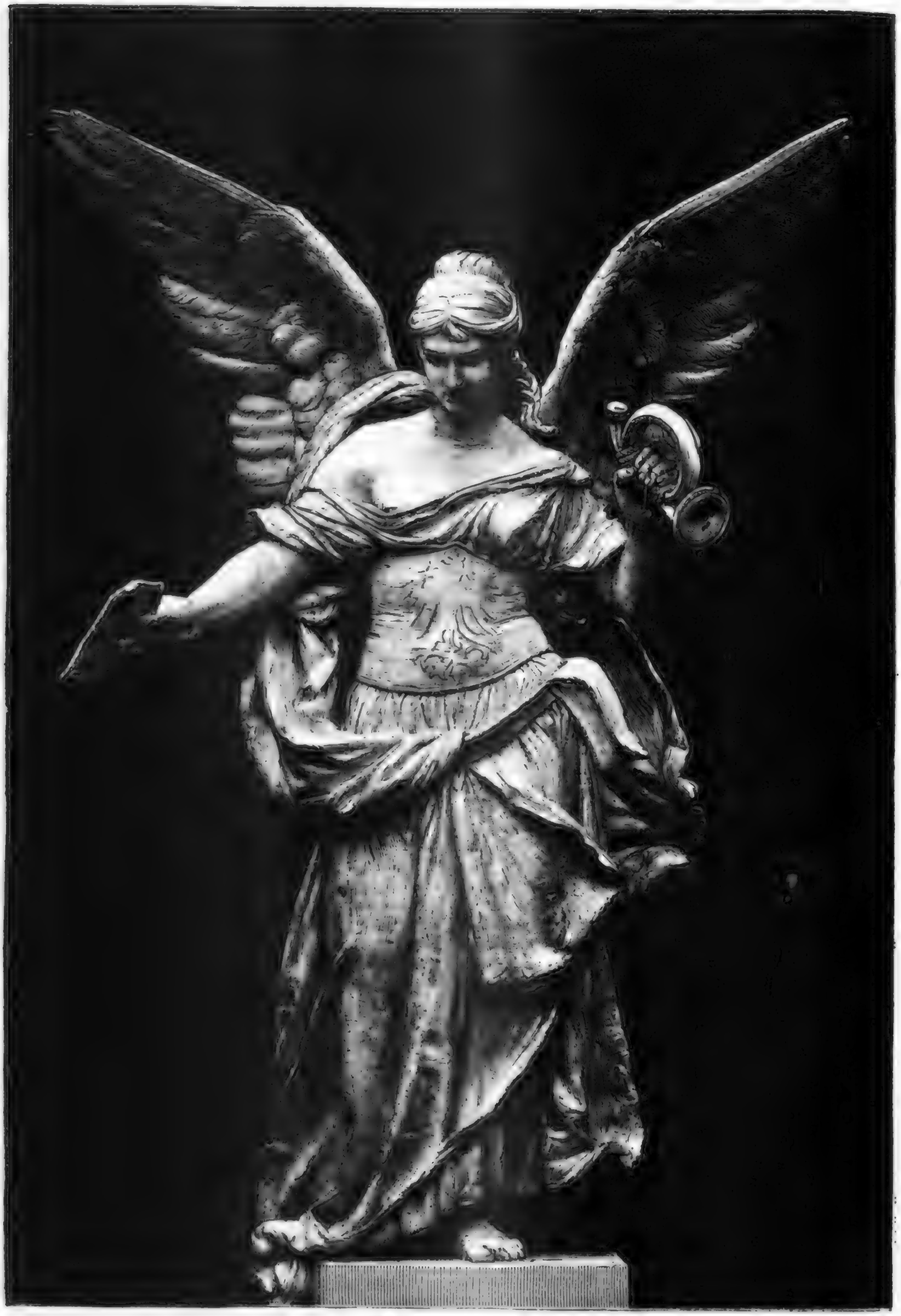
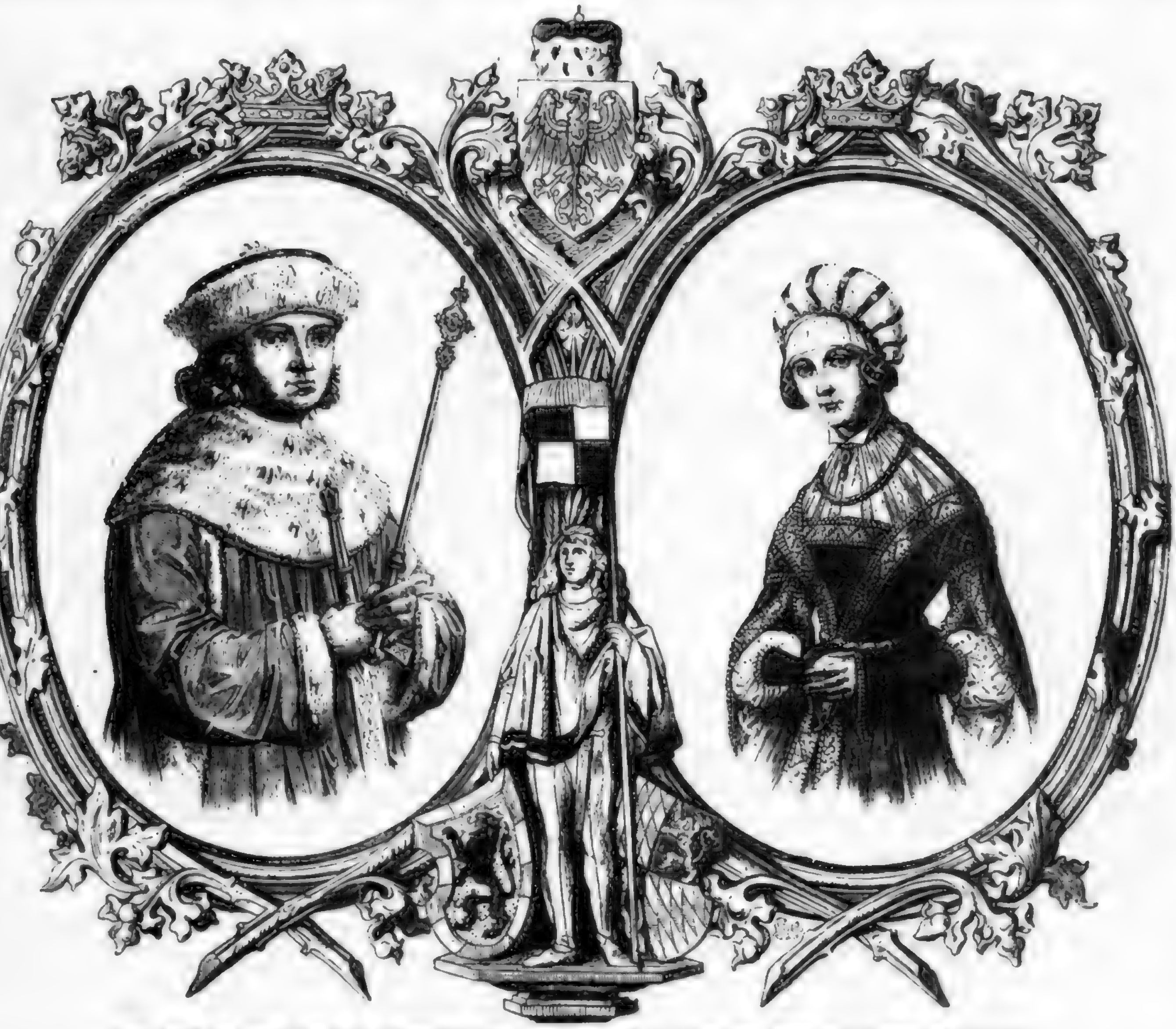


THE POST.—BY KAFFSACK.



THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF HOHENZOLLERN.—FREDERICK VI. AND HIS WIFE, ELIZABETH OF BAVARIA.

retorted Miss Fortescue, with a scornful curl of her lip. "It's a pity you did not complete your conquest while you had the chance, for I assure you no man living would admire you now, my dear."

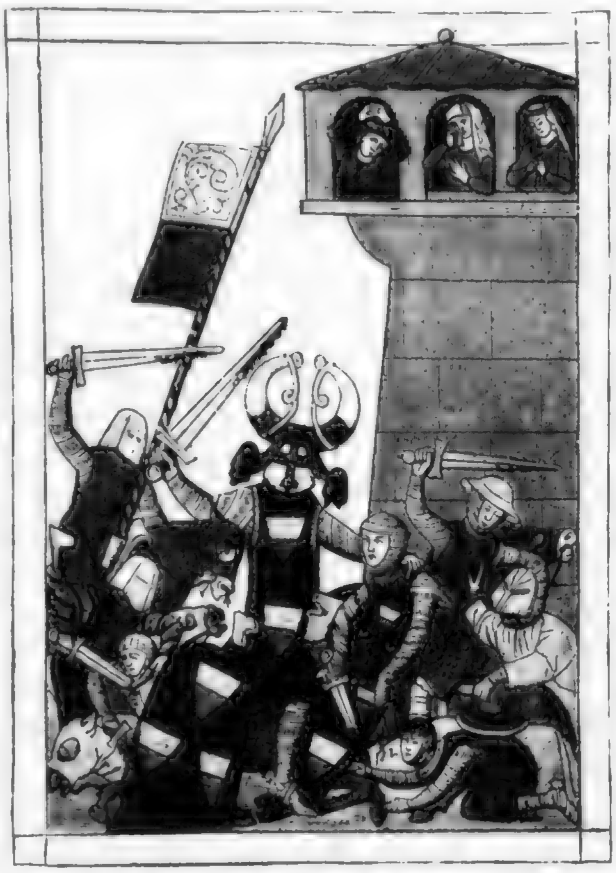
This was more than even Gussie could endure. Stepping close up to Miss Fortescue, and looking her haughtily and calmly in the face, she said, quietly:

"I would not have believed you capable of so much baseness, Mary; but as long as I live I never willingly shall speak to you again!"

Then she walked away, and sat down and looked at the water, and thought of George, and repented bitterly.

Chapter II.

When Mr. Stanley left the house he was in a towering rage—in a state of mind which might be denominated savage.



DEATH OF ALBERT THE MINSTREL.

At first he recited quite a number of short, disconnected, but exceedingly *pithy* words, under his breath, and told himself that "Gussie" was entirely to blame, and indulged himself in calling her a "goose!" "a nuisance," and "a provoking simpleton" also, under his breath.

Considering the firmness of his conviction, it was just a little strange how many times, during the morning, he found it necessary to remind himself of his unalterable decision regarding the affair.

By noon he began to entertain doubts about the wisdom of his course. Certainly Gussie was to blame, entirely to blame, only perhaps *he* had been a *trifle* too hasty in leaving the house.

On mature consideration, he was willing to admit that he ought not to have *slammed* the door, and *might* have waited at least five minutes longer down-stairs.

At 3 P.M. Tom Clifford called, and George made the discovery that he (George) had been suffering all day with a *severe* headache, and would be positively obliged to give up the proposed "lark."

At 3:30 he suddenly remembered that Gussie had not looked very well that morning ; so, apologizing to himself for his *brutishness* in forgetting that "the dear child" was sick, he seized his hat and coat and hurried up-town.

On the way he stopped and purchased a box of bonbons and a lovely bouquet, armed with which he strode valiantly home, into the house, and up the stairs to that little cozy nest, known as "Gussie's sewing-room." No one there !

A mild irritation began to pervade Mr. Stanley's soul, but never doubting she was in the parlor, entertaining some "caller," he composed himself to wait.

Throwing himself in an easy-chair, he stared lazily at an impossible sunflower that was straggling across an ugly-colored tablecover—the latest form of art needlework, greatly affected by Gussie.

"I wonder who it is ?" he muttered, gazing at the cover with one eye closed, to see if by any chance it might look like a flower that way. "I don't hear any one. I'll go and see."

So he descended to the parlor. Vacancy saluted him. Mr. Stanley began to frown darkly, and bestowed the flattering information upon himself that he was an ass.

In the hall he met the maid, and was told that Mrs. Stanley had gone out in the morning, but had left no message or order of any kind.

Would Mr. Stanley dine ? Mr. Stanley would *not* dine —was going out immediately. And out he did go, with almost as loud a slam of the door as heralded his morning's departure.

He dined at a restaurant, and pronounced the dinner "villainous"; took a walk up Broadway, and called it "beastly"; spent an hour at the theatre, and voted it "outrageously stupid." Then Mr. Stanley repented once more.

Of course Gussie went out. Any woman with any spirit would have gone. And a woman without spirit was no woman for George Stanley.

Certainly she went out, but just as certainly she would come home again at a proper time. It was now close upon ten o'clock, consequently she was undoubtedly at home now.

Mr. Stanley turned homeward once more, not, perhaps, with the tender feelings of the afternoon, but with an air of quiet dignity, flavored with gentleness. This time he rang the bell.

"Is Mrs. Stanley up-stairs ?" he asked of the man servant.

"No, sor ; she's not to home," was the startling reply.

Mr. Stanley shuddered to the tips of his handsome boots, and grew pale with dread and horror.

Could Gussie have left him for ever ? Or had she, in a moment of frenzy, committed suicide ?

Clearing the steps at one bound, Mr. Stanley dashed wildly down the street, all kinds of wild plans running riot in his brain. After a little he grew calmer, and tried to imagine what *he* should have done had he been in Gussie's place.

Then he remembered that she was quite intimate with Mary Fortescue ; possibly she might be there. So he called, but was met by the information that both Mrs. and Miss Fortescue were out.

Too proud to confess to a servant that he did not know the whereabouts of his own wife, he refrained from asking a question that might have given him a clew.

He called at several places, rather to the wonder of his acquaintances, who remarked a want of ease in his manner altogether foreign to him.

After an hour of this useless business he grew mad again ; went home, crept into the house like a burglar, removed his boots and put on his slippers, and swore he would wait right there till Gussie came home, if it took a century.

Eleven o'clock ! The servants began to close the house ; but still he sat in the dark, waiting, scarce daring to move, for fear of detection, followed by curious glances.

Twelve o'clock ! The servants went off to their beds, leaving John to doze and wait.

One o'clock ! Mr. Stanley could sit still no longer.

Regardless of the fact that he was not supposed to be in the house, he kicked off his slippers, and replaced his boots with much noise and dispatch, and rushed downstairs, only to be confronted by John, armed with a gigantic poker, who barely missed braining him for a thief before he discovered he was his master. Out in the street once more—scarce knowing whither he went—he hurried on ; better fruitless action than maddening inactivity.

So fierce was his desire to do something—anything rather than give one instant more to thought—that, when a carriage passing made him pause upon the crosswalk, he lifted up his voice and swore at the astonished driver.

Instantly a bare and frowsy head and white, scared face were thrust from the window, and a tremulous but well-known voice cried : "George ! George ! Make him stop ! Make him stop !"

You should have seen Mr. George Stanley tear down the street after the carriage, regardless of mud and water. And you should have seen the little trembling hands tugging desperately at the bell-pull.

Furthermore, you should have witnessed the embrace in the middle of the street, when Gussie had at last succeeded in stopping the carriage, and burst wildly out, and George had arrived on the spot breathless and muddy, but happy, and received into his willing arms his poor, tired, sorry little wife.

You should have seen all this, and George's fierce determination to pull the driver from his seat and trample him in the mire, under the impression that he (the driver) was in the act of abducting his (George's) wife. But it was all explained at last, and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley were carried in safety to their door.

There was a little embarrassment in entering, it is true, for to arrive at one's house at 1:30 A.M., minus a hat, and in a very shaken condition, is not exactly agreeable for a lady, whatever a gentleman may consider it for himself ; but George was too glad to get his wife safely back, and Gussie was too much ashamed and sorry to heed much the figure they cut. But when the gas was well turned up, and Mrs. Gussie stood revealed in all the shortcomings of her toilet, George burst into a fit of laughter.

"I don't see what you are laughing at," said Gussie, in a very injured tone.

"Don't you, dear !" gasped her husband, between the peals. "Of all the *shows* I ever saw, you are the greatest !"

"Am I ! Perhaps you fancy *you* look exceedingly well," said Gussie, looking up through the tangled and wind-tossed hair which hung over her eyes, trying to look dignified, and failing utterly.

"Me !" exclaimed George, with a sublime indifference to grammar. "What is wrong about me ?"

"Come and see," said his wife, leading him before the mirror, and lighting the side burners.

It would be difficult to say which one of the two was most astonished at the mirror's reflection.

For one moment they gazed at themselves in helpless and speechless dismay, then turned horrified eyes each upon the other, but the absurdity of their appearance proved too much for their gravity, and both burst into a hearty laugh.

George saw, in the place of the elegant *comme il fait* gentleman, who was accustomed to respond to his frequent demand if all was right, a face and *get up* hitherto unknown to him.

This man, who was masquerading in his dress and burlesquing his face, was a shabby-looking man, with a limp wreck of a collar, hair wet and straggling, a shirt-front blistered by penitent tears and ornamented with breast-pins of mud, and a generally "gone-to-seed" appearance.

Standing beside this travesty of Mr. Stanley was a little woman, with a fearfully dirty face, through which salt tears had washed white furrows; hair torn ruthlessly down by unfeeling and riotous breezes; white face, red nose and owlish eyes, arrayed in dress of scarlet and blue, whose smartness tried to apologize for its disorder.

"I don't see," said Gussie, at last, with a slight toss of the tumbled head, "that I look so *very* much worse than you do, George Stanley!"

"I am forced to admit the truth of your assertion, madam," responded George, with mock solemnity. "But, in the language of my old colored nurse, I must say we both look *powerful homely.* Let's adjourn."

So George retreated to the armchair, and Gussie, looking like an ill-treated doll-baby, perched herself upon his knee and related the adventures of her day.

Like the honest little woman that she was, she told the whole truth, without trying to make herself one whit better than she was; and George forgot his little resentment altogether in the warmth of his indignation toward Mary Fortescue.

So he petted his little tired wife, and smoothed the rough but pretty hair gently, while he, too, confessed, rather shamefacedly, more by inference than by direct accusation, his own repentance and unhappiness.

The east was growing red ere the mutual confession was ended, and the loving seal of a better understanding pressed upon lips that promised better sentinelship in the future over sharp and angry words.

And the sun, as he rose, peeped in and glorified that resolution with the golden warmth of his touch, and promised a brighter day than the last—a day in which no storms of rain or wind should fall—let us hope, a day also in which no tempest of anger or rain of repentant tears should fall.

THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF HOHENZOLLERN.

By Alfred H. Guernsey.

The German nation has a better right than any other in Christendom to take pride in its reigning House. For nine centuries the Hohenzollerns—as successively Counts (*Grafen*) of Zollern, Burggraves of Nuremberg, Prince-Electors of Brandenburg, and Kings of Prussia—have borne a prominent and ever-increasing part in German history; and in our own days the head of the family has become hereditary head of the newly-created Empire of Germany. Counting from Frederick I., who eight centuries ago became Burggrave of Nuremburg, down to Kaiser William, we find some five-and-twenty names, mostly in direct succession from father to son. Among these are many able men, only a few weak ones, and not a single absolute blockhead or scoundrel. All of them are of pure German blood, for scarcely a Hohenzollern has taken any other than a German wife.

Legend, of more than dubious authority, ascribes the origin of the family to a mythical Count (*Comes*) Thassilo, a contemporary of Charlemagne, who is said to have built, in about the year 800, high up the Swabian Alps, the *Zoller*, which became the family-seat, and from which it derives its name. *Zoll*, in German, means "toll" or "impost"; hence it is held by some that *Hohenzoller* signifies the "High-Tollery," or lofty place where traders had to pay for the right of passing by with their wares. The position of the place was indeed well suited for such a purpose; but this derivation of the name seems to us wholly fanciful. More probably the word is the same as *Söller*, a "story" of a building, equivalent to any lofty structure—a "tower" or "keep."

Leaving out of view Thassilo—if there ever was such a man—and his descendants during two centuries, we come to the first really historical fact in the year 1027, when a certain Frederick, "Graf in the Sülichgau," and his neighbor, Anselm von Tübingen, made their appearance at Ulm, some fifty miles away, upon some business or other. "Probably," says our best authority on the subject,[*] "this Frederick was the original builder of the Burg of Zolr." The Burg was pretty well destroyed early in the fifteenth century. Some five-and-thirty years ago a small piece of the surrounding territory was made over to the King of Prussia, now Emperor of Germany, who erected the present strong fortress and castle of Hohenzollern. The only ancient part of the structure is the Chapel of St. Michael, containing some votive carvings, in stone, of considerable artistic merit, which are unquestionably eight hundred years old.

The Castle of Hohenzollern stands far south in the Swabian country near the borders of Switzerland, on a sunny slope of the Rauhe Alps, not far from the sources of the Danube on the one hand, and twenty miles from the Lake of Constance on the other. It is perched upon the summit of a steep table-rock 2,800 feet above the level of the sea, only overtopped by a neighboring "horn" 200 feet higher. It commands an extensive view in every direction, being itself clearly visible from many points at a distance of a dozen miles. A branch of the Tübingen Railway runs past the foot of the cliff, up the steep side of which a good carriage-road has been constructed in zigzags. It is a brisk hour's walk from the neat little station to the fortress and castle. The fortress is constructed upon the best modern plans, the castle itself being five stories high, with five lofty turrets. It is a quite noted show-place, visitors being conducted, for a "consideration," through the various apartments.

Frederick, our first Hohenzollern, had apparently two sons, of whom we read in an old Swabian chronicle that, in 1061, "*Burcardus et Wecilo de Zolorin occiduntur*"—"Bunkard and Werner of Zolorin were slain"—probably in battle. Burkard had two sons, Frederick, *Comes de Zolra*, and Adalbert *de Zolro*, *Comes de Haigerloh.* "Zolorin," "Zolra" and "Zolro" are only Latinized forms for the German "Zollern," the title borne by successive *Grafen*, or Counts, and which in time came to be used as the family name, with the addition of the prefix *Hohen* (High), referring to the lofty cliff upon which the ancestral castle stood. These Zollerns flourished in their

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Die Hohenzollern und das Deutsche Vaterland: Von Dr. R. Graf Stillfried-Alcantara und Professor Dr. Bernhard Kugler: Munchen. 1881. 4to.

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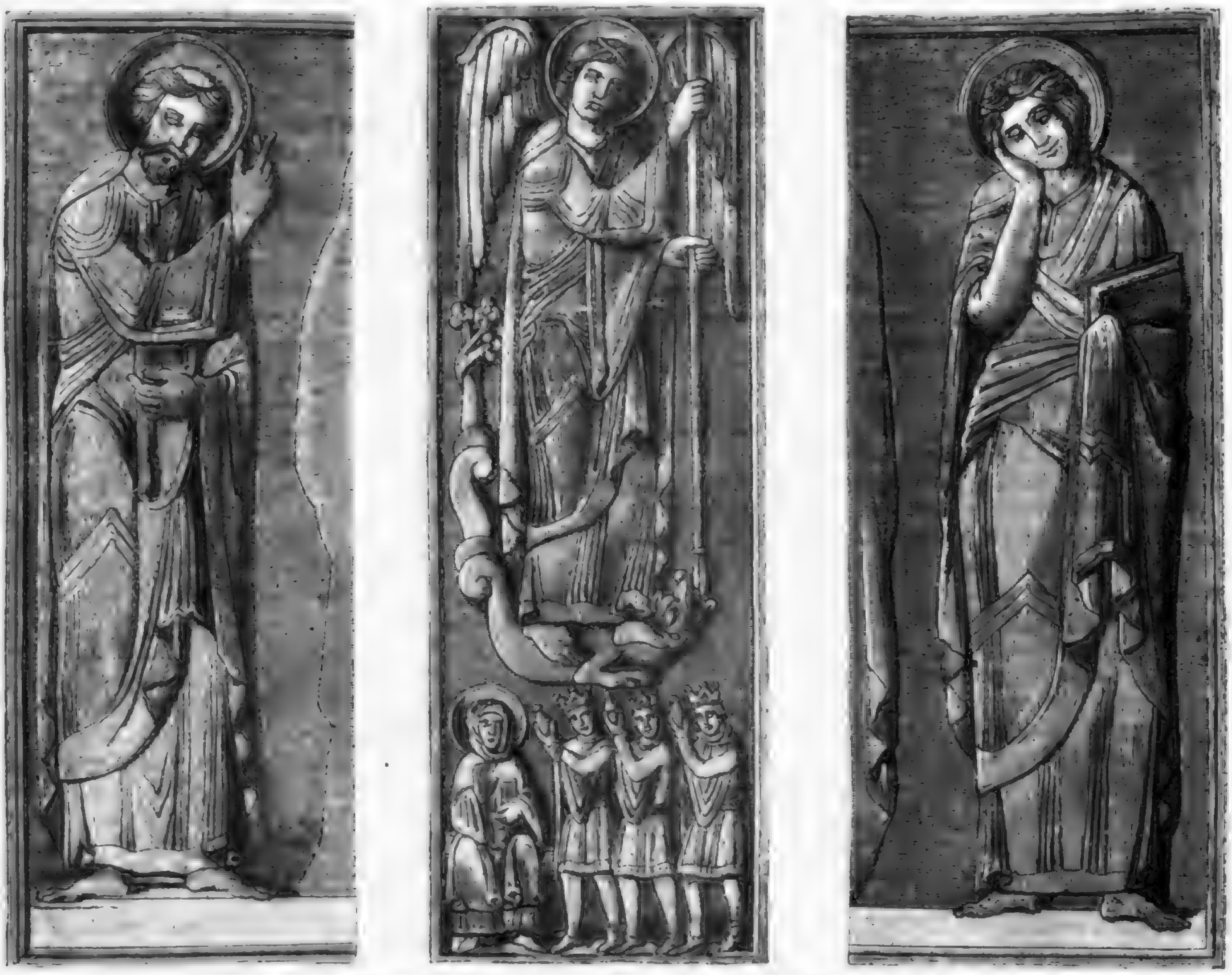
native district. Besides their chief Burg, they had castles, residences and estates in the plains of the Upper Neckar and on the plateau of the Swabian Alps, southward to the shores of Lake Constance and westward to the elevated valleys of the Black Forest. Thanks both to their wealth and to their ancient lineage, they ranked high among their contemporaries. They bestowed much wealth upon the Church, and founded the beautiful convent of Alpirsbach among the pines of the neighboring wooded hills.

About 1170 two cousins, Burkard and Frederick, became conspicuous. From Burkard sprung the line of Counts of Hohenberg, who took their title from their Castle of Hohenberg, upon the Neckar. Fourth in descent was Albert, the "Minstrel," whose sister was the wife of that Rudolf of Habsburg who became Emperor of Germany. Albert was a zealous adherent of the Habsburgs; a stout warrior withal, who fell in a fight near Leinstten in April, 1298. An old illuminated manuscript describes and rudely portrays his death. The fight is a fierce *mêlée* at the foot of a tower built of squared stones. At the top of the tower is a covered balcony, from which three women are looking out, weeping and wringing their hands. Horsemen and footmen are mingled together in inextricable confusion, their huge two-edged swords, a hand's-breadth broad, dripping with gore, or buried deep in the breasts of an enemy. The Hohenberg line became extinct in 1486.

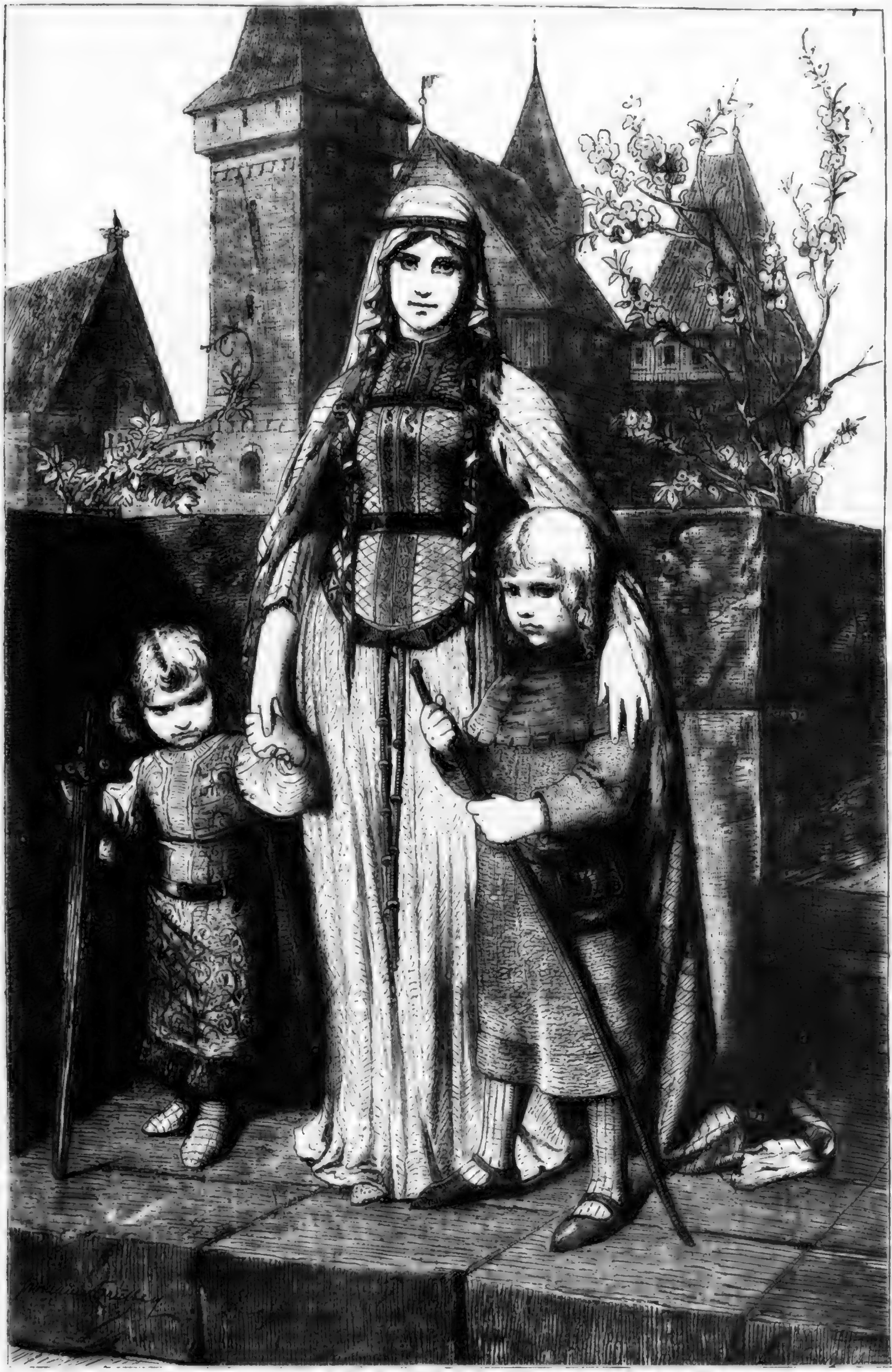
From Frederick, the other cousin, sprang the Swabian and Franconian lines of Hohenzollern. He left his native hills, went northward and won for wife the Countess Sophia, daughter and sole heiress of Conrad von Raabs, Burggraf of Nuremberg.

Nuremberg, even thus early, was one of the most important cities in Germany, noted for the industry and enterprise of its citizens, and its famous tournaments. The Burggrafship had come to be virtually hereditary in certain noble families who had sons worthy of it. Conrad von Raabs dying, left to his son-in-law large estates in both Franconia and Austria, together with good claims upon the Burggrafship of Nuremberg. Kaiser Henry VI., upon acceding to the imperial crown in 1192, invested Frederick with the succession to this dignity, because "he and his forefathers had done zealous and faithful service to the House of Hohenstaufen." Frederick continued to be among the foremost partisans of the imperial House, and his power was sufficient to enable him to lay a firm foundation for the further aggrandization of the House of Hohenzollern. He is known in history as Frederick I., Burggraf of Nuremberg. He died in 1201, and was buried by the side of his father-in-law in the old Doppelkapelle at Nuremberg.



OLDEST MEMORIALS IN THE CASTLE OF HOHENZOLLERN.

His two sons, Frederick II. and Conrad, at first held in common the estates which had fallen to them from the paternal and maternal sides. Before long, however, they made an amicable division. Frederick, the elder, received the family castle of Hohenzollern and all the ancestral possessions in Swabia. He is the ancestor of the later Swabian Hohenzollerns, who, notwithstanding occasional misfortunes, have ever since maintained a high place among the nobles of Southwestern Germany, were in 1623 made Princes of the Empire, and have kept



IN THE BURGGARTEN AT NUREMBERG, A. D. 1200.

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up an unbroken succession to the present time. Conrad, the younger brother, received the Franconian estates which had come through the mother, together with the Burggrafship of Nuremberg, which had hitherto been held by his brother. He is thus, in a special sense, the ancestor of the Hohenzollerns of Franconia, of whom is the royal House of Prussia, with whom as Burggraves of Nuremberg, Electors of Brandenburg, and Kings of Prussia, we shall have mainly to do.

Carlyle, in his "History of Frederick the Great"—following what authorities, or how carelessly following them, we know not—has made utter confusion in respect to this Conrad. He represents Conrad as a younger son of the House of Hohenzollern, who some years previous to 1170 set out to seek his fortune under the great Kaiser Frederick, styled Barbarossa ("Redbeard"), with whom he rose into favor, was made by him Burggraf of Nuremberg, and much else. Barbarossa set out upon his fatal crusade in 1189. Mr. Carlyle conjectures that Conrad did not accompany him, perhaps for the reason that he had sons old enough for such work, and better fitted for it. Now Conrad was not even born until some years later than 1170, and, instead of having grown-up sons, must have been a mere lad when Barbarossa disappeared from mortal eye in the icy waters of the Saleph. Moreover, he inherited his estates and the Burggraviate from his father, who received the position not from Barbarossa himself, but from his son, Henry VI. Carlyle (or, perhaps, his authorities,) seems to have confounded Conrad with his father, Frederick I.

Conrad, Graf von Zollern and Burggraf von Nuremberg, was evidently a man of mark in his day. "In his long life," we are told, "he found many occasions to distinguish himself both as a warrior and a statesman." He died in 1261, at the age of more than three score and ten, and was buried in the convent at Heilbronn, which for several centuries served as the family burying-place for most of the Burggraves and Markgraves of the line of Hohenzollern.

Conrad was succeeded by his son, Frederick III., who, as well as his successors, appears to have tacitly dropped the title of "Graf von Zollern," retaining the more important one of Burggraf von Nuremberg, which was also dropped when they became, in 1415, Electors of Brandenburg. The foundations of the prosperity of the Hohenzollerns had been laid by the marriage of his grandfather with one heiress. Frederick III. found occasion to add to this prosperity in a like manner. In 1248 died the last male of the ducal House of Meran, whose possessions extended far and wide through Southern Germany. These now fell to his sisters, one of whom became the wife of Frederick. It cost him much effort to make good the claims which he set up to these possessions in the right of his consort; but in the end a long series of lordships were thus brought into the family of Hohenzollern, making Burggrave Frederick III. one of the richest nobles of his day. Many of the best years of his life lay in that "Kaiserless and wretched time" which ensued after the judicial murder of the young Conradin, the grandson of Barbarossa, and the last of the line of Hohenstaufen, in whom were bound up the hopes for the revival of the royal power in Germany. Three candidates presented themselves for the crown and sceptre of the Holy Roman Empire. William of Holland received the powerful support of Pope Innocent IV., and was declared to have been elected in 1247, and was crowned by the Archbishop of Cologne. He made several attempts to take possession, but in 1256 he lost his life; swallowed up in a Frisian peat-bog, over which he with his horsemen was incautiously pursuing the flying enemy. A second claimant was Alfonso of Castile, styled the Wise. He, indeed, never set foot in Germany, but contented himself with asserting his claim, while waiting at Toledo for something to turn up in his favor—which never came to pass. His remark concerning the scheme of the universe, as laid down by Ptolemy, is shrewd enough: "A very awkward sort of machine, it seems to me; pity it is that the Creator had not taken some good advice about it." The third claimant was Richard, Duke of Cornwall, a rich, hare-brained son of King John of England. He went twice to Germany, where he spent much money and two or three years of time; but finding that the prize was not attainable, he went home, poorer and sadder, but not much wiser than he came.

This period of anarchy, historically known as the "Interregnum," began in 1254, and lasted a score of years, growing worse year by year. The Holy Roman Empire seemed fast rushing down to ruin. No real Kaiser there, only three, and finally two, shadowy claimants, each with partisans enough to harry his neighbors; "there was no king in the land, and every man did what was right in his own eyes." The nobles, great and small, were fast transforming themselves into mere robber barons, every one fiercely clutching at whatever came nearest to hand. A deep, inarticulate moan went up from the common people, finding now and then articulate expression in some snatch of song, a few of which have come down to us: "To thee, O Lord," exclaims one Minnesänger, in rude verse, "do we poor people make moan. Thy hand created law for the safeguard of Thy children. But where now is law? Widows and orphans weep because the Princes will not unite to have a Kaiser." Another sings: "The Princes grind in the Kaiser's mill. To the Reich they fling the bran, but keep the meal to themselves. Not much in haste are they to give us a Kaiser." And still another, yet more pointedly: "See them coming up, like the plague of frogs, defiling the honor of the Reich! O Stork, when wilt thou appear, and give them a touch of thy beak?"

Here and there were wiser nobles, who began to cast about to pitch upon some man fit to wear the imperial crown. Notablest amongst these was Burggraf Frederick III., who fixed upon Rudolf of Habsburg, an energetic man, and a cousin of his by marriage, his wife being Gertrude, the sister of that Albert the Minstrel, of whom mention has already been made. The imperial House of Habsburg is thus in origin half Hohenzollern. Frederick won over to his views the Elector of Brandenburg, and the Archbishop-Elector of Mainz, the latter of whom was the "Convener" and President of the Electoral College. A majority of votes was announced for Rudolf, and Burggraf Frederick III. was deputed to bear the tidings to the Habsburger, who happened at that time to be besieging Basle, having had some quarrel with the Bishop. So speedily had the matter been carried through, that this seems to have been the first intimation which Rudolf had of what was going on. He accepted the unexpected dignity; but it cost him a sharp struggle to retain possession of the imperial crown. Ottocar, King of Bohemia, a truculent fellow, and enormously rich, had expected to be chosen. He had lately become Archduke of Austria, and held great possessions within the Empire, and Rudolf had in early years been an equerry, or something of the sort, in Ottocar's household. "Chosen that menial of mine as Kaiser instead of me, have they!" exclaimed the irate Bohemian; "I will never recognize the election, or do homage to him for my lands in the Reich!"

Rudolf was equal to the emergency. He put the recusant under the ban of the Empire, and before Ottocar fairly knew what he was about, he took Vienna and overran the Austrian lands. Ottocar sent a message begging for pardon and peace. "First of all," answered Rudolf, "let him do homage for these German lands of his. No talk of peace until that has been done!" Ottocar prevailed so far as to have it agreed that the ceremony should be performed in private. A tent was pitched in the middle of a temporary encampment on an island in the Danube, not far from Vienna. Here, shut out from all eyes but a few, stood Rudolf, in a buff jerkin and iron corselet; before him knelt Ottocar, bravely attired. Just as he had raised Rudolf's hand to his lips the canvas walls fell flat to the ground, and the private spectacle became an undisputably public one. "A pure accident," said Rudolf. "Done on purpose, and to degrade me!" muttered Rudolf, as he hurried back to Prague, only to encounter the sharp reproaches of his wife. He resolved to try again the fortunes of war, and gathering all his forces, marched against Rudolf. The decisive conflict took place, in August, 1278, upon that Marchfield, hard by Vienna, famous for so many battles, the last and most notable being Napoleon's hard-won fight of Wagram. Ottocar was killed in this battle, his forces were routed, and Austria fell into the hands of Rudolf, whose posterity have ruled it ever since. Throughout all these transactions Frederick III. was Rudolf's right hand. He bore the imperial standard into the heart of the hostile ranks at the decisive battle on the Marchfield. He did faithful service to Rudolf so long as he lived, and to his son after him; "laboring ever to secure the tranquillity of the Fatherland, and to strengthen its domestic institutions. He lived till 1297, held in highest esteem by all the princes and nobles of Germany." He left two sons, born in his old age, and by a second wife, a young Saxon princess, for Elizabeth of Meran bore him no children to inherit the possessions which she had brought to him.

His eldest son, John I., followed in the Burggrafship, but died within three years, and was succeeded by his brother, Frederick IV. His lot was cast in troublous times; and he had to steer his way cautiously among the parties who contended for possession of the imperial dignity. His governing policy was to hold to the side which seemed at the time to promise best for the security of the state, and he eventually found that his side was the winning one. A decisive issue was reached by the fight at Mühldorf, September, 1322, where Frederick of Austria was outgeneraled and beaten by Louis of Bavaria. Burggraf Frederick IV. bore the brunt in this sharp conflict, received the surrender of his vanquished namesake, and was hailed as the "Savior of the Kingdom." He, moreover, distinguished himself by a wise rule over his own broad estates. Industry and trade were earnestly fostered; and in spite of the hindrance opposed by the civil wars of the time, his domains flourished, and were left by him much more extensive than he found them. He died in 1332, at the age of forty-five, leaving five sons and as many daughters. Two of the sons entered the Church; one died soon after his father. The two remaining ones were John II., who succeeded as Burggraf, and Albert, styled the Handsome. The first years of the new Burggraf had an unpromising outlook. Kaiser Ludwig showed little gratitude to the son of the man whom he had owned to be his "savior" in the hour of sorest need, and drove him into avowed hostility for ten years. But at last he saw his error, made ample amends to Frederick, and ever afterward received his most zealous support, especially in the North of Germany, where Frederick was appointed to govern the Brandenburg country, which had fallen into sad confusion. Partisan discord was rife throughout Germany; a majority of the princes rose against the Bavarian, and set up a counter-king in the person of Charles of Luxemburg. The sudden uprising spread so rapidly that those who remained true to Ludwig were in imminent peril of being overpowered; and when the Kaiser died suddenly, in 1347, sure destruction seemed to await his friends, of whom Burggraf John II. was most imperiled. But the Hohenzollerns were too powerful to be readily disposed of; and Charles IV., now undisputed Kaiser, made overtures to the Burggraf, which were accepted. His rights and possessions were secured to him, and even considerably augmented. The House of Hohenzollern came out gainers from the long struggle which had threatened to ruin it. John II. died in 1357, having more than maintained his high place among the German magnates, and was succeeded by his son, Frederick V.

Albert the Handsome, younger brother of John II., had in the meanwhile led an adventurous life. Unlike all others of his race, he had taken service from time to time under various foreign princes. He had fought in England and Italy, in Russia and Hungary; had undertaken a crusade against the heathens in Prussia, and made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. The romantic glamour attached to his name gave support to a strange story which was told and believed throughout all the towns and castles in Europe. About 1340—so runs the legend—the widowed Countess Kunigunde of Orlamünde became madly enamored with the handsome young Albert, and endeavored to win him to her arms. He told her in jest, "Four little eyes are all that stand in our way." She understood him to mean that these four eyes were those of the two boys whom she had borne to her former husband, and she offered to remove this obstacle by putting the lads to death. Albert turned from her in horror. "It is not the eyes of the boys, but your eyes and mine, which stand in the way. Nevermore can there be anything between us two." These words crushed the heart of Kunigunde. She went to Rome, to beg for absolution for the sin which she had committed in her heart. The Holy Father directed her to build a cloister and pass therein the remainder of her days in the practice of the severest penance. She returned to Germany, and in 1343 founded the Cistercensian Convent of Himmelthrone, of which she was the first Abbess. Seven years afterward—the legend goes on to say,—she died in the odor of sanctity. She penitently recalled to mind the unholy infatuation which had led her to the brink of such a fearful crime. But now, if God would vouchsafe such grace, the ambiguous words of the man whom she had idolized, and which had so sorely tempted her, should be repaid to him and to every branch of his house by a warning which might save their souls. To each one of the race should be given, by divine power, and before it was too late, a monition when his last hour should come, so that he might in due time renounce all earthly things, set his house in order, and prepare himself to appear before his Eternal Judge. This legend has at least much of historical basis: There was, as her tombstone shows, a Kunigunde, Gräfin von Orlamünde, who died Abbess of the Cistercensian Convent of the Heavenly Throne; and the whole legend is characteristic of the pure morals of the Hohenzollerns of the time.

Burggraf John II. was succeeded in 1357 by his son Frederick V. Many circumstances combined to enable him to augment the wealth and importance of his house. The old Kaiser Charles IV. was eager to add to his paternal territory of Bohemia, which formed the core of his

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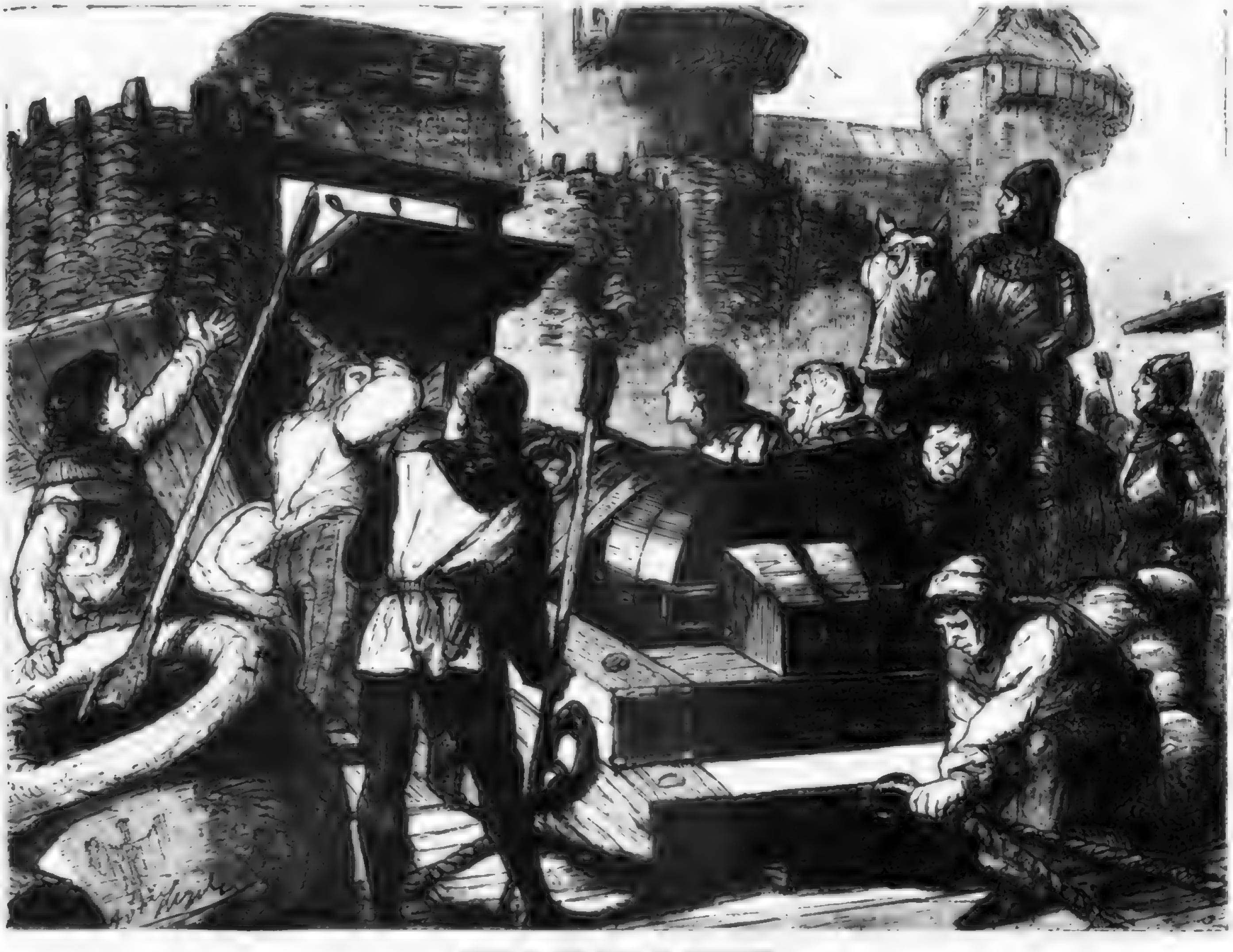
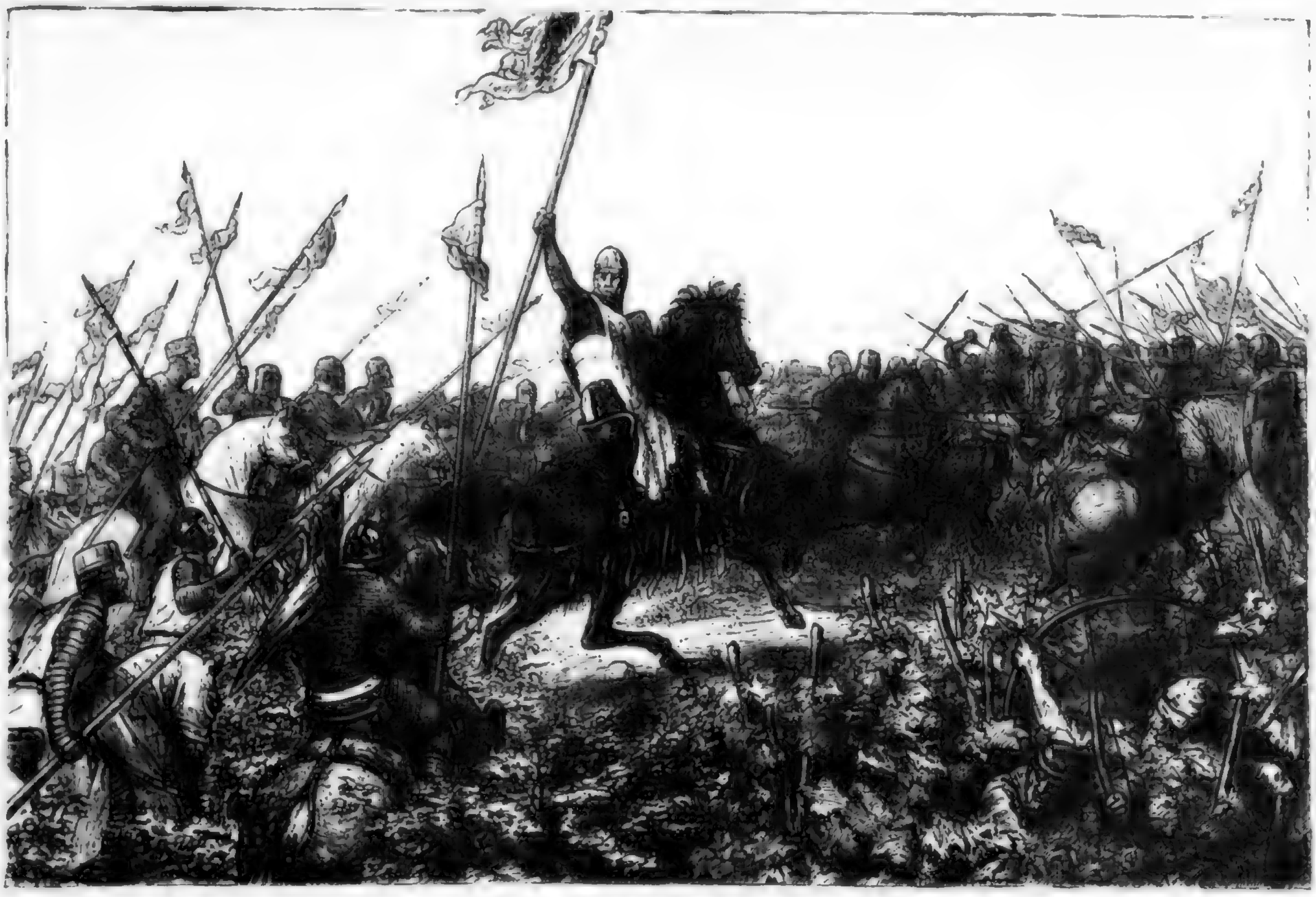
dominions. Elizabeth of Thuringia, the wife of Frederick, after twenty years of wedlock, had borne him no son, but daughters only, of whom there were nine, as we count them in the mural painting in the Stiftskirche at Heilbronn. The Burggraviate, which bordered upon Bohemia, would most likely fall to them, and to the men who should become their husbands. Kaiser Charles betrothed his two sons, Wenzel and Sigismund, to the two elder of these daughters. But this marriage contract was soon broken off. Contrary to all probabilities, two sons were born to the Burggraf, and Wenzel and Sigismund found better matches than with women whose inheritances were thus cut off, and the young countesses retired to a convent. This misadventure did not interrupt the amity between the Kaiser and the powerful Burggraf, each of whom could do much for the other. Frederick was richly rewarded for the services which he rendered to Charles, from whom he received, among other things, the Administration (*Vogtei*) of Upper Swabia, Franconia, and that of Elsatz—that Alsace which, after so many changes in rule, has been reclaimed from France, and brought back to Germany. In 1363 the Kaiser ordained that the Burggraves of Nuremberg, who had heretofore been treated as only *Fürstengenossen* (Associate Princes), should henceforth be recognized by every one as *Reichsfürsten* (Princes of the Empire); and that the Burggraviate of Nuremberg, "as a noble and honorable member of the Holy Roman Empire," should enjoy all those privileges which had heretofore been the prerogative of only the greater exclusive principalities. Frederick's wise economy enabled him also greatly to enlarge the possessions of his house. He was, for his times, a well-instructed man, not shrinking from contest, though always inclined to peace, zealously promoting the welfare of his immediate subjects, as well as peace and prosperity in every part of the German Empire. He made it the business of his life to compose the quarrels which continually broke out between the Imperial House of Luxemburg and the so-called "Bavarian Party," and the still more perilous disputes between the free Imperial towns on the one hand, and princes, counts and knights on the other. His labors were not in vain. Nobles and cities besought his intervention, and he ruled as an acknowledged umpire among the wild turmoils of the time. He died in 1398, at a good old age, and was interred in the cloister at Heilbronn, where a statuette and a mural painting perpetuate his features to this day.



SIEGE OF THE BURG OF QUETZKOW.

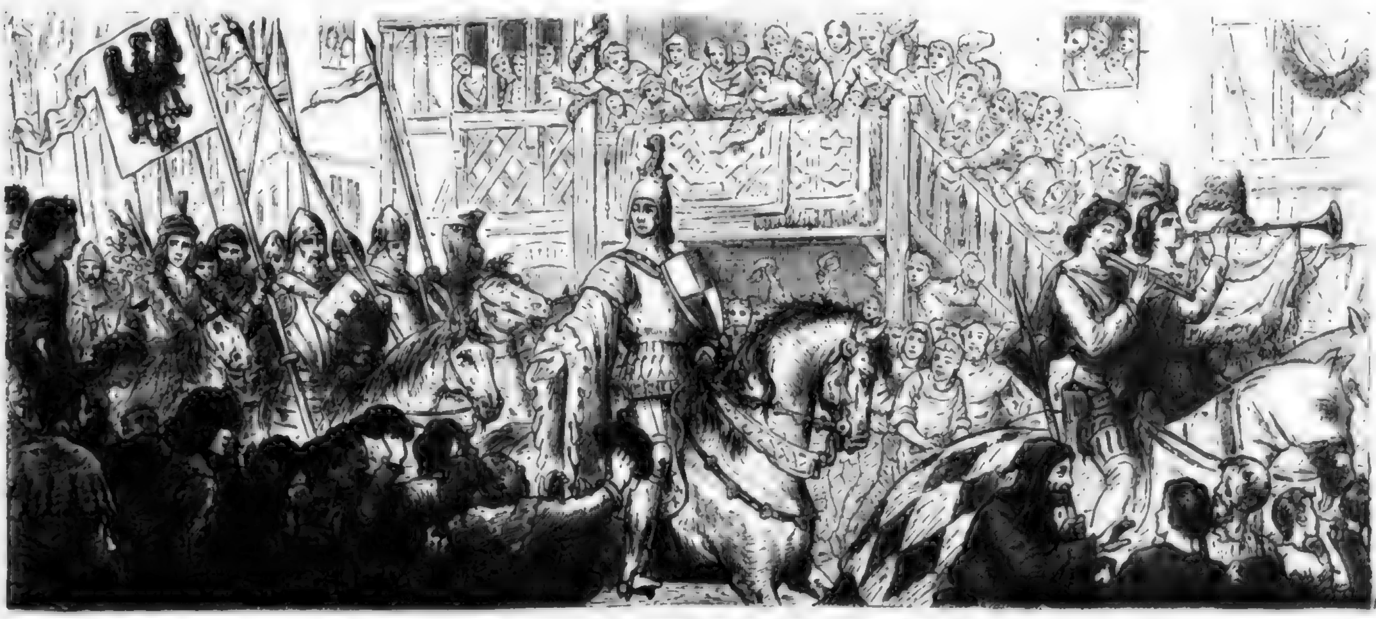
Frederick V. left two sons, John III. and Frederick VI., the elder of whom was married to a daughter of Kaiser Charles IV.; the younger, as yet unmarried, subsequently wedded Elizabeth of Bavaria—graceful form, great blue eyes and profuse golden hair won for her the appellation of the "Beautiful Elsie." The two sons had already during the lifetime of their father distinguished themselves on the battle-field, fighting with Sigismund of Hungary against the Turks upon the Danube. After the death of their father, John was content with the position which had fallen to his lot, while Frederick longed for a wider sphere of action. They divided the paternal inheritance between them. This, which seemed at first an irremediable evil, proved in the end a great advantage to the House of Hohenzollern. Wenzel had



FREDERICK III. AT THE BATTLE OF MARCHFIELD, 1278.

been chosen Kaiser after the death of his father, Charles IV. His feeble reign aroused many of the princes against him, and they chose a new Kaiser, Rupert, Elector of the Palatinate, who had married a sister of the two Burggraves. John held fast to the cause of Wenzel, while Frederick went over to that of Rupert, whom he served zealously, and from whom he received a most ungrateful return. He then attached himself to Sigismund, the younger son of Charles IV., who had, upon the death of his father-in-law, the King of Hungary, succeeded to him. Kaiser Rupert died just then, and a new Kaiser was to be chosen. Wenzel, who was King of Bohemia, demanded to be reinstated, and was opposed by his own brother Sigismund, who received the majority of the electoral vote. "The reason of Sigismund's success—and indeed of his having any party at all," says Köhler, "was owing to the unwearied exertions of Frederick of Nuremberg, who urged that Wenzel and Sigismund would get along very peaceably, and that Sigismund was already so rich by inheritance that he would not need to be very severe in exacting the Reich-tolls and other Imperial revenues."

Kaiser Sigismund is best known to us by his connection with the famous Council of Constance, which put an end to the great schism in the Church, with its rival Popes and anti-Popes. Few men have led lives as adventurous as his had been. Receiving the crown of Hungary by bequest of his father-in-law, he was engaged in wars with Poles, Hungarians and Turks; was routed in 1396 near Nicopolis, on the Danube, and was rescued from that



ENTRY OF FREDERICK VI. INTO THE MARK OF BRANDENBURG.

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horrible slaughter by the valor of the young Frederick of Nuremberg. For two years he wandered about from place to place, and upon his return to Hungary was thrown into prison by his nobles, who placed the crown upon the head of Ladislaus of Naples. Sigismund was restored to his sovereignty in 1403, and now, in 1410, his election as Kaiser had placed him nominally at the head of all the potentates of Christendom; and it was not long before the death of his elder brother Wenzel made him King of Bohemia also. The loom upon which he was to weave was surely large enough, but warp and woof of the web were sadly entangled, and Sigismund was not the man to unravel the complicated snarl. A special entanglement was that of the Hussite schism in Bohemia, and in his opening speech at the Council of Constance, Sigismund urged upon the right reverend fathers: "*Date operam ut illa nefanda schisma eradicetur*," thus making *schisma* of the feminine gender. "*Domine*," interrupted a learned Cardinal, "*schisma est generis neutrius*"—"My lord, *schisma* is of the neuter gender." Sigismund made lofty reply: "*Ego sum Rex Romanus, et super grammaticum*"—"I am King of the Romans, and above grammar." Whence this Kaiser has come down to us as "Sigismund Super-Grammaticam."

The thing concerning Sigismund which specially concerns this history is that he was terribly in want of ready money, and deeply in debt. From Frederick of Nuremberg he had from time to time borrowed sums amounting in all to 100,000 crowns, for which he had given his bonds, secured by a pledge of the revenues and estates of the Electorate of Brandenburg. This region, the core of Prussia, had been occupied by the Vandals for more than five centuries, when in about the year 800 it was conquered by Charlemagne. A century or so later it was constituted a Margraviate by Henry the Fowler, the first Kaiser of the German kings; and in 1356 Kaiser Charles IV. raised the Margraviate into an Electorate. The Elector, in 1378, was the drunken Otto of Bavaria, who sold all his rights and estates to Charles for 200,000 *gulden*, equivalent, perhaps, to four times as many dollars in our day; not a dear purchase even had all the money, instead of only half of it, been paid over.

In the Spring of 1412 Frederick made his appearance in Brandenburg, at the head of a strong force, to assume the government. The towns, and some of the nobles, were well disposed toward him, but the Quitzkow knightly family were ill-pleased, and avowed that, should the rule of the Burggraf last a whole year, they would hold their castles against him. They were no contemptible opponents in themselves, and counted upon aid from others. Frederick moved upon them, and early in 1414 laid siege to their principal Burg. The walls were strong, but the assailant was provided with artillery, among which was one cannon larger than had ever been seen in those regions—a twenty-four-pounder, in fact. The walls were soon breached; stout Hans von Quitzkow was made prisoner, his brother Dietrich forced to flight, and the authority of the new lord of the land firmly established, much to the satisfaction of Sigismund. In the Autumn of the next year, Frederick repaired to Berlin, where he received the formal homage of all the States of the Mark of Brandenburg, for before that time Sigismund's urgent need of money had induced him to take a still further step.

The Kaiser by this time owed 150,000 ducats to Frederick, and was in need of 250,000 more to carry on the undertakings which he had in hand, not the least important of which was a journey to Spain in order to win over a still reluctant Pope or counter-Pope. "These Brandenburg estates," he said, "are now in pledge to the Burggraf, and bring no revenue to me. Why not sell them out and out to him, instead of pawning them for less than half which they would bring?" His proposal to Frederick was to this purport: "I owe you now 150,000 ducats; give me 250,000 more—making 400,000 in all—and take Brandenburg, estates, Electoral dignity and all for your own." The offer was accepted; the bargain was duly ratified, signed, and sealed, on April 30th, 1415. The Burggrafship of the Hohenzollerns in Nuremberg came to an end after a flourishing period of some two hundred and fifty years. The House of Hohenzollern rose to rank with the highest in the Reich, when Burggraf Frederick VI. of Nuremberg became Elector Frederick I. of Brandenburg. This transaction was a pure matter of bargain and sale. The coin value of a golden crown or ducat is about $2.50; multiply this by six, in order to approximate to the relative purchasing value of money then and now, and we find that Frederick paid about $6,000,000 for the Electorate, as reckoned in our day. That he was able to lay down such an amount in gold is sure evidence of the thrift and economy of the Burggraf and his predecessors.

One thing was still required to make the transaction complete. This was the formal investiture of the Elector of Brandenburg in his new dignity. For sundry reasons this did not take place until two years later, upon the 18th of April, 1417. The scene was in the City of Constance. A lofty platform was erected in the marketplace of the ancient episcopal town, upon which was seated Sigismund, surrounded by numerous civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries. The Electors of Saxony and of the Palatinate bore the Imperial sword, sceptre, and globe, while a crowd of 100,000 men and women looked on from the surrounding streets, roofs and windows. The Elector Frederick mounted the steps of the platform, followed by two knights, bearing the banners of Nuremberg and Brandenburg. The Chancellor of the Empire read a document reciting the rights of the new dignity with which Frederick was invested, and the duties which devolved upon him. "My Lord Elector of the Holy Roman Empire, and dear uncle," asked Sigismund, "wilt thou swear to this?" "With all my heart, most mighty King," answered Frederick, and took the oath. Sigismund took the sceptre and the golden globe from the hands of the two Electors who carried them, and placed them in the hands of Frederick. The Burggraf of Nuremberg thus became formally Frederick I. Elector of Brandenburg. "A most memorable moment," says one enthusiastic historian "A Prince of the Empire, who, by faithful and wise service to his lord, and for the common weal, had deserved so much; and a most liberal King, who, at a great sacrifice of his own advantage, has willingly repaid these services." With the accession of Frederick to the Electorate of Brandenburg opens a new chapter in the history of the House of Hohenzollern.

THE practice of carrying off the heads from monuments in Westminster Abbey began early, and even kings were not spared. The solid silver head of Henry V. was wrenched off and stolen in 1546, on the 30th of January. "Some Whig, I'll warrant you," said Sir Roger de Coverley, during his famous walk round the Abbey; "you ought to lock up your kings better; they'll carry off the body, too, if you don't take care." The heads of both Washington and Major André have been repeatedly carried off. The Abbey is a large place, and every kind of mutilation might be perpetrated successfully.

"TOGETHER."

By William Boosey.

We were girl and boy together,
Gathering wild-flowers day by day,
Laughing and singing the hours away,
In the sunny Summer weather;
And we played to-day and to-morrow
Under the yew in the churchyard green,
He was my hero, I was his queen,
We knew not a thought of sorrow.

And the years went onward flying,
Till one bright day when the Spring was born,
And the scented may awoke with the morn,
To the church we two were hying;
And he vowed we never should sever,
And I was blushing, all white and red,
So he held my hand to still my dread,
And we were made one for ever.

And the old yew-tree is sighing,
As I kneel by a grassy green mound,
And the wild-flowers blossom around,
Where my lover, my life, is lying;
But a perfect peace shall be given,
When my body is sleeping at last
In the silent churchyard of the past,
And our souls find rest in heaven.

TO STAND GODFATHER.

There are everywhere social customs which may be regarded as so many snares laid for the incautious inhabitant or the ignorant foreigner; but no country is so rich in this respect as *la belle France.* Having been lately the victim of one of these traditional traps, I will describe it here, in order to warn others against it.

Being a bachelor of a certain age, I occupied a snug little apartment on the third floor of a nice house or *hôtel*, as the *concierge* used to call it, in the Faubourg St. Honoré. The first floor, a very splendid suite of rooms, was occupied by M. and Madame de Poupart, an interesting young couple, whose acquaintance I had the honor of making through a common female friend, Madame de Grandville. Having once or twice dined at their table, madame was thereupon kind enough to bestow on me the agreeable title of an *ami de la maison;* and I was at the time rather proud of this circumstance, little thinking how much the distinction would cost me.

One evening I was comfortably seated in my *fauteuil à la Voltaire*, perusing one of those papers which are read with as little attention as they are written by the journalists themselves, and which Lamartine has described as *cet écho du matin que le soir on oublie,* when the bell rang at my door. On opening, I recognized my first-floor neighbor, the amiable M. de Poupart; and after the usual salutations, the following conversation took place between us:

"Excuse me, sir," said M. de Poupart, "for interrupting you at so late an hour; and an apology is the more necessary, because I am about to commit an indiscretion."

"I am glad to hear it," said I; "for I was afraid at first some misfortune might have happened to madame."

"Oh, no, thank you; she is as well as can be expected in her situation; for I have come to say that since the afternoon I have had the good fortune to become the father of a most beautiful baby—a chubby, rosy little fellow."

"I am glad to hear it: pray accept for both madame and you my best congratulations and most sincere good wishes."

"A thousand thanks," said my obliging neighbor; "and in connection with that happy event, I have just something very trifling to ask of you. My good wife, as you must be aware, is a little inclined to superstition, and the convent education she received has not done much toward lessening that disposition. You may imagine with what anxiety she pondered over the future destinies of our expected first-born, and touching them she consulted a famous somnambulist, who predicted that the baby would be very fortunate if it had a happy godfather. We have been on the lookout ever since among our friends and acquaintances for the most prosperous. But this is difficult: one has too many children; another none at all; a third has a cross wife; a fourth has speculated in the funds; in short, there is not one in the whole circle who would exclaim, with Candide's metaphysical pedagogue, that all is for the best in this best of worlds. At length it struck Madame Poupart that you are a true child of fortune—a thoroughly lucky man."—I acknowledged the compliment by bowing in silence.—"Yes, you—a bachelor, without cares or anxieties of any kind, enjoying good health and a fine independence—you stand in the very sunshine of fortune; and, therefore, I ask you, in my own name and that of my wife, to stand godfather to our child."

At first I declined politely, thinking the request a little curious; but M. de Poupart called it a trifle—although he should feel much obliged; and there is always something so touching even in maternal weakness and superstition, that I assented at last. As Roman Catholics are accustomed to baptize their children as soon as possible, the ceremony was fixed for the next day but one, and was to take place at the venerable church of St. Roch. There was no time to be lost, and, being altogether ignorant of French manners and usages, I applied the next morning to Madame de Grandville, and begged her to tell me what I was to do. She was exceedingly kind; assured me that the invitation was a token of high consideration on the part of M. and Madame de Poupart, and said there was nothing at all to do but to make a few trifling presents. Besides, I was to enjoy the good fortune of having one of the most elegant and beautiful young ladies of Paris—that is to say, her own dear niece—as partner in the ceremony, for she was to stand godmother. The obliging lady immediately wrote a memorandum of what was wanted, addressed to the director of La Belle Jardinière, a very fashionable establishment of *nouveautés*, as the Parisians call it. She would look after the rest herself. I returned thanks, took the *billet*, and drove hastily to the elegant shop.

A very engaging *demoiselle de boutique* (at home we call her a shopwoman) read the letter, and showed me at once a charming godchild's basket. It was lovely indeed, but it cost 100 francs. Nothing else would do, said the pretty demoiselle, and so I took it. Then she herself chose a beautiful box, the perfume of which was exquisite, and filled it gracefully with two dozen pairs of fine gloves, two fans—one a precious antique, and the other an artistic modern one—several vials of essences, and a necklace of Turkish pearls. She handed me at the same a handsome bill—written on glazed paper, adorned with an engraving in gold—and the different items, amounting to 400 francs. I did not dare to raise an objection, as this pretty box was destined for my elegant partner, and I took, reluctantly, I must confess, twenty-one napoleons out of my purse.

I thought this was behaving pretty well, and went triumphantly to Madame de Grandville, who did not look absolutely delighted.

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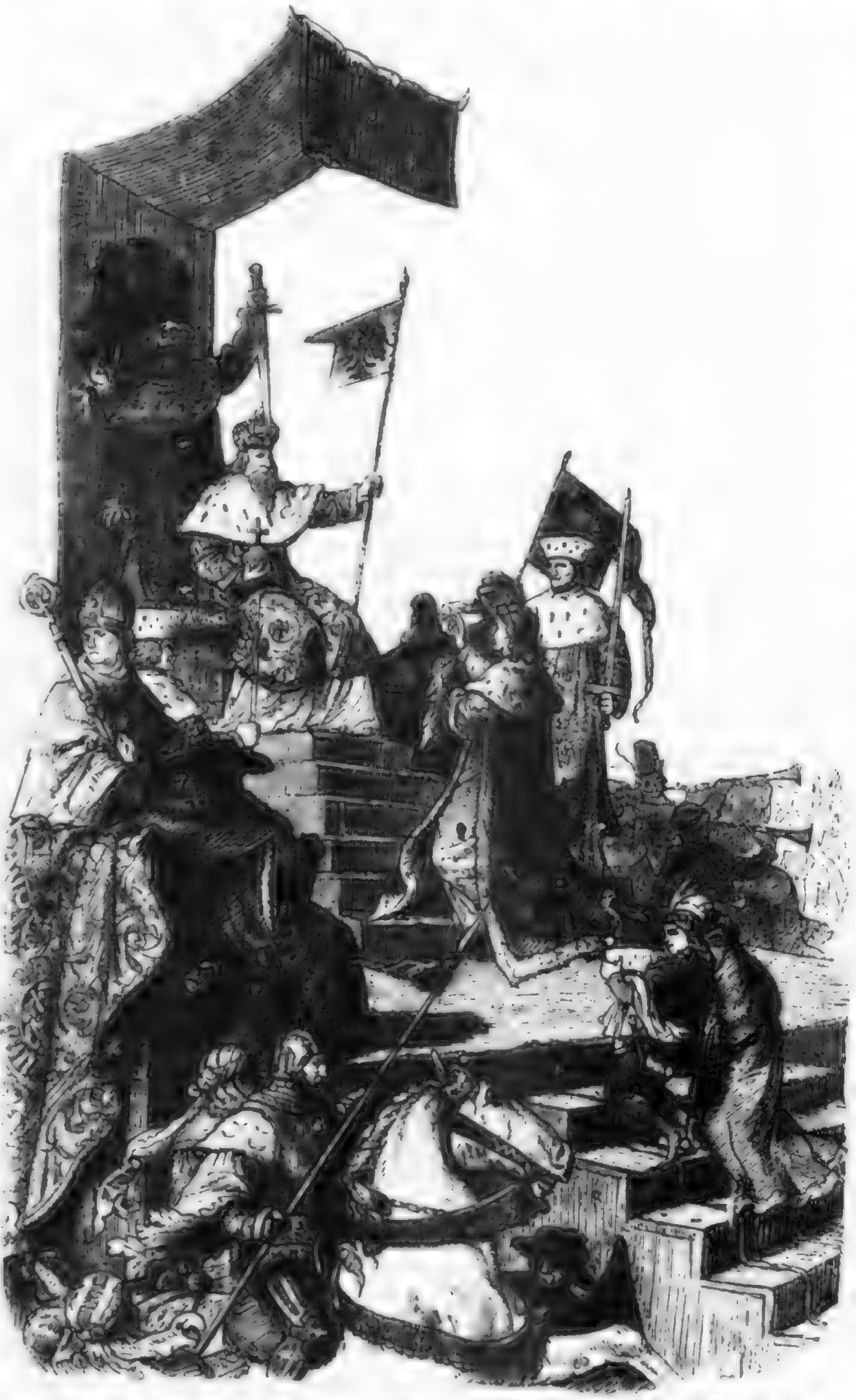
"The box," she remarked, "though not at all rich, is handsome, and I hope your fair lady will receive it with pleasure. But see, here are the beautiful little presents I have bought for you to give the *accouchée:* fifty francs worth of *bonbons* and sweets of the best description, to fill the basket and divide among the guests; a bronze night-lamp by Cain, and a silver bowl engraved by Froment-Meurice—the two for twenty louis: you could not offer less to a lady of fifty thousand francs a year; for the nurse, a cap of real lace, five louis—a mere nothing; for the nursery-maid, this French shawl—that is enough for her. I should have liked to buy something besides for the baby, but we must do things as simply as possible."

I stood amazed. It cost me more than five hundred dollars that Madame de Poupart had consulted a somnambulist, and thought me a lucky fellow. And, besides, there lay before me a frightful series of *étrennes*, to be given every year to my blessed godchild. But what could I do? The pill was bitter indeed, but I was obliged to swallow it with the best grace I could. I had pledged my word and fallen into the snare.

The happy day arrived, and in the morning I received a beautiful bouquet from Madame de Grandville's elegant niece. I thought it ugly, for it cost too much. I had the honor of fetching the blooming lady in a carriage, and we drove to the church; the godmother having put my necklace of Turkish pearls round her fair neck, and I holding her flowers in my hand. My costly presents had been thankfully received by the young mother, the nurse and the nurserymaid, and my good taste was much applauded. In the church, a new series began. Before the child was christened I had to give a wax-taper to the *curé*, an offering to the *vicaire*, *pour-boires* to the sexton, the choristers, the *suisse*, the sacristan, the door-keeper, the giver of holy-water; besides alms for the poor of the parish, the wants of the church, the missions, the convents, etc. I thought it would never come to an end. At last the baby was duly received into the Christian community, and we went away, the *suisse* preceding us with great pomp, and striking his cane against the pavement of the holy building in a masterly way. I hung my head, for my purse was empty; and, besides, I had the mortification to see that another name than mine was entered in the parish register, because I did not belong to the Catholic persuasion, and to hear that my godchild did not even bear my name: for who in France would consent to have a son called Peter? Désiré-Eugène is much prettier and more modern.

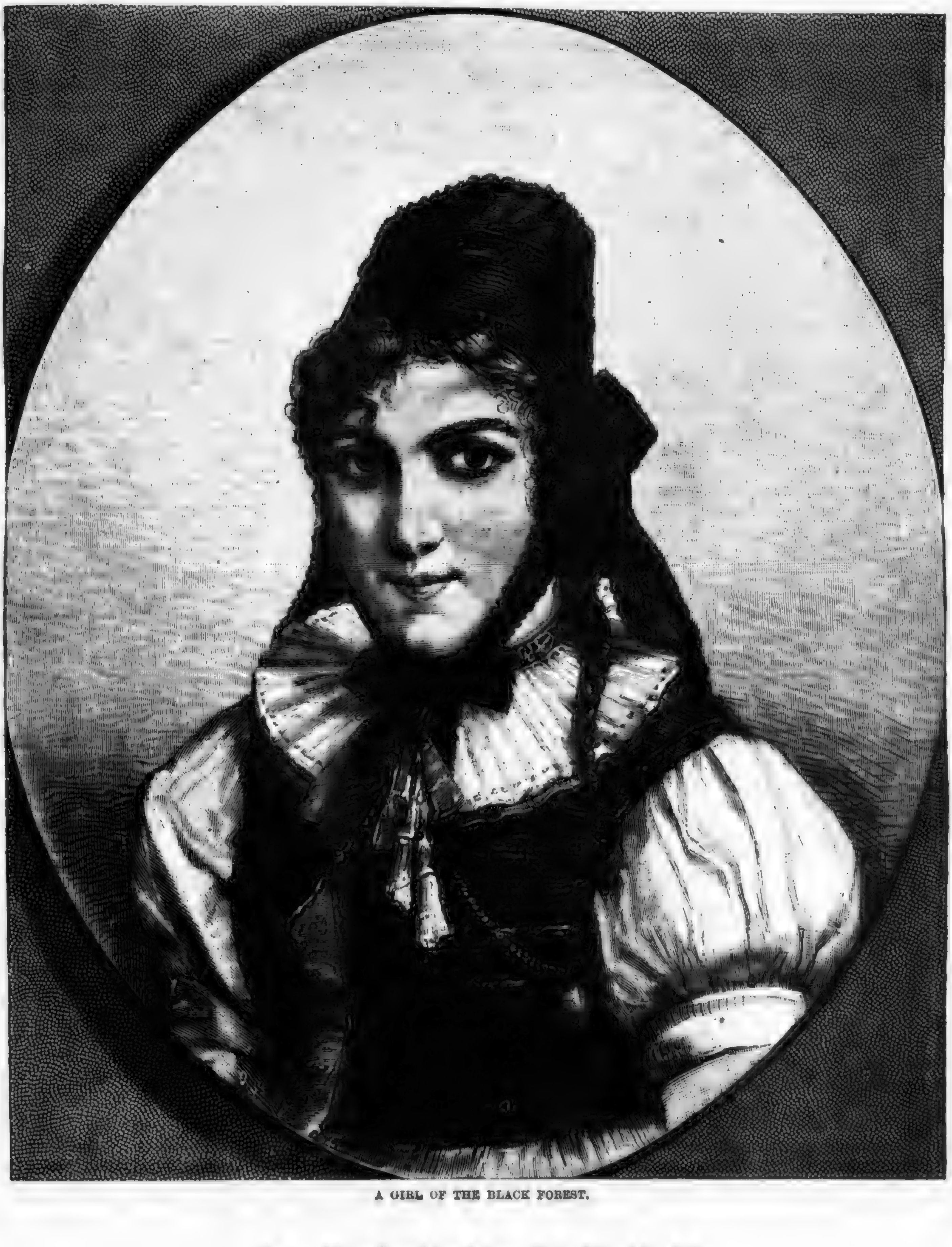
So I had spent about seven hundred dollars for a compliment from Madame de Poupart, a courtesy from the nurse, a nosegay from the godmother; and a flourish from a *suisse* with a cocked hat. I found these rather expensive honors, and declared inwardly, like the poor raven in La Fontaine's fable, *Mais un peu tard, qu'on ne m'y prendrait plus.*



THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF HOHENZOLLERN.—INVESTITURE OF FREDERICK VI. AS ELECTOR OF BRANDENBURG.—SEE PAGE 183.

A SINGULAR fish is found in great numbers in the coast rivers of Alaska. It is about eight inches long, transparent, and the most fat of all the finny tribes. This fat, however, has not the oily, rancid taste of other fish, but is like fresh lard. When these fish are dried, the Indians often turn them to a novel and practical account—burn them in place of candles. They give a clear, brilliant light, and are not liable to be blown out by the wind. The tail should be lighted instead of the head, and each fish will burn about fifteen minutes.

CHEERFULNESS is an offshoot of goodness and wisdom.



A GIRL OF THE BLACK FOREST.

A DARK DEED.

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

Chapter XXVIII.—In the Church.

It was the morning of Ethel Greylock's wedding—crisp December weather, full of mingled frost and sunshine—of leafless trees hung with crystals; of great miles of marshes sparkling as if sown with jewels; of a wintry sea pulsing loudly up on its cold, windy beaches.

In her chamber at Cats' Tavern, Polly, the nameless, stood arrayed in the dress which Miss Greylock had sent her—a garnet silk that fitted the girl's slight figure to perfection. Plenty of fine lace decked the corsage, and a bunch of yellow Maréchal Niel roses drooped at the

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round throat. Long gloves concealed the imperfections of Polly's slight hands, and her sleek, well-shaped head was crowned with a mass of silky braids black as a crow's wing. She had never worn a becoming dress before in all her life, and it was small wonder that she now stared at herself in amazement—that she scarcely recognized her own image, as it looked back at her from the mirror on the wall.

Mercy Poole opened the door, and surveyed the girl for a moment in utter silence, then she said, dryly:

"Fine feathers make fine birds, Polly. The Greylocks have sent a carriage to take you to the church—it's waiting at the door. Dr. Vandine begs to see you before you go. He's in a high fever this morning. A doctor, I notice, has no more patience in affliction than other folks. Poor fellow! It's pretty well known that he loved Miss Greylock."

Polly's face fell.

"Yes," she faltered, and went down to the chamber below, where Vandine lay, with his broken leg and haggard face, a helpless, irritable prisoner, upon this, Ethel Greylock's wedding morn. Heaven only knows what battle he was silently waging now with himself. At sight of Polly, however, his eyes brightened,

"Marvel of marvels!" he cried out; "what metamorphosis is this? A new version of Cinderella! 'Pon my soul, Polly, you had a very narrow escape from being positively handsome. I can scarcely believe my own eyes!"

She had never been admired before. A sudden great embarrassment fell upon her.

"Do you like the—the dress?" she faltered, smoothing down the shining folds with her gloved hands. He looked at her as at some new revelation—which thing, in truth, she was to him. For the first time he saw that her eyes were grandly cut, and like darkest velvet—that she had the skin of a Spanish girl, and that her crown of hair was such as a princess might envy.

"The dress?" he echoed. "Yes, of course. It is a wonderful tone to so transmogrify you that you seem no longer to be Polly. Or have I been blind all along? And so you are going to Miss Greylock's wedding? Ah," and he writhed, "how this wretched limb pains me today! Well, go, child, and get your first look at grandeur. And," with a groan, "take my congratulations to the bride. I wish her unlimited happiness. Sir Gervase is a downright good fellow, with no nonsense about him—yes, by Jove! he is as worthy of her as—ah—as she is of him!"

Polly put on the hat and wrap, which campleted, her pretty costume, and entered the Greylock carriage, feeling, indeed, like Cinderella on her way to the ball.

The church, a quiet, gray edifice, stood but a few blocks distant on the main street of Blackport. A most unusual stir and bustle pervaded the sacred building this morning. Splendid equipages dashed up to its open doors. Rich carpets stretched from the entrance down to the shabby sidewalk. Within, costly flowers made a mass of splendor all about the chancel, hung from the roof, and filled the baptismal font—orchids, myrtles, orange-blossoms, jasmine and waxy camellias, tube-roses, with their overpowering odor, and the uplifted cups of royal lilies.

Crowds of elegant people occupied the pews—invited guests. The purple and fine linen, the wave of gorgeous fans, the flash of jewels, the smart ushers flying up and down, with wedding favors in their buttonholes, frightened and bewildered poor Polly. She was glad to creep into a seat far back near the entrance, whence she could see and not be seen. In the midst of such a gathering, the nameless girl felt like some humble wayside weed cast among hothouse exotics.

Ah, the appointed hour was striking at last! The white-robed rector stood ready to perform his office. Sir Gervase and his best man were already in their place; but the bride's party had not yet appeared. All necks were being craned toward the door, and all ears were on the *qui vive* for its approach.

Polly bowed her devout head, and whispered one prayer for the future happiness of the girl whom she dared call sister *only* in her prayers. While thus absorbed, somebody crowded into the pew, and sat down by her side. As Polly lifted her eyes again, they encountered the stout figure and swarthy, scarred face of Hannah Johnson.

She recoiled in sudden aversion. What chance had brought that creature to sit by her through this ceremony? The two looked hard at each other for one instant—the next, a breathless expectation fell on everybody in the church—the bride's party had entered the porch—it was at the door—it was sweeping up the aisle toward the chancel.

The hot tears rushed to Polly's eyes.

There was Miss Pamela, in gray satin and a bonnet of gray ostrich feathers. There was Godfrey Greylock, proud, triumphant, his cold face softened now with his great happiness. There was Mrs. Iris, limping along, in a dress of Lyons velvet, with diamonds and point-lace for ornaments, her faded face powdered and rouged, as usual—that woman who represented to Polly all that was false and unscrupulous in the world. There were the pretty, smiling bridesmaids, in cream-color; and, chiefest of all—the crowning splendor of all, there was Ethel Greylock, in a magnificent bridal robe of *duchesse* satin, overlaid with a mist of *Venise* point, diamond stars fastening the cobweb vail to her hair, orange-blossoms drooping on her corsage—Ethel Greylock, almost unearthly in her glory of yellow tresses and dazzling snow-tints—the sister who had, as a little child, lived, loved and suffered with Polly in Harmony Alley, and for whose loss the elder girl had mourned long weary years. Alas! Polly knew only too well that the life-paths which had run parallel in the old tenement-house would never cross again, when this day was past. She was looking for the last time upon her darling. Nan would go her own way to new splendor, new happiness across the sea; and she—Polly—well, she would faithfully keep her sister's secret, and she would accept Vandine's bounty, and go to school, and do her best to worthily fill some humble niche in life.

They were at the altar now—they had taken their places before the white-robed rector. Godfrey Greylock was to give the bride away. Through the stained glass of a chancel window the morning sunshine poured in upon the company, like a heavenly blessing. Then the deep voice of the clergyman began:

"We are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the face of this company, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony. . . . If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace."

Hannah Johnson started up from the side of Polly, and flew down the aisle. In her face the sinister hatred of years was mingled with a sort of dark triumph. Verily, her hour had come at last.

"Stop!" she cried, in a loud voice; "stop! I forbid the bans!"

If a thunderbolt had fallen in the church, the amazement could scarcely have been greater. Iris Greylock alone uttered a wild scream.

"Don't speak!" she implored, throwing out her hands, as if to hold back the waiting-woman's words. "For God's sake, don't speak, Hannah!"

"I've minded your voice for the last time, ma'am," answered Hannah Johnson, insolently. "I *will* speak, and all these fine folks shall hear me! The truth ought to have been told long ago. This man and woman shall *not* be joined in matrimony, at least till Sir Gervase Greylock knows who it is he's marrying. The girl by his side—I can swear it before God!—hasn't a shadow of right to the name she bears. Robert Greylock's daughter died when a baby, and this creature was taken from a vile city slum—from the very gutter—and palmed off on Godfrey Greylock as his grandchild. I know of what I speak, for I was the person who bought her from the drunken hag that owned her—a matter of twelve years, or so, ago!"

She had been planning this revenge for weeks. She rolled the fatal words upon her tongue, as if their taste was sweet, and dropped them, like bombs, into the midst of the flowers, the sunshine, the rich fabrics, the joyful company. Every living creature in the church, even to the rector, stood as if petrified.

Polly, indeed, started up in her seat, but paused again, irresolute, her scared face gray with consternation.

"If you'd but listened to me that night on the terrace, sir," went on Hannah Johnson, turning to the bridegroom, "you might have known these facts before. It's your own fault that two or three women have made you their easy prey. To secure the Greylock money, Robert's widow was forced to find a child to take the place of her own dead one. It was about the time she wrote *you* the letters, ma'am," looking now to Miss Pamela, who might have posed for a statue of horror. "We were next door to utter want. We found this little girl begging on the street. She had fair hair and blue eyes, like Robert Greylock himself, and prettiness enough to meet any number of hard old grandfathers. I tracked her to a den, where she lived with a sister, and an old beldam, who owned the two children. I gave the crone a hundred dollars of *your* money," with a nod to Miss Pam, "and took the child away.

"At first she made us no end of trouble, crying day and night for her sister. We beat her, and stupefied her with drugs. Then she fell sick, and we thought she'd die on our hands; but she was too tough for that, and, luckily for us, as she got well she seemed to forget her old life. To be sure, now and then she'd fall into a tantrum about her sister Polly, but I soon whipped the last of that safely out of her.

"We found her very quick and bright. She easily learned the part she had to play, and then Mrs. Iris took her to the Woods and presented her to Godfrey Greylock as his heiress—the child of his dead son—ha, ha!"

Godfrey Greylock staggered, and clutched the chancel-rail. No eyes had ever seen upon his face such a look as blanched and convulsed it now.

"It's a lie!" he shouted, hoarsely. "The woman is mad!"

"Ask your daughter-in-law if it's a lie," sneered Hannah Johnson, pointing to Mrs. Iris, who was cowering in helpless terror, her face hidden in her lace handkerchief. "Does she *look* as if 'twas a lie, Godfrey Greylock?"

He grasped Mrs. Iris wildly.

"Speak!" he cried. "Have I been your dupe all these years—*I?* Speak! Is this story true or false?"

She saw that the game was up—that the end of all her fraudulent scheming, her lies, her utter falsity, had come. Finding herself thus face to face with hopeless ruin, she grew defiant, reckless.

"It is true!" she answered. "Why should I attempt to deny it? *You* only are to blame, Godfrey Greylock. You drove me to it. I was perishing with want, and without a child, how could I hope to wring anything from you? Unfortunately for me, my own daughter had died years before."

"Yes, she left it to die when she ran away with her lover, Arthur Kenyon," explained Hannah Johnson, spitefully. "As soon as the pair heard of Robert Greylock's suicide, they married. I took service with Mrs. Kenyon soon after. A cat-and-dog's life she lived with her second husband. Together they squandered all his fortune, and her own earnings besides. Then they were divorced in some Western city, where my lady was then dancing, and the man went his way and the woman hers."

"Traitress!" shrieked Mrs. Iris. "Now you have told everything. There is nothing more to be hidden from any one!"

Godfrey Greylock stood for an instant, as if struggling to gather the resources of his strong nature to meet this blow—this utter destruction of all his household gods; then they saw him sway slightly, and throw out a helpless hand—one fearful shriek escaped the bride—the first sound that her lips had uttered, and then—*then* the old master of the Woods fell, without word or sign, face downward to the floor of the chancel!

Sir Gervase dropped the hand of his bride, and with the rector, sprang to lift the fallen man. Never again would the proud eyes flash in anger, never again would the stern lips open in wrath. Across his ghastly face and iron-gray hair the light from the stained-glass window slanted mockingly. No voice was needed to proclaim the terrible truth, it could be seen at a glance. Apoplexy, that foe which leaps like lightning on its victims, had done its swift and fatal work. All was over. Godfrey Greylock lay in the arms that supported him, motionless, voiceless, stone-dead!

Wild confusion followed. From a place of flowers and sunshine and bridal rejoicing, the church was now turned into the solemn temple of death.

Iris Greylock went off into violent hysterics, and screamed and clung to Sir Gervase, crying:

"Oh, surely *you* will befriend me—*you* will see that I am not driven into the street to starve!"

Miss Pam's cries rose to the very roof. Involuntarily the white, stricken bride, started toward her with arms outstretched; but Miss Pam, half beside herself, waved her back with a gesture of aversion.

"No, no!" she shuddered, "don't come near me—don't touch me. You have killed him, you have killed him!"

Ethel Greylock staggered, as if from a blow. She stared piteously at Aunt Pam for an instant—Aunt Pam, whose idol she had been for years and years—then, swift as thought, she turned from the altar, where no marriage vows of hers would be heard this day—turned from the dead and the living alike, and with her face frozen in a sort of white horror, and eyes set like a sleep-walker's, she flashed straight through the crowd, and down the aisle to the church-door. Before she reached it, however, Polly had darted out of her pew, and thrust forth two intercepting arms.

"Oh, I never meant to speak," she sobbed, "I never meant to claim you, though I knew you all the time. Nan, darling, do you know me—your sister?"

In the supreme agony of the moment Ethel Greylock

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did not see the extended arms, she did not even recognize the girl who had once saved her life, and the name of her childhood was now a strange sound in her ears. Past Polly's tears, and wistful loving face, she looked straight into blank, cold space.

"No, I do not know you," she answered, hoarsely; "and I have no sister!"

And she pushed Polly aside and darted—a startling vision, indeed—out of the church-door, into the open day—into view of all the curious, gaping people gathered about the entrance.

Nearest to the gate waited a carriage from the Woods, with a servant of the Greylock household on the driver's seat. Ethel, alone, unattended, in her bridal white, made a quick sign to the man. He leaped promptly down and opened his vehicle.

"Drive with all possible speed to the villa," she ordered, hoarsely, and sprang in, and drew the silken shade over the carriage-window. By the time Polly reached the gate the horses were flying up the street.

Jostling and pushing her aside, the guests now came pouring out of the church. Consternation was in every face. No one seemed to think of the bride—the false creature who had been picked from the gutter by an unprincipled woman, and shamelessly foisted upon the old, aristocratic Greylocks as their rightful heiress. They tumbled into their carriages, eager to escape from the place where they had met death at the altar, instead of bridal joy; eager, also, to carry the fearful news to those who, as yet, knew it not.

Polly made her way out of the rush as best she could. She had heard Ethel's order to the coachman, and she started at a rapid pace for the villa.

Nan was hers now—hers again, in spite of the gulf of years, and the widely different experiences which divided them!—all her fine friends had turned away from her, even the baronet had made no attempt to detain her, as she escaped from the church. Indeed, between the living Mrs. Iris and the dead Godfrey Greylock he had not seemed to see the flight of his bride. She, Polly, must hasten now to Nan, she must comfort her in this hour of anguish and despair.

She took the short way across the frozen marshes. Never had the distance seemed so interminable. She appeared not to move, while in reality she was skimming the slippery ground like a bird. At last, at last the brown tower arose before her eyes! She rushed into the great house, where the servants were already huddling together, and whispering in corners, as if conscious that evil was at hand. Hopkins ran to meet her.

"Is she here?" gasped Polly.

"Yes, she is here—if you mean Miss Fairy," answered Hopkins, bewildered and incoherent. "What has happened, do you know? Can you tell us? She came rushing in a few minutes ago like a ghost, no bridegroom, no grandpa, nobody with her, and looking dreadful, and would not answer a question, but goes flying up the stair, and locks herself in her own chamber, and I pounding on the door ever since and coaxing and praying to know what the matter can be, and not a word in reply. Lor'! lor'! Is the baronet dead or run away, and has there been a wedding or not?"

"There has been no wedding," answered Polly, wildly; "and some dreadful things have happened, Hopkins—the worst that you can think. Come with me—come! She must open the door, she must speak to us—she is desperate, she will do herself some injury."

"Heavens above! *What* has really happened?" insisted Hopkins.

"There was an interruption in the ceremony. Godfrey Greylock fell dead. Tell the servants to put the wedding-breakfast out of sight, and prepare the house to receive the corpse of its master."

With that she flew to Ethel's door, and rapped gently on the panel.

"Open, Miss Greylock, to a friend," she implored, in a trembling voice. She would not again venture to call her "sister."

There was no sound from within. Weeping bitterly, Polly entreated:

"Courage, dear Miss Greylock! You will not be cast off or forsaken. It is no fault of yours—you, at least, are innocent. Open the door to one who loves you."

"Oh, can she have destroyed herself?" cried Hopkins, in alarm. "I've heard of such things. Miss Fairy, I'm holding a glass of wine for you—you must be ready to sink, my dear. Open the door to poor old Hopkins."

They listened, but there was no movement, no answer. They prayed and entreated, but no voice replied. The door was fast, and a deathly silence reigned inside the chamber.

Suddenly a step echoed on the landing. Polly turned, and saw Sir Gervase Greylock. As he approached she looked at him resentfully, but his face was as unreadable as stone.

"Where is she?" he asked of the two women.

Hopkins pointed to the chamber.

"In yonder, sir. But she will not answer, nor open to us. I'm afraid she's done harm to herself."

He grasped the door and shook it violently.

"Open, Ethel!" he cried.

But she was as deaf to this voice as she had been to the others.

"Your friends are here, Ethel—come out to them!" he called.

But she came not, neither replied.

"There is something wrong in this," said the baronet. "Stand aside."

And as the two women obeyed he set his shoulder to the door and forced it from its hinges. The three rushed together into Ethel's chamber.

The wintry sunshine was streaming in through the drapery of the windows. On the floor lay the dress of *duchesse* satin, the cobweb vail, the orange-flowers—all the mocking beauty of the bridal toilet, just as it had been torn from the wearer, and flung down in a confused heap. But the room itself was empty. Another door, communicating with a dressing-room and Miss Pam's apartments, stood wide open, as if to indicate the way which the fugitive had taken. They ran hither and thither, they called her name, but Ethel was gone.

CHAPTER XXIX.

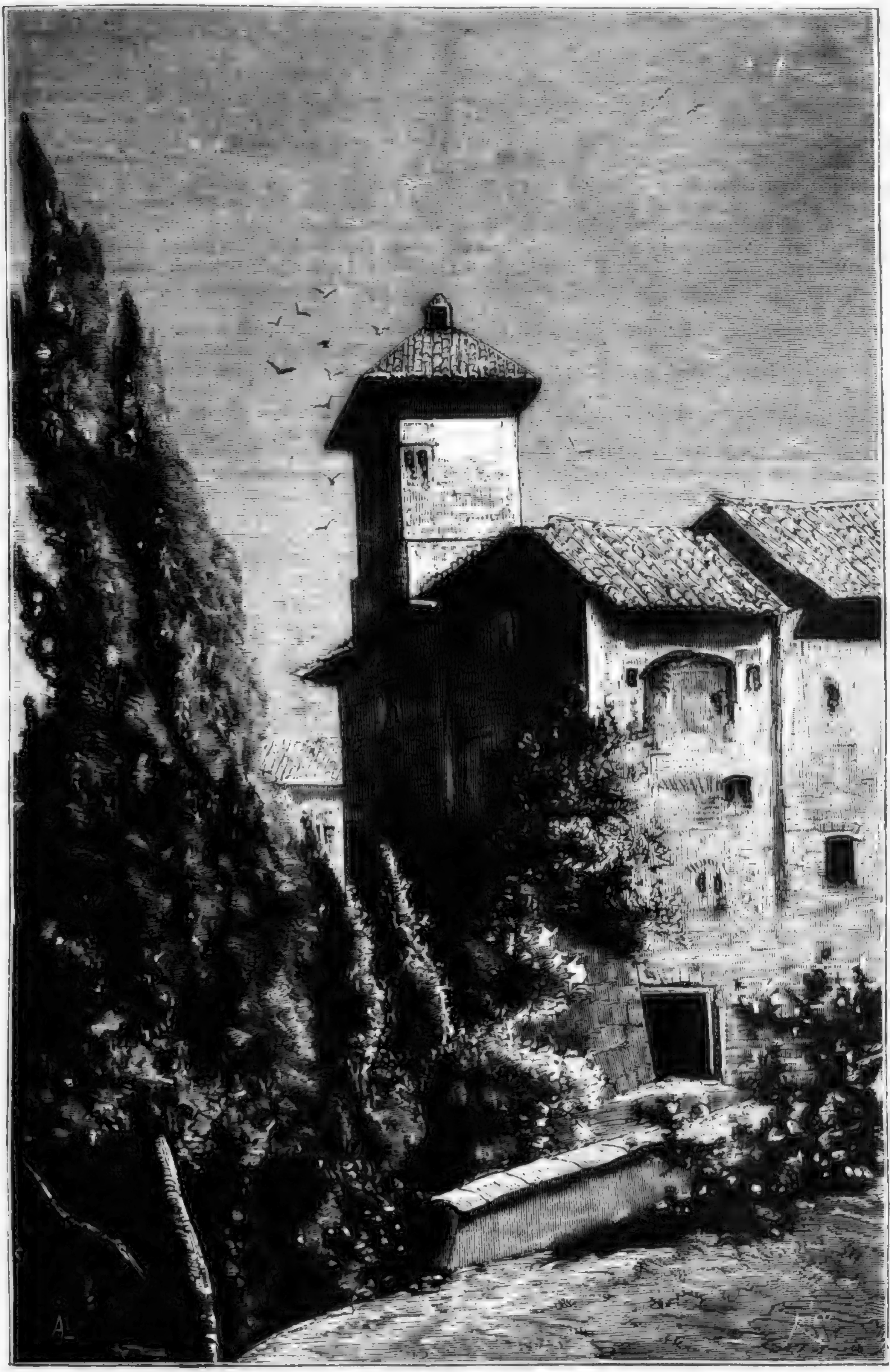
POLLY SPEAKS.

We looked at each other blankly. She had escaped from the church in advance of all others, thrown off her bridal garments at the villa, and gone—whither? I wrung my hands.

"She's fled without a word. Oh, whatever will become of her, cast out in the world like this, and she bred to do nothing—to be nothing but a helpless lady!" I cried.

"Did no one see her leave the house?" demanded Sir Gervase of Hopkins.

"No," gasped the housekeeper; "we were not watching for that. Of course, we hadn't heard of the doings at the church, and couldn't be supposed to know there were any reasons for her going away."



THE LADIES' TOWER AT GRANADA.—FROM A PAINTING BY LHARDY.

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"She may still be in the villa," said Sir Gervase; "it is scarcely possible that she can have fled with no word to any one."

We searched the house from roof to foundation, but found no Ethel. Woful confusion reigned everywhere. In his sumptuous library Godfrey Greylock lay stark and voiceless—no more the autocrat of his own dominions. A few of the wedding guests had accompanied the body to the villa, but they soon departed. Miss Pamela was shut in her own chamber—a distracted, heart-broken woman. The servants reminded me of a flock of frightened sheep. Sir Gervase alone was quiet and composed.

"Remain here with Hopkins for the present," he said to me; "she will need you. I myself am going to the town to search for Miss Greylock—perhaps to bring her back with me."

He called Nan by her old name—I thought it a good omen.

"She must be found," he added, firmly; "and at once—at once!"

"God bless him for saying that!" whispered Hopkins in my ear.

He went away alone. With the help of the servants, Hopkins and I swept out of sight the wedding breakfast which no one had tasted, and closed and darkened the whole house. As the undertaker and his assistants were holding possession of the place, I retired to the housekeeper's room to await the baronet's return.

An hour passed. The silence and gloom which had fallen over the villa pressed like lead on my heart. Whither could she, who was still called Ethel Greylock, have gone? Would the baronet find her? If he did not, one thing was certain: I must go in search of her myself—I must renew the old, old quest. Surely I seemed fated to be always, always looking for poor Nan!

Whatever pity Sir Gervase might feel for the girl who had been in a moment bereft of name, kin and fortune, it was preposterous to imagine that the two could longer be as they had been, or that such a thing as marriage was now possible between them. He was English, he was a Greylock, he had all the prejudices peculiar to his own rank and condition. No! Nan had surely lost her titled lover for ever.

"And yet so far as her future happiness is concerned," I sighed to myself, "it was better that Hannah Johnson should speak five minutes before, rather than five minutes after, the ceremony."

A door opened behind my chair, and looking up, I saw Hannah Johnson herself peering, like a ghoul, into the room.

She had expected to find Hopkins, and seeing me, a stranger, in the housekeeper's place, she drew back a step and her face changed.

"Who are you?" she asked.

I arose.

"That's of no consequence;" and, then, as my eyes flashed over the traveling-shawl on her arm, the traveling-bag in her hand, I added: "So Mrs. Iris Greylock has turned you out at last? Having betrayed your mistress, you are sent to shift for yourself? Of course you expected that."

She seemed confounded.

"How do you know me?" she said, stepping boldly into the room. "Let me look at you! You are the girl who sat in the same pew with me at the church."

I gazed straight into her wicked eyes.

"Think further back than that," I said; "there were two children begging together, Hannah Johnson, at the door of that Boston shop—two children living with Granny Scrag in Harmony Alley—sisters—though very unlike each other. That 'black wretch,' the elder, had a more tenacious memory than the younger. I am she."

She stared.

"Eh? I remember the little brat—Polly, she called herself, and she *was* a keen one. Once, two or three years after, Mrs. Greylock went up to town with Fairy, and that same limb gave chase to their carriage, and got run over for her pains. We were hoping she was killed. Well, miss, have you claimed kinship with your sister yet? and is Sir Gervase Greylock going to marry her now, and make her My Lady? This day I've wiped out some old scores with Miss Fairy! I stand even with her at last, and with all the Greylock brood. 'Twas pure rage that killed the Great Mogul—who's to have his money now, I wonder——"

She stopped at sound of the opening door. The next moment Sir Gervase entered.

"What brings you here, woman?" he said to Hannah Johnson.

She started back a step, as she might well do, for his look was formidable.

"I came in for a few last words with that creature Hopkins," she stammered. "I'm going to leave Rose Cottage for good, and I wanted," with a grin, "to say good-by to some of my friends here. You owe me thanks, Sir Gervase, for saving you from such a marriage as you were on the point of making to-day, but grand folks are an ungrateful lot the world over."

"Go!" he said, briefly, pointing to the door.

She turned to me with this parting shot:

"Good-by, Polly. You can carry your sister back now to her precious grandmother. We made a lady of the brat—she fared as sumptuously as Dives himself here at the Woods. Now let her return to her native gutter. With all her fine airs and good looks, that's where she belongs. She's served her purpose with the Greylocks—take her now," with a malignant laugh, "to that gin-soaked hag who must need her, by this time, to comfort her last years."

Then she went, and I ran to Sir Gervase Greylock.

"What news?" I gasped.

"I have heard of her at the Blackport Station," he answered, gravely; "a lady, vailed and muffled, purchased a ticket there for Boston, and left by the noon express. She spoke to no one—she was alone and without luggage—the station-master thought her a stranger." Then he fixed his gray eyes on me, in a peculiarly searching way. "What did that woman mean by calling you the sister of Miss Greylock? Is it true? Do you indeed sustain such a relation to her?"

I felt that the wisest thing I could now do was to tell Nan's story and mine to this man. I wasted no words. I said as little as possible about myself.

He listened silently. Alas! if he had been secretly cherishing any doubt concerning the truth of Hannah Johnson's disclosures, this narrative of mine must have destroyed it then and there. Presently, in a low voice, he said:

"Then you are not certain that Granny Scrag *was* your grandmother?"

"No. She called us her grandchildren—Nan and I—we had no other proof."

"You even feared at times that Nan was not your sister?"

"Yes," I sighed. "You who have seen us both—you who know what she is, cannot wonder at that."

He took a turn across the floor.

"The first thing to be done, Polly, is to find Granny

Scrag—if that beldam is still above ground. Strange that you never thought of returning to her, if only to discover her actual relations to you and Nan."

"My horror of gran and the alley was such," I answered, "that no ordinary consideration could have induced me to go back to them. Moreover, gran would not have told *me* the truth if I had begged it on my knees—she always hated me far, far more than she hated Nan."

"A bribe might open her lips."

"Yes; she was always greedy for money."

He drew out his watch. I could see that he was much agitated.

"It is more than likely that the hag is not akin to either you or Nan. A train leaves Blackport in half an hour. Make ready, and we will start immediately for Harmony Alley—every moment is precious. I only fear that granny may have gone the way of all flesh—you thought her very old ten years ago?"

"Yes," I answered, "but she was probably not more than sixty or thereabouts, though she seemed ancient indeed to me."

The carriage still stood at the door. Sir Gervase called Hopkins, and told her of the errand which called us up to town.

Before it everything else, even the dead man in the library, seemed to sink into insignificance. I cared for nothing now but to discover the truth concerning Nan—her birth, her parentage. About myself I never thought. It was not of the slightest consequence whether *I* was of Granny Scrag's blood or not, but my beautiful, fugitive Nan!—how fervently I prayed that some happier revelation might await us regarding *her!*

Twenty minutes later Sir Gervase Greylock and I were at Blackport Station, and the train was puffing in to meet us across the frozen marshes. It was a consolation to find myself following Nan's footsteps so soon. She had fled to the city—by some kind chance we might encounter her there—perhaps she, too, had gone to search for Harmony Alley and Granny Scrag.

"But, no," I said to myself, despondently; "she does not remember the place—she was such a baby when she was taken away! and Hannah Johnson told us of the shameful means employed to make her forget everything."

In the cold, dull December afternoon, we alighted at the city depot. There was nothing remarkable in the appearance of either of us. Hopkins had tied a thick vail over my hat, and thrown a comfortable wrap of her own about my shoulders. Sir Gervase wore a long gray overcoat, buttoned to his ears, and was commonplace enough to look upon. Certainly no one would have suspected him of being a gentleman of birth and title.

On descending to the platform he rushed to the officials of the place, and assailed them with questions, but alas! hundreds of ladies had come and gone there since noon—handsome ladies, muffled ladies. It was like seeking for the lost needle in the mow of hay. No information concerning Nan could be obtained at the depot.

"I really had no right to hope for anything *here*," said Sir Gervase, gloomily, and he called a carriage, and we started for Harmony Alley.

My heart beat violently, as we turned into the disreputable quarter where the tenement-house had stood long years before. Old landmarks began to arise on all sides. Few changes had taken place in the locality. At the entrance to the alley the carriage stopped, and Sir Gervase and I alighted. I glanced around.

"Yes," I said, "this is the place. And the tenement-house is here, and it is still a tenement-house. Will you wait at the entrance, sir, or will you come with me? It used to be a terrible den in the old days."

"I will go with you," he answered; "lead on."

I went down the familiar alley, reeking with dirt, and swarming, as it seemed, with the very gamins that used to wage war with me in my childhood.

Sir Gervase and I stepped into a dark hallway, where two vixenish women, with unkempt heads and drink-flushed faces, stood hurling all sorts of invectives at each other.

"Madam," said Sir Gervase, politely addressing the fiercer of the two, "I beg leave to ask if there is an old woman called Scrag living anywhere in this house?"

The pair stopped their battle to stare at us. A person of respectable appearance was rarely seen in Harmony Alley. I held my breath for the woman's answer. It came at last, mingled with two or three oaths.

"Granny Scrag? That's the witch in the attic. She gits the brass by begging on the streets. Yes, young man; follow your nose up the stair yonder, till you can't follow it further, and you'll find yourself there."

I glided ahead of Sir Gervase, he came after with mighty strides.

Yes, the same old rickety stairs, down which I had more than once been kicked by Granny Scrag; it seemed as if I must meet Pietro, and the organ-grinder and the monkey, as I flew up. The same dark, reeking landings, and lo! the same garret-door, sagging on its hinges, at the head of the last flight, and beyond it the purgatory of my childhood—the attic where I had lived and suffered with Nan!

I pushed back the door, which could never be locked. The dirty skylight, the cupboard in the wall, the bed of rags, the broken stove—all were there; but the place had no human occupant.

"This is the room," I said, to Sir Gervase, "but granny is not here."

"We must wait for her," he answered.

There was no fire in the stove, and the garret was bitterly cold. He set a broken chair for me, and began himself to walk about under the skylight.

"Look at this room!" I burst out, in uncontrollable bitterness, "and then think of Greylock Woods, and the life which Nan has led there!—think of the luxury, the refinement, the unlimited affection, that have surrounded her for years—yes, ever since she could clearly remember anything. You say, doubtless, that Godfrey Greylock and his sister were cruelly deceived—that you also suffered; but I tell you my poor sister has sustained the most grievous wrong of all! To be thrust in a moment out of her Eden, back to such a place as this—to be left without even a name—oh!"—I struck my hands sharply together, for *I* knew, if he did not, what it was to be hopeless and friendless and poor—"God keep her!"

He opened his lips to answer, but just at that moment we heard a labored step and a wheezy breath on the stair, the door swung back, and a woman, bent nearly double, and holding a staff in one hand and an old basket in the other, tottered into the chamber. Granny Scrag!

It seemed to me that her ragged gown and shawl were the same she had worn in my childhood; at any rate, they exhaled the old familiar odor of gin. Her ugly, mummy-like face, her stiff gray hair, her obtrusive bones, were quite unchanged. She stopped short at sight of two strangers in possession of the attic, and dropped her basket—granny was pursuing the occupation of street-beggar, which I had relinquished so abruptly long years before.

"Who are you, and what do you want here?" she snarled, looking from me to the baronet, and from the baronet back to me.

Sir Gervase advanced briskly.

"We have business of importance with you, madam," he answered. "Who we are is of no consequence just now. What we want," dashing recklessly into the heart of the matter, "is information concerning two children who once lived in this place with you—two little girls, named Nan and Polly. You called them your granddaughters."

The wretched old creature dropped upon a broken chair. I could not but pity her in her destitution, her forsaken and wicked old age. She clutched at the ragged shawl crossed on her bosom.

"So!" she answered, shaking either with age or agitation; "them brats! What do ye want to know about 'em?" with a gleam of cunning in her sunken eyes.

I had told him her weak point. He drew a roll of banknotes from his pocket.

"Many things—yes, all that you can tell us," he replied. "Do you see this money? It shall be yours, if you will answer my questions regarding those children."

She eyed the notes greedily.

"Oh, that I will, sir!" she whined. "It is little money I ever see nowadays. Times is hard, and begging ain't what it used to be. Seems as if people's hearts got harder every year. I'm poor, sir, and I'm old, and I'm alone in the world, and it all comes of them two young 'uns! I ought," resentfully—"I ought to have had more for Nan. A hundred dollars wasn't worth taking, and she as pretty as a pictur. It ruined me, that bargain did!"

I could keep silent no longer. I cried out in spite of myself:

"Tell the truth, now, granny—you *must* tell the truth! Were those children your own flesh and blood—had you any right to have and to hold them, to call yourself their grandmother? It is Nan that we most care to know about, the child you sold to a strange servant-woman in this very attic. She was no more like you than day is like night. She could *not* have been of your blood—it is monstrous to believe it! Tell the truth, the truth! What was her real name? How did you get possession of her?"

She turned, as if startled by something in my voice, and gave me a piercing look. I think she recognized me at that very moment.

"How did I git possession of Nan?—I don't mind telling you the story. I had a daughter-in-law once, the widow of my one only son, who was a sailor, and was lost at sea the first v'yage arter his marriage. Judith lived with me—she was a good girl, kind and dutiful. Well, by-and-by, she married again, being but young, and her second choice was a wild blade of a fellow—a clog-dancer in a variety theatre. He came to a sudden end in some kind of a drunken frolic, and when her baby was born, Judith died, too, and left the child to my care. That brat was Nan. She was like her father, Jack Harkness—he was called Handsome Jack and Lightfooted Jack, among sporting folks—he had a comely face, as well as a pair of wonderful heels. Now I ask ye, was Nan mine or not? Had I any claim to her or not? And," with sharp suspicion, "what's all this to *ye* anyway, and how'd ye ever know there was a Nan and a Poll here?"

"Thank God!" I burst out; "she was *not* of your blood, then!—she was in no way related to you!"

"I'm thinking Jack Harkness's blood was no better than mine," sneered Granny Scrag. "Nan was the child of my daughter-in-law's second marriage. There wasn't one of her own kin left on earth when her mother died—I was her nearest, so I say again, Nan belonged to me."

From poverty and obscurity—from common, not to say disreputable, people, Nan, the queenly, the beautiful, had sprung! I could think of nothing but a lily growing out of turbid waters.

The baronet spoke not a word. His face was like carven stone.

"Many's the time," whined the old woman, "I've been sorry I parted with Nan. The price I got was too little—too little—and I need her now to work for me, and take care of me, like as Judith, her mother, would do this day, if she were a-living. Ye two must be friends of hers, or ye wouldn't be here asking about her. Where is she?" starting suddenly up on her shaky old legs. "I'm going to have her back. She must be a fine grown woman by this time."

The baronet made a gesture.

"Sit down, Mrs.—— Pardon, you have not mentioned your own name."

"It's Black, young gentleman, but I haven't been called by it for twenty year."

"Sit down again, Mrs. Black. At present Nan's friends do not know where she is—she has left them under peculiar circumstances. Let me remind you that you have told but half of your story. There were two children. Only one belonged to your son's widow. Now, what of the other—who was *she?*"

Granny Scrag looked at him askance.

"You mean black Poll?—oh, that's another matter!"

"Explain. The children could not have been sisters?"

She turned sharply to me.

"No, they wasn't sisters. Perhaps *ye'd* like to hear something about Polly, miss?" she grinned.

Not till that moment had I thought of myself. Now my dormant curiosity awoke.

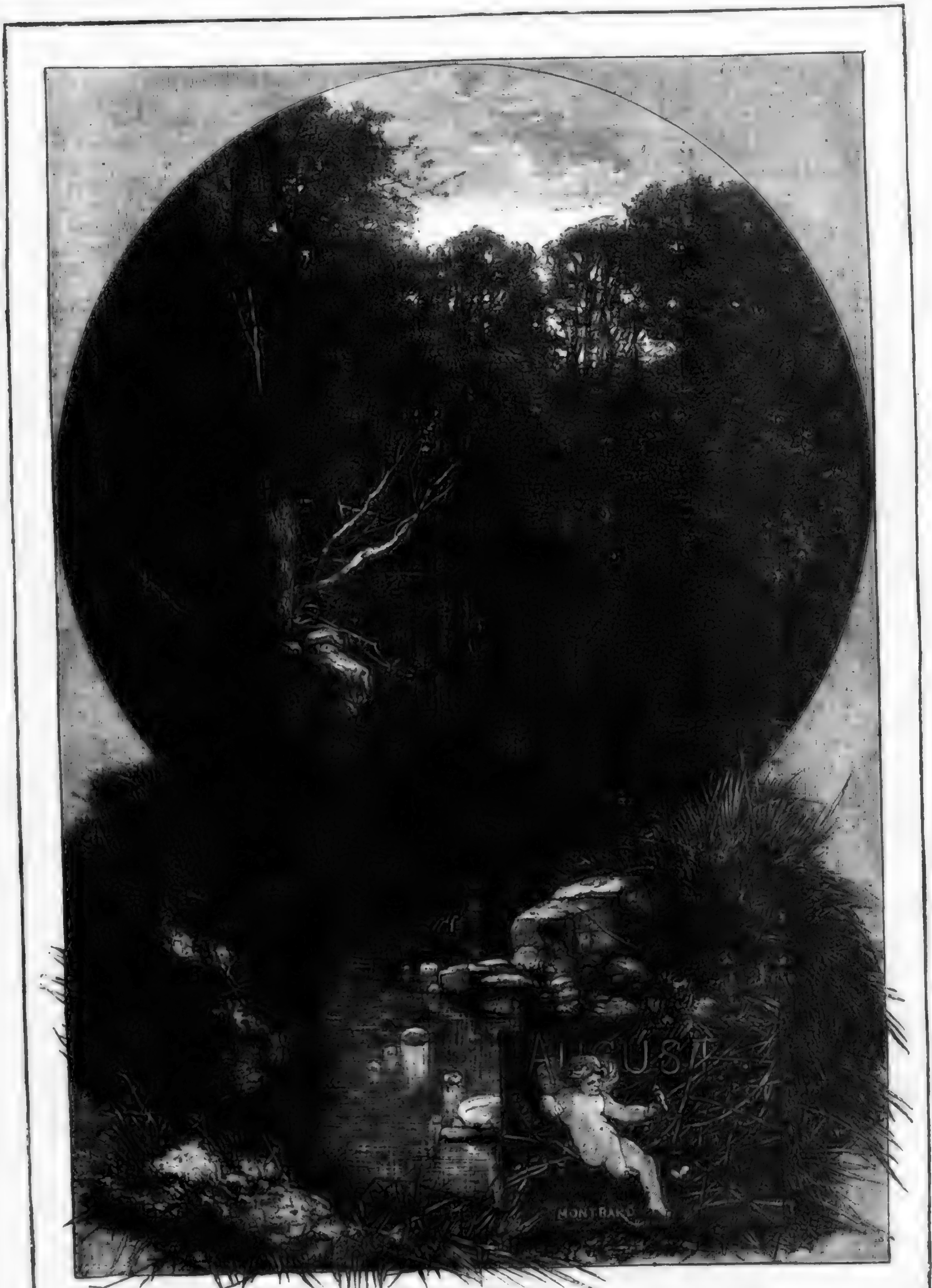
"Yes," I answered, eagerly; "indeed I would!"

"I'm a poor, forsaken old woman," whined Granny Scrag, "that begs her bread from door to door, and hasn't a decent rag to her back. Don't ye see I'm a-shaking with the cold in this garret? Throw that fine wrap of yours over my poor old shoulders, miss."

I obeyed. It was Hopkins's mantle, but I did not think of that. She gathered her new garment around her with lively satisfaction.

"There was something queer about Polly," she began, "and the way I had her left to me. I don't rightly know who she was—I've never knowed. Afore Judith up and married Handsome Jack, she and I—both decent widows—lived at the west end of the city, and got our living doing fine laundry-work, and boarding babies of the poor sort. One Winter night—'twas years and years and years ago!—a man, handsome and young, and with the air of a gentleman, came to our door, bringing in his arms a sick baby. 'Twas a miserable little atom, with the skin jest drawn over its bones, and the look of death on its face. Both Judith and I thought it wouldn't last till morning. The young man was in trouble of some kind—we didn't make out what. He give no account of hisself, but said he'd got to leave the city that night, and couldn't take the baby with him, and he asked to leave it till the next day. He said 'twas his own daughter, and he gave us her name and his own, honest and prompt enough. Judith promised to take care of the brat, and he left a banknote, and a ring, marked with some letters, and then went away, and neither of us ever laid eyes on him afterward.

"Judith took the sick baby in hand, and nursed and tended it, as if 'twas her own, and all of a sudden it


AUGUST
MONTBARD

THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR—AUGUST.—BY MONTBARD.

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began to pick up and mend, and finally it got well. When we found the father wasn't coming back, I told Judith to fling it into the street, but she wouldn't, and she didn't. She held on to it, always vowing the father was honest, and would come some time, and pay us for our trouble. The young 'un's name was marked on all its little clothes, and Judith took great care of the duds, and put them by, as if they was gold, because, she said, they might help the child to claim her own father, if so be she should grow too big to be known of him when he put in his appearance.

"From the first I hated the young 'un as much as Judith liked it. 'Twas a thin, brown little scrap, with black eyes, like beads, and an ugly red patch, like a hand, covering one of its skinny shoulders—a sort of birthmark; but Judith petted it, and declared she'd keep it always, pay or no pay.

"When we'd had the castaway a year or so, Judith married Jack Harkness, and give up the baby boarders, but not black Poll—her she wouldn't part with; and when we'd kept her another year, and not a cent for it, Judith died, and left her own young 'un to me, and about the last thing she made me do was to swear I'd never part with Poll till her own kin claimed her, but take care of her with little Nan, and let no harm come to the baby-clothes and the ring; and to ease her mind I swore it, for she seemed to feel as bad to leave one child as the other; and that's how I got myself saddled with Poll."

She had probably never told the story before in her life, and suddenly throwing the end of Hopkins's mantle over her head, she began to rock back and forth, and to groan dismally.

"I was heartbroke after Judith died," she said, "and what with trouble, and the bother of finding bread for two brats that wasn't worth the raising, I took to gin, and things went wrong, and I drifted down here to the alley, and sent the young 'uns on to the streets to beg."

The baronet cried out, quickly, sharply: "Where are the things of which you speak?—the clothing—the ring? Did you keep them, as you promised?"

Granny Scrag nodded.

"Yes; I kept 'em. I've wanted to sell 'em often enough, sometimes for bread, sometimes for gin; then I'd think the man might turn up unexpected like, and ask for 'em—so I held on."

"Bring them to me!" commanded Sir Gervase.

She arose with difficulty, and hobbled to a corner of the attic—to the cupboard which I remembered as a receptacle for broken victuals and the never-failing bottle. There she fumbled about for a long time, while the baronet and I watched her silently. After awhile she raised a broken board, and drew out a parcel, wrapped in moldy brown paper, and tied about with common twine. This she opened, and a little roll of clothing, yellow with age, dropped out—also a man's ring, set with a big red stone—a ruby.

The baronet picked up the latter. I ran and snatched the tiny, time-stained garments. They were fine and delicate in texture, and on their discolored bands a name, still legible, was written. I spelled it out slowly—the light was waning in the room—then stared, then spelled it again, then turned and looked wildly at Sir Gervase.

He was holding out to me the ruby ring. On its inner surface I saw a crest and two letters "R. G." cut in the tarnished gold.

I pointed to the mark on the clothing.

"Read!" I gasped, "and tell me if I am going mad?"

Sir Gervase read the name aloud in that miserable attic—"*Ethel Greylock!*"

"Yes," said Granny Scrag, "that's what the young gentleman called his baby, but 'twas too grand for Judith and me, so we just christened her Polly. His own name, he said, was Robert Greylock."

In spite of the look on the baronet's face, I could not, at first, grasp the truth.

"This is astounding!" he cried.

"Can you understand it—can you believe it?" I muttered feebly, as, clutching the bits of worn and yellow linen, I gazed helplessly from him to Granny Scrag.

"Yes, I understand it, and I believe it!" answered Sir Gervase. "This very day, on her way from the church, Mrs. Iris confessed to me that her husband carried away the sick child when she abandoned it—that he stole it from a sleeping servant who had it in charge. She also acknowledged that positive proof of its death had been lacking from the first, as nobody living knew where Robert left the infant."

I held my breath.

"Here is the Greylock crest engraved on this ring," continued the baronet. "Robert never came for his daughter, because death overtook him on the night when he consigned her to the Black women. Polly, it is all so plain that he who runs can read. The position which Nan left vacant to-day, you are called at once to fill. It is yours by divine right, for"—very solemnly—"as sure as we two stand in this attic together, you are Robert Greylock's daughter!"

CHAPTER XXX

POLLY SPEAKS.

I did not scream or faint, or do anytning in fact, but drop the tiny garments, and sob out, "It's not possible! It's not possible!"

Granny Scrag hobbled up to me, and peered into my face.

"I knew ye, Poll, the minute I set eyes on ye," she said; "yes, yer father's name was Robert Greylock—I can take my oath on that, and if anybody goes to doubt it," with a grin, "ye can show 'em yer shoulder—the mother that bore ye can't deny the mark she'll find there. I remember the young gentleman's very words, 'The child is my daughter,' says he; 'her name is Ethel Greylock.' Ye're dressed like a lady—have ye got the brass at last? Oh!" with a dolorous whine, "ye *was* an ongrateful baggage, Poll, to run off and leave me to shift for myself! Ye never cared for nothing but Nan. Says Robert Greylock, says he, 'To-morrow I'll come for the child, and pay ye liberal.' That was years and years ago, and not a cent have I had for ye from that hour to this!"

Sir Gervase was a tower of strength at that moment. He immediately consigned the infant's clothing and the ring to his own pocket.

"These things belong now to Miss Greylock," he said to granny. "Have no fears—I give you my word that you shall be amply repaid for all that was done for her in her childhood."

I seized Granny Scrag suddenly by her two bent shoulders, and looked into her ugly old face.

"Are you sure—*sure*," I entreated, wildly, "that you've made no mistake?—are you sure that it was not Nan who was brought to your door in Robert Greylock's arms—Nan, instead of me!"

The old creature knew no more of the Greylocks, their wealth and social position, than of the planets, consequently she could feel no temptation to depart from the truth.

"Nan wasn't born into the world till two years after that night," she answered. "Can't ye remember how I always liked her the best? And why shouldn't I? She was Judith's child. I'm sorry, I say, that ever I sold her. Who's going to take care of me in my old age? Have I got to beg in the streets till I die? Polly! Polly!" and she began to wring her skinny hands, "I know by yer looks that ye've fallen into some good place. Now, it's no more than fair for ye to do something for me—me that brought ye up, and slaved for ye, when yer own kin deserted ye."

Sir Gervase made the old woman rehearse every detail of the long-past interview betwixt Judith Black and my father, and having placed in her greedy hand the money which he had promised her, and given her the assurance of his future protection, he departed with me from Harmony Alley.

I went forth from the evil place like a person in a dream. The whole world had suddenly changed for me—the baronet's manner had changed. He drew my hand through his arm with a deferential air. Ah, I was no longer his inferior, but his kinswoman—his equal!

"How strange it all seems—I cannot comprehend it!" I sighed, when we had taken our places again in the Blackport train, "and I do not know whether I am glad or sorry. You saw how Nan filled her position at Greylock Woods. Could any born Greylock have done better? Was she not as grand as the grandest, as fair as the fairest? How can I take her place? I feel like a usurper. Look at me, and think of the difference betwixt the spurious Ethel and the true one."

"I look at you," he answered, quietly, "and I see a person who has, on more than one occasion, proved herself noble, heroic, worthy of all confidence—a person full of great possibilities. Justice must be done, and your wrongs made right immediately—no one would wish this with more fervor than Nan herself. Consider me entirely at your service, cousin—it will be both my duty and pleasure to help you establish your just and lawful claims."

"I have found a name and kindred," I half sobbed, "but not Nan! Where is she to-night? Friendless, fugitive, heart-broken—in what place has she taken refuge? It drives me wild to think of her!"

Did my words move him? His grave, brown face was turned from me—he answered nothing. Ah, he pitied Nan—he wanted to find her—to bring her back to the villa, but did he love her still? Could the daughter of Judith Black and the clog-dancer of a variety theatre keep for one hour that place in his heart which the high-bred heiress of Greylock Woods had won? Alas! I could not tell.

We found the carriage waiting at the station when we arrived at Blackport. Strange were the feelings that mastered me as we drove up the avenue to the villa. I was not the same person who had left the place a few hours before. No! Polly the nameless, Mercy Poole's servant, the girl to whom Dr. Vandine, in his kindly compassion, had meant to give a chance in the world, was no more. I must now think of myself as Robert Greylock's daughter, and the grandchild of that proud old man who lay in awful solemn state there in the great house among the knolls and evergreens.

Sir Gervase conducted me into the hall. As we were passing the door of the library I paused involuntarily. He gave me a look, a slight bow, and went on, leaving me with my hand on the knob, and my face bowed against the panel.

The very sight of the dead man within had always filled me with terror. If he were living, what would he say to the strange things that had transpired this day? Not for worlds would I have opened the door, or looked upon him, in his white and dreadful dignity; but I whispered through the keyhole:

"Grandfather! I do not like to call you by that name, but I must—I must, because it is my right. I am not like Nan, and you loved Nan—the knowledge that she was not of your blood killed you. Perhaps your cold, stern eyes would slay me, if they could, for daring to enter here, to take the place left vacant by her flight. Forgive me, grandfather, for I am Robert's daughter."

And then I pressed my face closer to the carved panel, and wept bitterly.

Presently a hand touched my arm. Sir Gervase had come back to find me.

"Go to the drawing-room," he said; "your mother is there. I have told her your story. I am glad she chanced to be in the house. She pretends to be skeptical concerning your identity, but you will readily see that she is deeply agitated. It is best that you should meet her alone."

My mother! I started at the words—and shuddered, also. He led me to the threshold of the drawing-room, and there left me. It was no easy thing for me, under these changed circumstances, to enter the presence of Mrs. Iris Greylock. For years and years the very thought of her had been detestable to me. There was horror in my heart, and an uncontrollable aversion, as I opened the door and stepped reluctantly into the room beyond.

She stood under a gas-jet, scrutinizing the yellow little garments which Sir Gervase had brought from Harmony Alley. Her face was pale, and she seemed trembling in every limb. At sight of me her excitement increased—she limped forward a step to meet me.

"I came here," she burst out, "to see what terms I could make with Sir Gervase—he being now the heir; and lo! he meets me with a story too absurd for belief. I recognize these clothes—yes, for I embroidered them myself—I marked my baby's name upon them with my own hands, and this ring—this, too, was the property of poor Robert; but *you*"—she gave me a withering look—"the servant-girl from Cats' Tavern, you, my daughter, found after all these years?—never, never will I believe such ridiculous nonsense! You are an impostor, even as poor Fairy was one! The whole matter is a shameless invention, of which you and Sir Gervase are undoubtedly the authors, though why *he* should lend himself to such a plot, I'm sure I cannot tell."

I made no attempt to refute the charge—only stood and looked her in the face.

"You find me objectionable as a daughter," I answered; "I am no more pleased to be told that you are my mother."

She colored, angrily.

"You are insolent! I always knew that Robert carried away the child—you have fitted the lost link in the chain of evidence very well—too well, in fact, for the effect is painfully dramatic. I tell you I have no daughter—she died long ago!" But even as she spoke she limped nearer, and stared with mingled fascination and terror in my face. "Oh, why couldn't they have left Fairy to me?" she cried out, wildly. "Fairy was exactly my style, my ideal of all that a daughter should be—she suited me perfectly! Could it matter where I found her, when she was so like the Greylock family that not even the keenest of them ever suspected her blood was not blue? Sir Gervase would never have dreamed of such a thing, if that wretched Johnson woman had not betrayed me!"

She felt not the slightest remorse for what she had done. She had no thought for the old man lying dead in

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the library, nor the misery which she had brought upon Nan herself. Advancing still nearer, as if drawn to me against her own will, Mrs. Greylock twitched at my mantle, and said, sulkily, "Take off these. I want to see you as you are."

Mechanically I removed my outer garments. She breathed hard—her jeweled hands worked nervously together. She seemed fighting against an unwelcome but overwhelming truth.

"You remind me of my own self—or, rather, of what I was ten, twenty years ago," she half sobbed; "not that you are one-half as pretty—no, your eyes are the only decent feature in your face. But there's something about you that brings it all back—my lost youth, I mean. However," fretfully, resentfully, "you are *not* my child. Why don't you speak? Are you dumb? Do you *believe* that you belong to me?"

"Yes," I answered; "and you believe it, too!"

"No, not yet!" she cried out, feverishly. "There was a mark upon my baby, by which I could have distinguished her from all the children in the universe—a brand that I now see was providentially placed upon her to help me in a moment like this. Be so good as to slip off your dress, and I will tell you what I mean."

"I know already," I answered, and I unfastened my gown and allowed it to drop away from my neck and shoulders.

She uttered a sharp scream, and reeled away from me. The brand was there, ugly and red, like the print of a hand. All my life I had looked upon it as one of my many physical blemishes—one more or less could not matter.

"How well I remember that mark!" she gasped. "I always blamed poor Robert for it. Often, in our many quarrels, he would take me by the shoulder, and compel me to listen when I was more than unwilling." Her frivolous little face changed in a minute. "It is impossible for me to disbelieve longer!" she cried. "I am saved, I am saved! Little did I expect such good fortune. You are not what I desire, but you are Godfrey Greylock's granddaughter, and his heiress, of course, and that is all that is really needed! I am a lucky creature, after all. Fortune never plays me a shabby trick, but that she immediately hastens to make me some recompense. Of course *you* alter everything here; Sir Gervase is no longer of importance. Ethel—I suppose I must call you that—you may kiss my hand; altogether I have reason to rejoice in your discovery. I dare say that in time we may learn to like each other, especially if I find you as docile and manageable as poor Fairy was."

I did not kiss her hand; I made no promises for the future. She had acknowledged herself to be my mother, but I felt that I could neither trust nor respect her, and to love her—no, that was impossible. In me she would never find the docility which she had commended in Fairy.

Sir Gervase carried the news to Miss Pam's chamber. Directly I was summoned thither, and folded to the old woman's heart.

"You poor wronged child!" she said, and wept over me with maternal tenderness. "What a dreadful lot you have had in life! You may thank your mother for it. Look at the ruin and grief which she has brought on this house to-day! Now, what is to be done about Fairy? Ah. I am filled with remorse when I remember how I repulsed her at the church. You see, I was so shocked and horrified that I knew not what I did. I shall never forgive myself. Poor child! her wrongs seem to be scarcely less than your own."

"Fairy is to be found," I answered, "and brought back to her old place at Greylock Woods."

"You noble, generous girl!" cried Aunt Pam, and she kissed me fervently.

Alas! Advertisements, begging Fairy to return immediately to the friends who were anxiously waiting for her, were dispatched to all the prominent newspapers in the country; private detectives, stimulated by offers of reward, also went forth to search for the missing girl; but neither to the printed entreaties, nor to the efforts of men versed in all the arts of their profession, did any response come. Nan returned no more, and not the faintest clew could I, by any means, obtain to her whereabouts.

Godfrey Greylock was carried to his grave one dreary December day. Miss Pam, the baronet and I followed him as his only mourners. Then we went back to the villa to listen to the reading of the will.

It was a brief document. With the exception of an annuity to Miss Pamela, all the dead man's earthly possessions—houses, lands and money—were bequeathed unconditionally to his granddaughter, Ethel, the child of his dead son, Robert Greylock, and to her heirs for ever.

The family lawyer congratulated me kindly. Aunt Pam held me to her heart, and whispered: "It is all as it should be"; and Sir Gervase pressed my hand and said, quietly: "You are now the undisputed mistress of the Greylock fortune, and I hope you may find in it some recompense for your past hardships and privations. What do you, in your new position, first wish to do, cousin?"

"Find Nan, and divide my possessions with her."

He smiled sadly.

"Faithful and loyal as ever! And next?"

My esteem for the baronet was growing hour by hour. He was noble, generous, good. I could speak to him more frankly than to anybody else in the world.

"Next I must go to school," I answered; "I am ashamed now of my utter ignorance. I know absolutely nothing."

He looked at me, in my deep mourning, with kind, compassionate eyes.

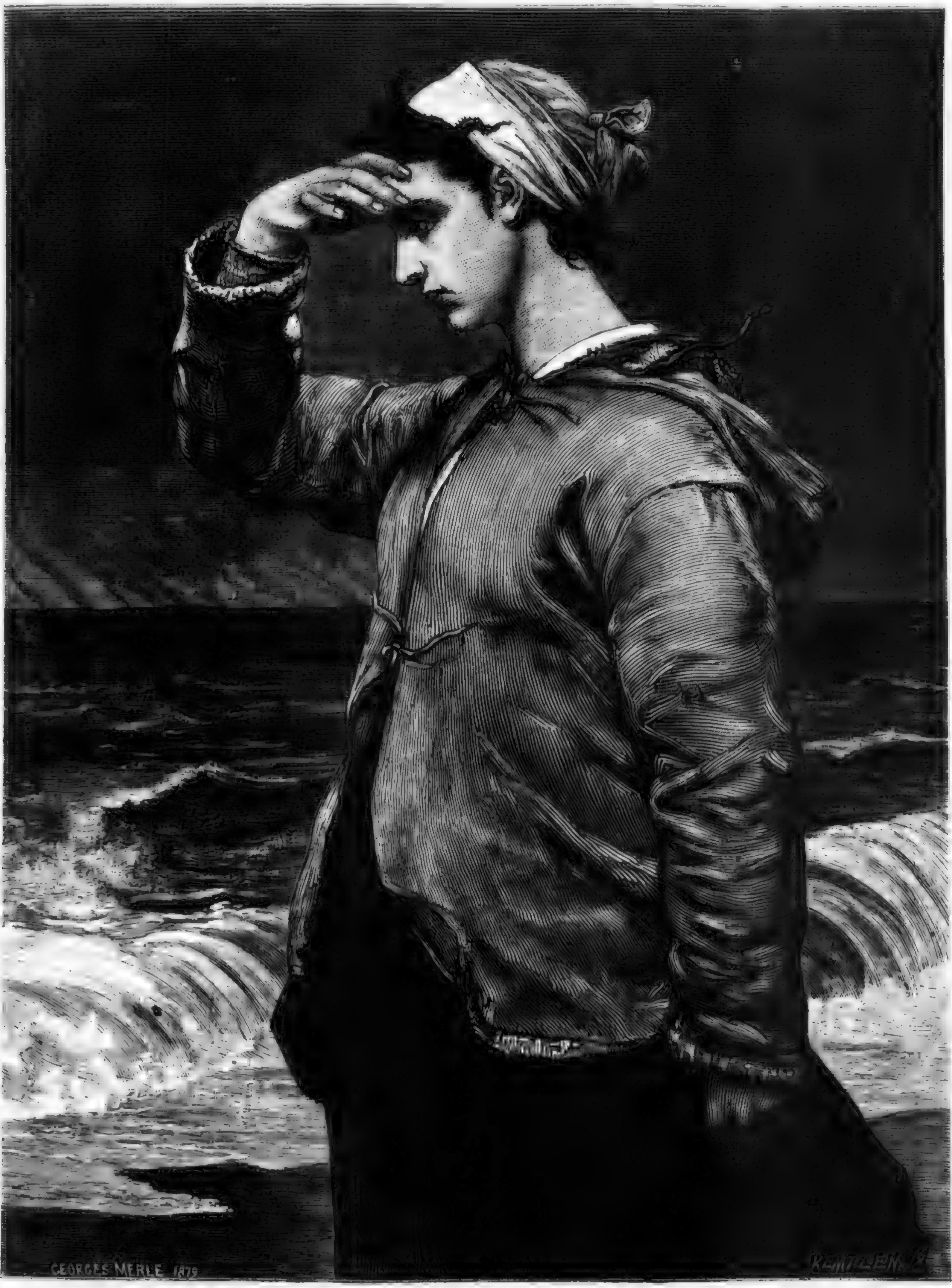
"You are still young enough to spare a year or two, cousin, for the acquisition of such knowledge as you need."

I had an interview with Iris Greylock in the darkened drawing-room, after everybody else had left it. Miss Pamela had fled from her presence in utter horror, and with a derisive little laugh my mother seized my mourning-dress and drew me down to a sofa by her side.

"I believe that dreadful old spinster would have been better pleased if I had not appeared at this funeral at all," she began, vivaciously. "She thinks only of my little errors, not of the combination of circumstances that forced me into them. Now, my child, you and I must understand each other! You find yourself in possession of a superb fortune, and you actually know nothing about the proper management of it. Think of what you have been—a servant, a menial, a beggar of the street—bah! it is too disgusting to talk about. Think of your utter lack of education—you surely need some competent person to guide and direct you now. In *me*, Ethel, you find the want supplied. I am your natural counselor and guardian. I will assume the whole charge of your future and your fortune. You shall not be troubled in any way with stupid money matters. You are too young, by far! *I* am a born financier. You must turn all your affairs over to me at once. As mother and daughter, our interests, of course, are one; our possessions should be one, also. You have all that *you* can do at present to learn your alphabet."

Before I could answer a word she burst out again:

"You are not, after all, bad-looking. Style can be acquired, and dress always works wonders for a woman. Your eyes are good, and you have a Spanish type of feature, that in a rich heiress will be considered quite the thing. Now listen! I have made up my mind that you shall marry Sir Gervase Greylock. Ah, you start—you change color. I am a wonderful match-maker, *ma chère*. Did not the baronet come to America to wed the heiress of the Woods? Why should he not do so still? You must



THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY MERLE.

console him for his recent disappointment. Courage, child—you can do it, even though you have not Fairy's beauty."

In my mingled wrath, shame, and amazement, I could only spring to my feet, and ejaculate, "Mother, mother!"

She laughed, lightly.

"How shocked you look, simpleton! Now don't be absurd, but leave me to manage everything. Sir Gervase——"

It seemed as if another word would kill me.

"Stop!—stop!" I interrupted. "I will not listen! Oh, this is frightful!"

And thrusting my fingers into my ears, I fled, like a wild creature, from the funereal drawing-room.

In a few days the inevitable crisis came. She left Rose Cottage altogether, and took up her abode at the villa. Confusion followed. Hopkins and the servants refused to receive orders from her, and Miss Pam fled to her own apartments, and declared she would not leave them while her nephew's widow remained in the house.

Sir Gervase looked grave. I myself said nothing—did nothing. She was my mother—what *could* I do?

One morning Sir Gervase and I sat in the warm bright breakfast-room, in council over the utter failure of all my efforts to discover Nan. Valuable assistance he had certainly rendered in the matter, but whether for Nan's sake, or simply to gratify me, I could not determine. His reserve was impenetrable. I was as far as ever from discovering whether or not his love for Nan still lived. He had but just returned to the Woods, after an absence of two days, the cause of which he did not explain, but as I watched him I fancied he looked worn and out of spirits.

"How strange," I cried out, feverishly, "how very strange that I hear nothing of Nan! I have pressed everybody into my service, I have set skilled persons searching here, there and everywhere, and the result is—total failure! If I could secure but the smallest clew to guide me, I would take scrip and staff, and set forth on a pilgrimage of discovery myself."

"I think," said Sir Gervase, deliberately, "that she has gone upon the stage."

I stared.

"What more likely?" he queried. "You may not know it, but she was a wonderful dancer—a talent inherited, doubtless, from her father. She was aware of its possession—she would soon discover its market value. Thoroughly blameless and refined women are sometimes by necessity driven into the ballet."

"The ballet!" I echoed, in utter horror. "Nan in spangles and tights, and rouge! No, you cannot imagine it, Sir Gervase—no more can I! She would never, never stoop to that! You are on the wrong track."

"I think not," he answered, stubbornly.

"If you have a clew, why do you not tell me?"

"I have none," he answered; "but being in town yesterday and the day previous, I took the opportunity to make some inquiries among professional people—some personal search about the city theatres. No such person as Nan had been seen there, yet all the same, as I remember her wonderful dancing, my belief remains unshaken."

The children of want cannot choose their calling. How could I tell what Nan might be forced to do, turned out poor and alone upon the world?

"Then send messengers to other cities, to other theatres!" I cried out, wildly; "we must search the whole world over. Do you think I will leave her to such a life?"

"No," he replied, "I am sure you will not. And I have anticipated your wishes in the matter, cousin, and already dispatched a trusty person to prosecute the very search of which you speak."

"A thousand thanks——" I began, gratefully; but the opening of the breakfast-room door interrupted me. My mother entered.

She was charmingly dressed, and in her bosom glowed a cluster of jacqueminot-roses. At sight of Sir Gervase *tête-à-tête* with me, her eyes began to sparkle. She noticed at once my ruffled demeanor.

"Now, whatever is the matter with you two?" she said, lightly, as she limped up to us in her graceful, breezy way. "Quarreling? Fie! fie!" And then, with sudden alarm: "Ah, Sir Gervase, do not, I beg of you—*do* not tell me that you are going back to England!"

"Not at present," he answered; "I have a work to accomplish here before I return to my own land."

"So glad! Ethel," tapping my shoulder, "seems to depend altogether upon your counsel and assistance now. I am sure she would not know how to get on in her new position without you. Oh, I understand," and with a piercing glance at us both, "you were talking about Fairy! Has anything yet been heard of her?"

"No," I answered.

She drew a letter suddenly from her pocket. The air seemed charged with electricity. My heart gave a great apprehensive bound.

"Prepare yourselves for a great shock," said my mother with her sweetest smile. "I have just received these lines from poor Fairy. *You* know her handwriting, Sir Gervase, if Ethel does not. Look—read! The dear, sly, artful creature has actually married—whom do you think?—Why, that mad lover, who tried to kill her out on the marshes! Romantic women, you know, are prone to forgive such things, seeing in them only a proof of love."

I was looking straight at Sir Gervase. His brown face, of a sudden, grew as stern and white as death. He seized the letter which my mother held out to him—I fancied his hand trembled.

"Yes," he said, in a strange tone, "this is her handwriting."

"Read, I tell you!" urged my mother, with a triumphant glance at me.

He almost shouted these words from the paper:

"DEAR MAMMA—Let me call you that for the last time—I am now the wife of Arthur Regnault Kenyon—the man I loved so passionately at school—the man I *still* love, in spite of his many faults. I have been driven to take this step, partly by stress of circumstances, partly by the urgency of his great passion for me. Give me no further thought, and do not seek to find me. I am well and happy—let that satisfy you. FAIRY."

I listened to the last word. I did not cry out nor interrupt, but when Sir Gervase dashed down the sheet I picked it up, examined it closely, then gave it back to my mother, whose smiling face at that moment was an offense to my eyes.

"A clumsy falsehood, without date or postmark," I said, dryly. "Nan never wrote that letter—not a line, not a word of it is genuine! You may have copied her handwriting with tolerable accuracy, but there your skill ended."

She grew red, then pale.

"Ethel, how dare you accuse me of such a thing—me, your mother?"

"Shame! shame!" I went on, furiously; "to strike such blows at her when she cannot defend herself! Has she not suffered enough? Has she not been wronged enough? Cannot you spare her now—the girl you called your own for so many years, and through whose influence you reaped such a harvest of benefits? Shame, mamma! I say shame!"

Then I cast a withering look at Sir Gervase.

"How could *you* believe it, even for a moment? Plainly, Nan has not a friend left among the hundreds that she once fancied she possessed!"

"I deserve your rebuke, cousin," he muttered, under his breath.

My boldness overpowered Mrs. Greylock. She uttered no word, either in denial or defense, but burst into tears.

"Harmony Alley has left its mark upon you, Ethel!" she gasped, at last. "I wanted to make a suitable match for you. I saw my opportunity, and would have seized it, if you had permitted me. But now, simpleton," viciously, "I wash my hands of all further match-making in your behalf. One thing, however, I insist upon knowing—when do you mean to place your fortune in my care? I am tired of this long delay. Give over the management of your affairs to me at once!"

"That I cannot do, mamma," I answered.

"What! would you dare to thrust me aside, after all, wretched girl?"

"I must keep full control of my own possessions, mamma. I must take care of them without your help."

"Ungrateful creature! Then I refuse to live under the same roof with you! What better things could I expect of a child reared in Harmony Alley? Robert Greylock's child, too! You have his temper exactly. I understand you intend to give part of your money to Fairy, if you ever find her. I hope you never may—never! I knew, the moment I saw you, that you would be like a mule to manage. Very well! you shall settle upon me a handsome income, and I will go abroad to dear, delightful Paris, and pass the rest of my days in peace. To live under the same roof with you longer would be unbearable."

I had no objections to offer to the plan. It was speedily arranged. Just a week later, without a solitary regret, we parted, to meet no more on this side of the grave.

Meanwhile, in no theatre, no ballet, near or far, could any trace of Nan be discovered.

Granny Scrag was removed from Harmony Alley to a decent habitation, and placed in the care of honest and kindly people. I meant that comfort and plenty should surround her in her last days; but the change from privation to abundance was too much for the old creature. A month after her departure from the alley she was dead. Dr. Vandine sent a congratulatory note to me at Greylock Woods; a very polite and formal note, which seemed to me like a final farewell. I had passed into another sphere, beyond the need of his compassion and kindness.

No further word reached me from Cats' Tavern; but one day, as I was riding with Aunt Pam through the narrow streets of Blackport, the doctor's buggy flashed by my carriage—he was once more abroad among his patients.

For one instant our eyes met. I sat beside Aunt Pam, dressed all in solemn black, and wrapped about in heavy furs, presenting, no doubt, a strange appearance to his sight. I bowed formally. He lifted his hat. A hot thrill of exultation and pride—the first that I had experienced in my new life—flashed over me, and was succeeded immediately by a miserable depression and pain.

"You are pale, my dear," said Aunt Pam, anxiously; "and you tremble."

"With the cold," I faltered, as I drew the fox-fur robes closer about myself.

The next day I took leave of Greylock Woods and went away to school. (*To be continued.*)

WHEN LOVELY MARY.

When lovely Mary gave her word
To meet me by the walnut-tree,
Unless the rain at midnight poured,
Unless "Mamma" awake should be,

My heart with pleasure melted o'er,
And every pleasing sense was moved,
I felt I never knew before
How much I loved and was beloved.

When lovely Mary kept her word
And met me by the walnut-tree,
The clouds were gone, the moonlight poured
Its favoring smile on her and me.

And when I kissed her o'er and o'er,
And every bar from bliss removed,
I knew I never felt before
How much I loved and was beloved.

THE BLACK DECOY; Or, MAJOR MAXWELL'S DIVIDEND.

"I guess I never told you about that horse; did I?" asked Major Maxwell, an old veteran of the last war, as he pointed out a large black horse that was quietly feeding in the pasture just across the road. "That is the famous Black Decoy; and he cost me an even thousand dollars, to say nothing of the vexation and the peril attending his purchase.

"I bought him out in the mountains. It was before the war. I had two good arms then, and this leg wasn't a stick. I was on escort duty. Something had happened to some of the wagons, and the train lay in camp a day for repairs. Nearly all the boys went out after buffaloes, but my horse was lame, so I remained in camp.

"There was only one companionable person left with me, and that was old Jacob Stockton. He was going out to Montana to meet his daughter. He had been in Montana for years, leaving his child with friends in the East, and early in the Spring he went to visit her. He found, however, that she had gone to visit him, so he hurried back, and, by chance, joined the train I was escorting.

"We had become very good friends; and at every opportunity I sought his company, and was always well repaid.

"On that day I found him stretched at full length under a tree, pulling away at his old black pipe. I followed his example, excepting the pipe, and was soon an interesting listener to the old gentleman's tales of travel and adventure.

"In the midst of one of his most exciting narrations he started unexpectedly to his feet, exclaiming:

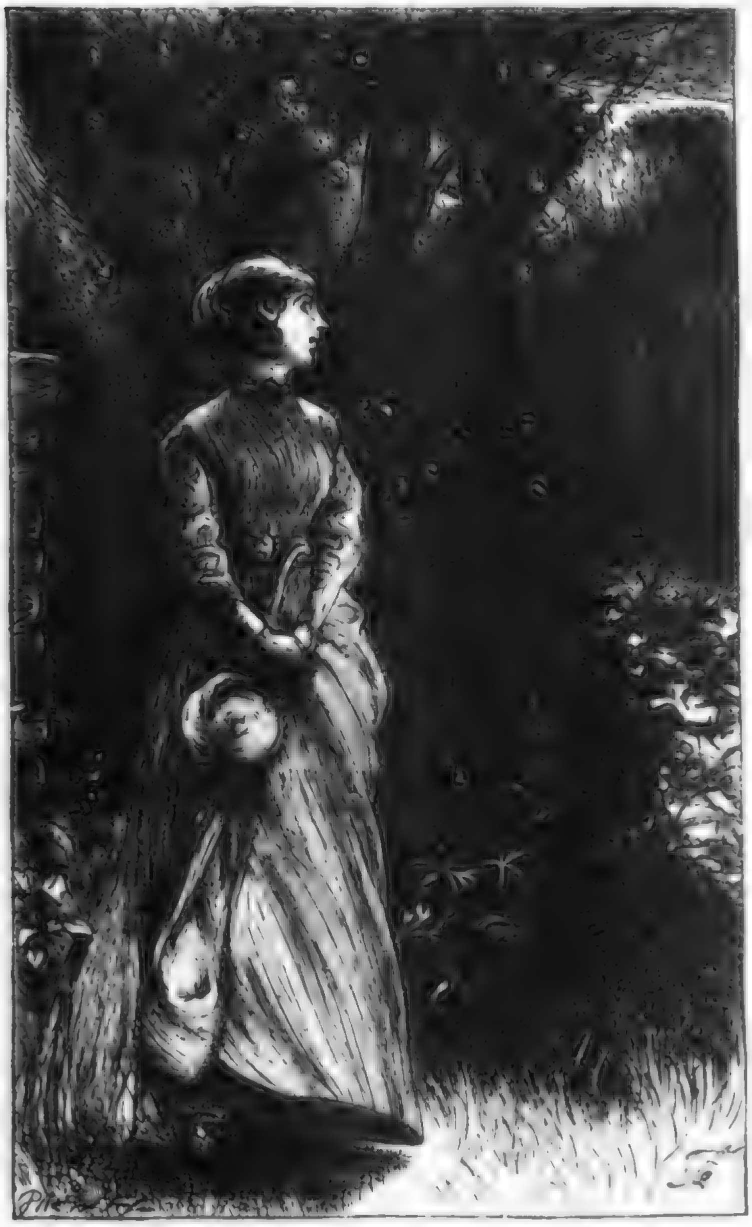
"'The Black Decoy, as sure as I live! I wonder what ill-luck is coming to us now!'

"I quickly changed my recumbent posture for one better suited for observation, and saw, coming toward camp, a stranger riding one horse and leading another.

"There was nothing remarkable about the stranger, nor the animal he rode; but the led horse was the most perfect thing in the way of horseflesh I ever saw. I was smitten at once. My poor bay, though he had served me faithfully for a year or more, looked like an old cart-horse by the side of this splendid black; and I decided at once that if this animal could be bought for money, I would buy him.

"'Don't do it, major!' said old Jacob, although I had not spoken a word. 'I had rather see you astride a Bengal tiger than that horse, with all his beauty.'

XUM



WHEN LOVELY MARY.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 207.

"'Beauty!' I exclaimed. 'Why, Mr. Stockton, that word does not half express it. He is absolutely incomparable! I will give a round thousand for just that black horse, and consider it cheap, too!'

"'Don't think of it, major!' cried the old man, grasping my arm as I rose to my feet. 'I wouldn't ride nor own that horse for the whole of Montana! no, not if every stone were pure gold!'

"'Pooh! my friend; you are wild. *I'll* ride him, and buy him, too, if I can.'

"The old man shook his head.

"'Major, if you know when you are well off, you'll not go nigh him.'

"'Your reasons?' said I, half vexed at his superstitions.

"'I have but one,' he replied, solemnly. 'If you mount that horse you are no better than a dead man."

"I laughed outright.

"'You have forgotten the text, Jacob—Death comes on a pale horse.'

"'Black or white, you will find it as I say, major.'

"By this time the newcomer was within speaking distance. I hailed him, and went out to where he stopped. It was no hard matter to trade with him, and in less than ten minutes I was leading the horse away, and the seller was riding off with a thousand dollars added to his pocket-money.'

"Anxious to try my new purchase, I saddled and bridled him, and mounted.

"'Major! major! don't do it!'

"I had forgotten old Jacob; but there he stood, holding the horse by the bridle.

"'Major, you will certainly ride to your death.'

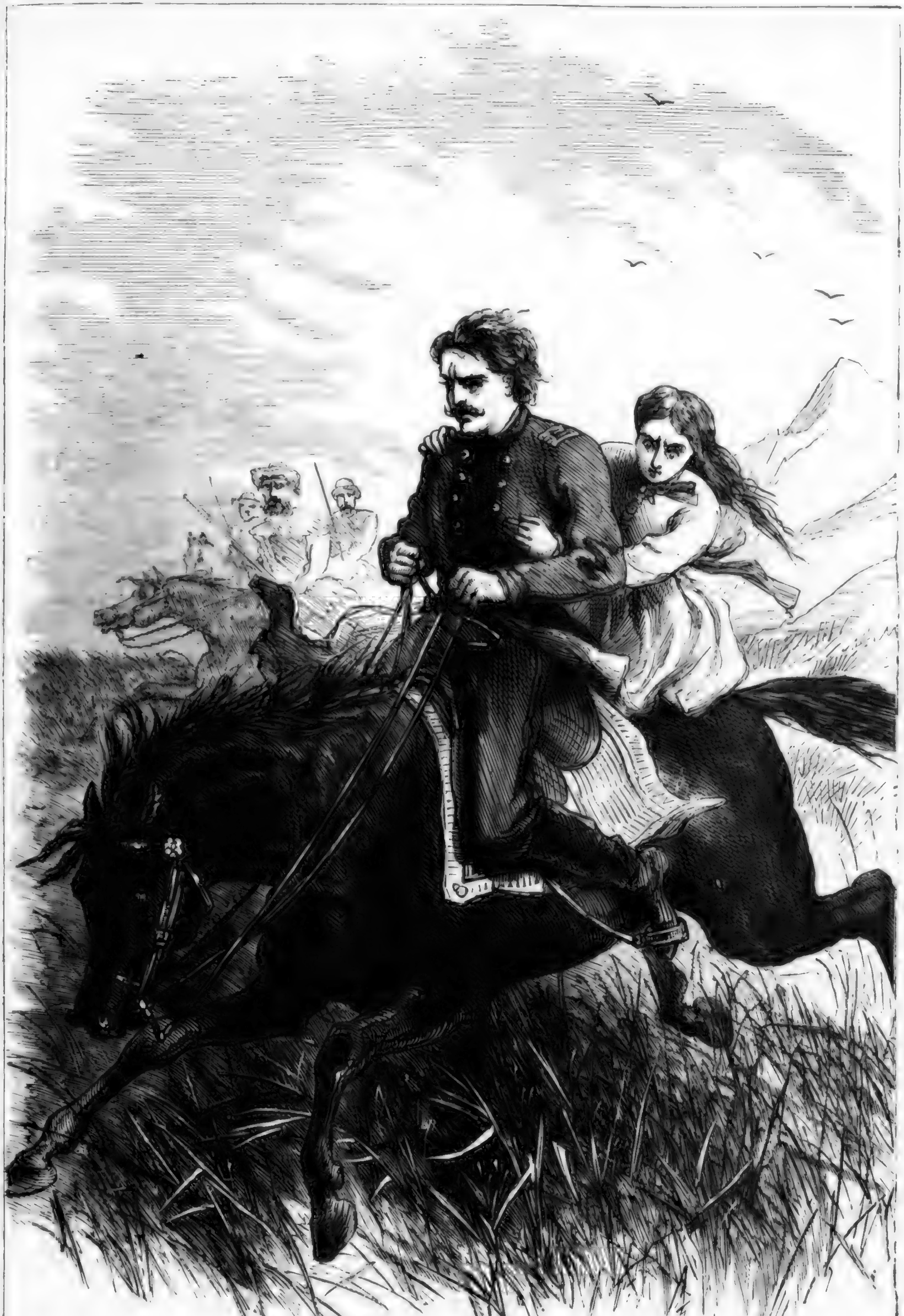
"I was too much excited to pay any attention to his words, and touching the horse lightly with my sharp Mexican spurs, I left the old man still talking to me.

"My beautiful black rode charmingly. I never had an easier seat; and I never saw a horse that could get over the ground with less exertion. Twice one thousand dollars would not have taken him from me.

"At the start I gave the horse free rein, and he took a northerly course toward the mountains. In this way I rode several miles, but the nearness of the sun to the zenith, and the admonition of my inner-man, reminded me that it was time to return. I accordingly drew rein; but instead of wheeling about, the horse broke into a gallop, nearly unseating me.

"I had hitherto prided myself on my command over anything of the horse kind, but that magnificent black took the conceit out of me. All that I could do or say made no impression on him, and I was forced at last to give up and admit that I had found my match. It was very humiliating, I assure you; and there was Jacob Stockton's warning to think about. I was not alarmed, however; but I did find myself wondering whether the old man had not some good reasons for his belief. And I was vexed, too. I could ride as far as the horse could carry me, but I felt that I had the right to choose the direction. There was my dinner, too—

LA PENSEROSA.



THE BLACK DECOY.—"OUR PURSUERS WERE FAST GAINING ON US, BUT WE COULD ONLY URGE THE POOR TIRED HORSE, AND PRAY FOR DELIVERANCE."—SEE PAGE 207.

XUM

a nice juicy buffalo-steak. Take it all in all, I was decidedly uncomfortable; and had it not been for a weary tramp back to our camping-ground, I should have shot the animal dead in his tracks.

"The way grew rougher as I drew nearer the mountains, but the horse did not abate his speed in the least. He plunged into a ravine—the dry bed of some mountain stream—like one accustomed to the way. On he dashed, and up, the path growing narrower and the rocky sides steeper.

"Higher and higher were the rocky walls as we advanced, until they closed over our heads, shutting us into midnight gloom. Ten minutes of this darkness, and the horse emerged into an open space, lighted by the noonday sun. There he stopped as suddenly as he had started, and neighed loudly.

"Before I recovered from my surprise, a quick, sharp, well-known sound struck upon my ear, and looking in the direction from whence it appeared to come, I saw two men staring down at me—two as rough, villainous-looking creatures as ever encumbered the earth.

"Ah, my friend, I knew my peril then; and my thoughts went through my brain with wonderful rapidity. I had not a second to lose. Already two rifles were pointed at me. Whatever I did must be done instantly. There was but one chance—to stake a dumb brute's life against my own.

"I drew my revolver and placed the cold muzzle to the ear of my treacherous captor.

"'My release, or the black imp's death!' I shouted.

"So soon as they comprehended my intentions they disappeared; but I knew that it was only to gain some more advantageous position.

"I dared not leave the horse, however, for on him depended my safety; so I sat there, still holding my revolver ready for any emergency, and watching all points. Vigilant as I was, however, I was surprised. Without any warning, a light form leaped upon the saddle behind me, and a human voice uttered some strange word—some magical word, it seemed, for the horse, so motionless before, wheeled on the instant, and went dashing back through the path we had come.

"Then and there was a ride for life. The rocks seemed swarming with men; bullets flew about us like hail; and the clatter of hoofs over the hard stones came distinctly to our ears. I spared neither whip nor spur; and by strange good fortune we escaped the bullets and reached the open plain. Then, for the first time, I ventured to look behind, and I saw a woman's face—a face more beautiful than my wildest dreams had ever pictured.

"Our pursuers were gaining on us. But we could only urge on the poor tired horse, and pray for deliverance. A mile or two ahead of us was a belt of timber. I had no recollections of passing it in the morning, but if we *had* lost our way, we could not turn back. If we could only reach the shelter of those trees, it would be better than remaining on the open plain, a target for half a score of rifles. But could we reach it?

"I had not the shadow of an idea that we could, for the horse was nearly spent. Yet I urged him on. He strained every muscle to the utmost, but those sinews of steel gave way at last. He staggered and fell, and I was just in time to save myself and my companion from being crushed beneath him.

"The timber was yet a hundred yards away, and the ruffians scarcely fifty behind. Why they didn't fire upon us I never knew, but I think they wished to spare my beautiful companion's life.

"I grasped the small white hand of my companion in peril, and together we resumed the flight. But half the distance was covered when one of the robbers galloped up to my side and drew his sabre on me.

"'Take that, you——'

"They were the last words he ever spoke. Puffs of white smoke appeared suddenly among the trees, and of the ten outlaws but three escaped.

"Well, there is but little more to tell. The timber which I had tried so hard to reach was our camping-ground, and it was the rifles of my own men that sent death and defeat into the robber ranks.

"Mr. Stockton stared at me as though I were a veritable ghost; but when I led forward the beautiful girl, it was my turn to be amazed.

"'Minnie, my darling!' cried the old man; and I knew then who had shared my ride from the outlaws' stronghold. She had been taken prisoner only the day before. Failing to find her father, she was on the return, and the stage fell into the hands of the robbers. By chance she saw me, and conceived the bold plan for escape; but what magic word she used to induced the obdurate horse to turn back with us I never knew, and she cannot tell.

"We resumed our way the next morning, Minnie accompanying us. The horse, too, I took along, although it seemed utterly useless. He grew better, however, and there you see him now, pretty well along in years, it is true, but still the cheapest horse ever bought. Smile away, if you like. I do not allude to the original investment—I paid enough for a share in the concern—but to the dividend received. Only one has been declared; yet I would not sell for $10,000. Let me show you. Minnie! Minnie! Oh, here you are! My wife, Minnie Stockton Maxwell—MY DIVIDEND."

NEW YORK DURING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

By Evert A. Duyckinck.

The new year brought with it the prospect of stirring times for the city. Sir Henry Clinton was fitting out an expedition at Boston, the object of which was supposed to be New York. General Charles Lee, eager for the service, confident of raising a force in Connecticut, was commissioned by Washington for its defense. He passed the month of January in recruiting, and on Sunday, the 4th of February, simultaneously with the appearance of Clinton with his squadron in the harbor, arrived at the city. The people, fearing an immediate bombardment, were much agitated. Many fled with their effects into the country. "All that day and all night," says a contemporary letter-writer, "were there carts going and boats loading, and women and children crying, and distressed voices heard in the roads in the dead of the night."*

New York, it must be confessed, was ill prepared for war. Even Lee's coming for its protection was dreaded by the Committee of Safety, lest he should draw upon the town the fire of the ships in the harbor. "If the ships-of-war are quiet," was Lee's reply, in his usual vigorous phraseology, "I shall be quiet; but I declare solemnly, that if they make a pretext of my presence to fire upon the town, the first house set in flames by their guns shall be the funeral-pile of some of their best friends," and he reiterated the threat when the fleet lay before the town.

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* Irving's "Washington," II., 167.

Clinton, however, had not come to destroy the city; but, as he took pains to inform the Mayor, only to visit his friend Tryon, while, with expressions of affection, he recalled his residence in the city in his youth when his father, the Admiral, was Governor. At the end of the week he departed for the South; and the day that he sailed, the artillery and military stores in Fort George were removed without opposition from Captain Parker's ships in the East River.

Lee had now taken up his headquarters at the house No. 1 Broadway, built by Captain Kennedy, of the Royal Navy—a memorable historical building, one of the few that survived to our day in the city of the Revolutionary era. Here he engaged vigorously in plans for the defense of the island and the passes of the Hudson, Parker, meanwhile, having withdrawn with the ships to the lower bay. The *Asia*, with Governor Tryon on board, was stationed at the entrance to the North River. Lee cut off all provisions and intercourse from the city—"A measure," he writes to Washington, "which has thrown the Mayor, Council, and Tories, into agonies. The propensity, or rather rage, for paying court to this great man, is inconceivable. We must put wormwood on his paps, or they will cry to suck, as they are in their second childhood." On the 7th of March Lee departed for the Southern Department to meet his enemy Clinton at Charleston, leaving Lord Stirling in command at New York.

In the evacuation of Boston, on the 17th, Washington read the signal for the British occupation of New York. It was supposed that General Sir William Howe would proceed thither at once, but his destination was Halifax, where he passed some time previous to the execution of the concerted movement on the devoted city with his brother, Admiral Lord Howe. Washington acted with his usual promptness, forwarding detachments of his army to New York under Heath and Sullivan, and assigning the command to Putnam. He himself arrived on the 13th of April, accompanied by Mrs. Washington, whose presence in the camp at Cambridge had graced the closing scenes of the campaign. She had witnessed the departure of the enemy from Boston; but at New York she was entering a beleaguered city, with scant room at this time for social congratulations or festivity. All was care and anxiety, and preparation for a future near at hand.

The fortifications planned by Lee were vigorously prosecuted. The Highlands were defended; Kingsbridge, at the extremity of the island, was protected by breastworks. Fort Independence was built at this spot, and a few miles below, on the heights guarding the Hudson, Fort Washington. Fort George was again manned, and batteries rose at commanding points of the city. Stringent efforts were made to repress Toryism and check treasonable correspondence with the enemy. About 10,000 troops were distributed in the city and the vicinity. General Greene was placed in command at Brooklyn.

An incident which occurred at this time connected with old Trinity is worthy of mention. In the absence of the rector, Auchmuty, Dr. Inglis was officiating. One of the American officers waited upon him, with a request that he would dispense with the customary loyal prayers for the King and Royal Family. They were, however, read as usual. This independent course gave rise to much unfriendly comment. On one occasion, as he was officiating, the congregation was greatly agitated by the appearance of about 150 armed men, who marched into the church with drums beating and fifes playing, their guns loaded and bayonets fixed. Several women fainted, and it was generally expected that when the Collects for the King and Royal Family should be read the minister would be fired at, as menaces to that purpose had frequently been made. Mr. Inglis, however, went on with the service, and the matter passed over without any accident.*

A notice was at this time served by the Committee of Safety, requiring the Governors of King's College to vacate the building, that it might be used for the reception of troops. The students were, in consequence, dispersed, and the library and apparatus removed to the City Hall and elsewhere, the greater part never to be restored to the institution. The college was converted into a military hospital.†

A month was passed by Washington in placing the city in a state of defense, when he was called to Philadelphia. Mrs. Washington left with him, to resume her residence at Mount Vernon. The pressing military necessity was felt to be at New York, and large reinforcements from the militia of the Eastern and Middle States were ordered for its defense. Washington returned to the city early in June, to confront a new danger in the machinations of the Tories, who, at the instigation of Tryon, had entered into a conspiracy with the design of aiding Howe on his arrival, and securing possession of the city. A main feature of the plot was the capture of Washington, who was at this time quartered at Richmond Hill, a mansion surrounded by trees, in a remote part of the city, near the Lispenard Meadows, subsequently memorable as the residence of Aaron Burr. The affair was investigated by a Committee of Congress.

The new Mayor of the city, David Matthews, was arrested as the agent of Tryon in corrupting the soldiery, through negotiations carried on at various petty taverns. Numerous persons were implicated; several members of Washington's bodyguard were found to have been tampered with, and one of them, Thomas Hickey, after trial by court-martial, was, on the 28th of June, hanged in the presence of a vast concourse of the military and people of the city. It was proved that he had sought to assassinate Washington by poisoning a dish of green peas for his table. Washington's housekeeper, the daughter of Sam Fraunces, the innkeeper, whom Hickey had endeavored to make an accomplice in this affair, disclosed his intention.‡

Though enlistments had been made, "no regular plan," wrote Washington to the President of Congress, "seems to have been digested. The matter, I am in hopes, by a timely discovery, will be suppressed, and put a stop to."

There was little time left, indeed, for the hatching of plots in the city. The enemy was at the gates. The day following the execution the lower bay was alive with ships and transports bringing the vanguard of Howe's army from Halifax. Howe himself had arrived, was in conference with Tryon and his Tory confederates, and was landing his troops on Staten Island. It was while the country was agitated by the first intelligence of this movement that Congress sent forth to the world the Declaration of Independence. In no place throughout the land could its promulgation have been attended with deeper emotion than at New York, when, by order of Washington, it was read on the evening of the 9th of June, at the

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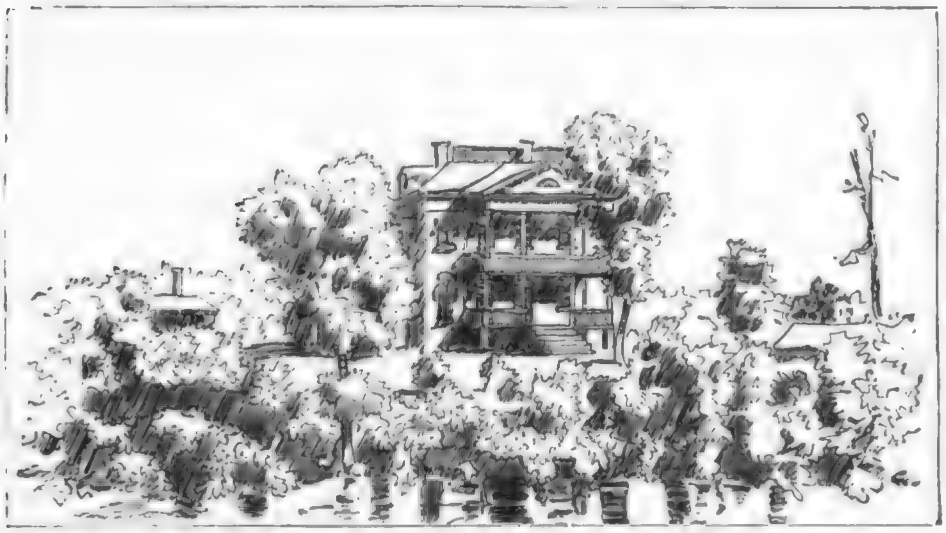
* Dr. Berrian's "Trinity Church," p. 143.

† Dr. Moore's "Historical Sketch," p. 61-2.

‡ "American Archives," Fourth Series, Vol. VI, p. 1,084.

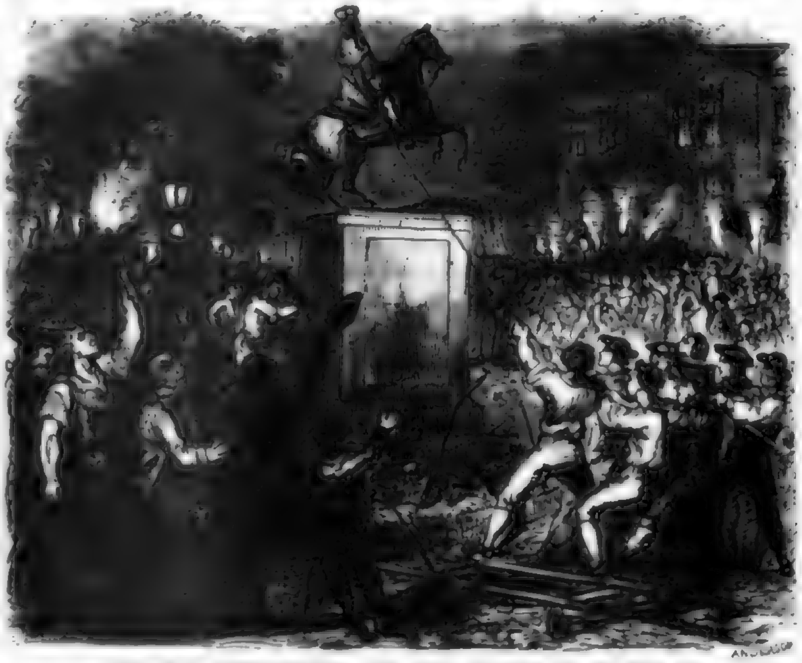


RICHMOND HILL MANSION, VARICK AND CHARLTON STREETS—WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS FROM MAY TO JUNE, 1776.

head of each of the six brigades composing the army. Washington himself was present on horseback, within the hollow square formed by one of these divisions on the Common, while it was recited by one of his aides at his side.

The city bells were rung. Warm with the excitement of the hour, the populace fell upon the gilded equestrian statue of George III., in the Bowling Green, tore it from its pedestal, and broke up its heavy leaden bulk in fragments, to be converted into bullets for use against the enemy.

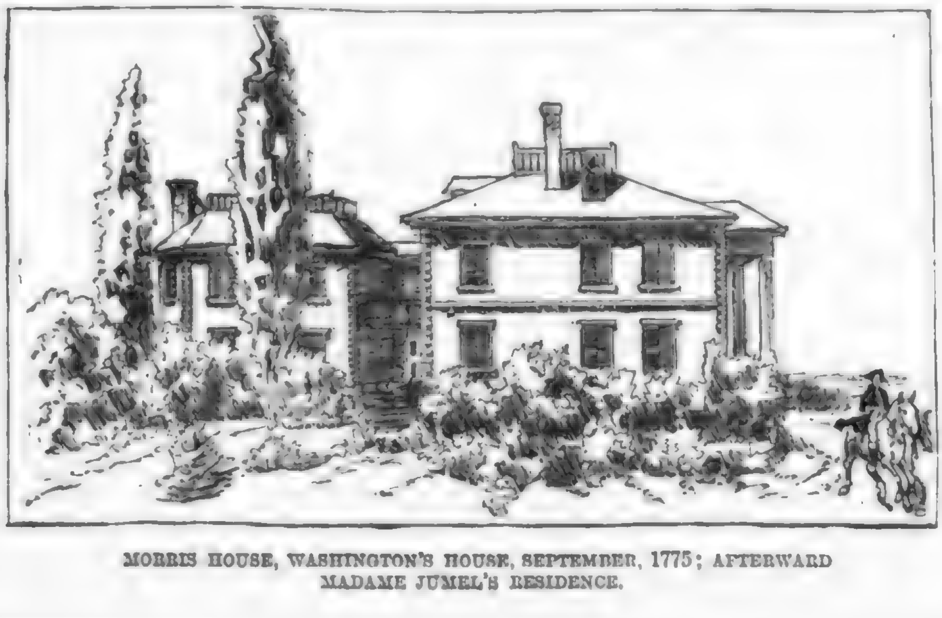
A portion of the statue was conveyed to Litchfield, Connecticut, where the ladies of Governor Wolcot's family employed themselves in casting it in bullets. Another part, which formed the saddle, was taken to Norwalk, and subsequently, on the approach of Tryon in one of his marauding expeditions, was removed to Wilton, and there, to preserve it from the enemy, thrown into a swamp. It lay there some fifty years, when it was discovered, and being recognized by a Revolutionary pensioner who had taken part in its destruction, was kept in the town as a relic. It was subsequently brought back to New York and graced the curious collection of historical antiquities formed by Thomas Riley at his Fifth Ward Hotel, at the corner of Franklin Street and West Broadway.



THE MOB DEMOLISHING THE GILT STATUE OF GEORGE III.

The Declaration was afterward read at the City Hall, the British arms were taken from the Courtroom, the picture of the King from the Council Chamber, and the arms carved in stone from the front, and all were consigned to the flames in the street. The tocsin of liberty reached the imprisoned debtors, who were liberated in honor of the event.*

The Provincial Congress had now adjourned its sessions to White Plains, and taken the name of Convention of the Representatives of the State of New York. Meanwhile the storm was gathering in the harbor. On the 12th of July two ships, the *Phœnix* and the *Rose*, of forty and twenty guns, passed up the North River, replying to the city batteries on the way with their broadsides. The sound of the cannon sent terror to the inhabitants of the city, who feared the worst. The shrieks and cries of women, children and the infirm attracted the attention and engaged the sympathy of Washington. It was, not unnaturally, a season of peculiar alarm. On one side, the people were threatened by a thickening enemy and the guns of the fleet; on the other, they were harassed by intimations which had been thrown out as a last defense—of the burning of the city. The ships passed on to meet with a stubborn and effectual resistance as they approached the Highlands. Scarcely had the echoes of their cannon before the city died away, when another and more permanent cause of excitement arose in the arrival of Admiral Lord Howe, the intelligence of whose coming



MORRIS HOUSE, WASHINGTON'S HOUSE, SEPTEMBER, 1775; AFTERWARD MADAME JUMEL'S RESIDENCE.

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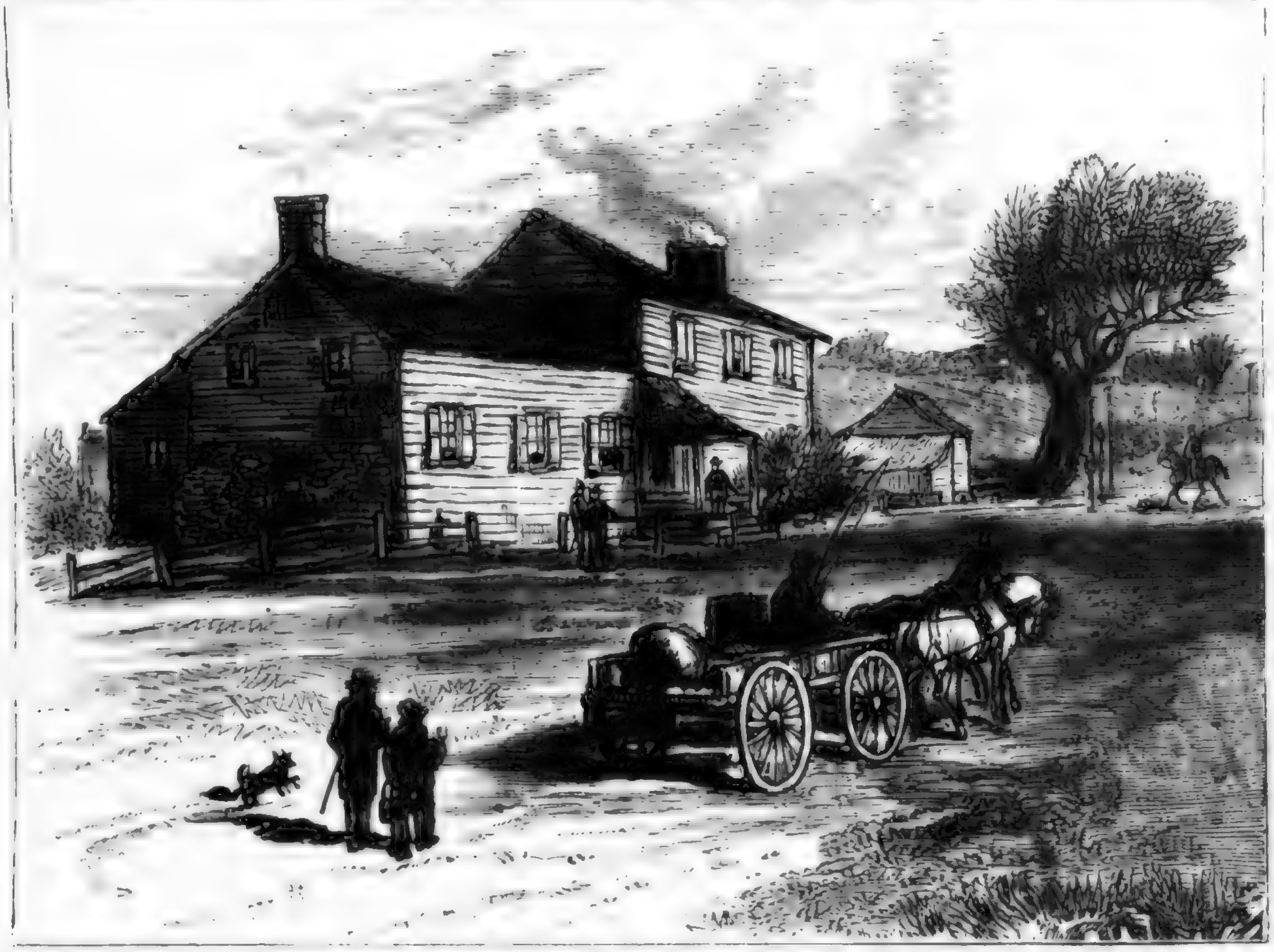
* Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution," II., p. 801.

was conveyed to the town at evening by the loud salvos of the guns of the many war vessels at the Narrows. Following the admiral came the Hessians in transports, with other mercenaries whom England had bought of the impoverished petty German princes; and finally, early in August, came Sir Henry Clinton, on his return from Charleston, with Lord Cornwallis and 3,000 men. The British force in the field, as it was now completed, is estimated by Irving at about 30,000, and that of the Americans, in and about New York, at 20,000—raw troops for the most part, and one-fourth suffering from fevers and other diseases of the camp. Yet Washington, in the face of this odds, "bated not a jot of heart or hope." His measures for the defense of the city went on as if it were to be securely defended against the double host of army and navy which beleaguered it. Aiders and abetters of the enemy in that Tory stronghold, King's County, were weeded out and sent to a distance; a place of safety was sought to be provided for the weak and helpless; fireships were projected for the injury of the fleet; works were thrown up for the protection of that vantage-ground, Brooklyn Heights.



"THE BLACK HORSE TAVERN," A REVOLUTIONARY RELIC NEAR INWOOD.

Greene had drawn a line of entrenchment from Gowanus Cove to the Wallabout, and would doubtless have adequately fortified the passes of the outlying hills beyond had he not been stricken down by a violent fever.

Washington, who anticipated an attack from this quarter, did all in his power to reinforce the garrison and expedite the works. On the 22d of August, Sir Henry Clinton, with the advance of the enemy's forces, landed at Gravesend Bay. The open plains were around them for encampment. In front rose the range of hills, guarded at the passes nearest the river by the corps of Lord Stirling and of General Sullivan; the third, leading to Jamaica, being less effectively protected.

Washington reconnoitred the position on the 24th, urged attention to the passes of the hills, and in the absence of Greene appointed Putnam to the command. The enemy, meantime, had increased their force, and, on the night of the 26th, the attack was made, Clinton adroitly turning the left of the outer American line at its weakest point, while Stirling was confronted by General Grant, and Sullivan by De Heister and his Hessians. The success of Clinton's movement determined the others. Stirling and Sullivan were taken prisoners and their forces defeated.

Washington with great anxiety witnessed the closing scenes of these engagements on the morning of the 27th. Howe might boldly have assaulted the entrenchments; fortunately for the defenders, he preferred the more cautious method of a regular approach. The next day was spent in skirmishes. The following, the 29th, disclosed a movement in the fleet. The situation was growing desperate. The only safety for the army was in a timely retreat. The accomplishment of this, under cover of a fog, on the ensuing night, will ever rank as one of the triumphs of Washington's military career. Transports were provided, boats and sailing vessels from the wharfs and shores, during the day; the orders were given and their execution personally superintended by Washington; with such energy, discretion and secrecy was the whole carried out, that he crossed with the last of the entire army of 9,000, their artillery, equipments and provisions, before the movement was noticed by the enemy lying in immediate proximity to the abandoned works. New York, in all her history, has never looked upon a nobler exertion of physical force and moral energy than the endurance and heroism shown by Washington in the sleepless days and nights of this memorable battle and retreat.

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General Howe now concentrated the greater part of his forces on Long Island, while his brother, the admiral, brought up the fleet before the town. The military advantages of the enemy, however, were not immediately pushed against the city. Lord Howe was anxious to play the pacificator. He had, on his arrival, sought to open negotiations with Washington, but had failed to obtain a hearing from his unwillingness to recognize the military authority of the commander-in-chief. He now, through the agency of Sullivan, made another attempt to induce Congress to appoint a committee, of which Franklin and John Adams were members, to gain information of his designs. An interview with Howe was accordingly held at his headquarters on Staten Island, on the 11th of September. It was unnecessary, except as a matter of civility, for the Declaration of Independence had settled the question of submission to the mother country, which, with whatever fair words it might be covered, was in the end what Howe had to propose. In the meantime Washington was anxiously considering the course to be pursued respecting the city. It was at the outset his intention to defend it, but the insufficiency and withdrawal of large numbers of the raw militia levies soon brought him to the conclusion that he had not a sufficient body of troops on which he could rely; and it became apparent that if the army continued in its present position it would be hemmed in by water and land, and at the mercy of the enemy. The question, the thought of which had so distressed the inhabitants, remained—whether the city should be burned in accordance with military policy or necessity? Greene was decidedly for its destruction. Washington delicately submitted the matter to Congress, and Congress was for its preservation. Nothing now remained but a timely retreat. On the 14th, Washington, leaving Putnam in command of the rear-guard of the city, removed his headquarters toward King's Bridge. The next day the British were in motion. Under cover of the fleet two divisions of British and Hessians, led by Clinton and Donop, issuing from Newtown Creek, effected a landing on the shore of the East River between Turtle and Kip's Bays. The breastworks at these points were abandoned immediately, and so great was the panic, that two brigades of Connecticut troops which had been sent to their support fled in disorder on the first advance of a handful of the enemy. Washington, who was in the vicinity, spurred to the spot, and was moved to violent rage at beholding the dastardly flight. Dashing his hat to the ground, he is said to have exclaimed, "Are these the men with whom I am to defend America?" Regardless of his own life, he would have been in the midst of the enemy, had not an aide seized the bridle of his horse and hurried him from the spot. Putnam was now ordered in hot haste to effect his retreat. Obliged to abandon a large portion of the heavy cannon and military stores, with his bustling zeal he urged forward the long procession of soldiers and flying inhabitants through the sultry day over the dusty Bloomingdale Road, till at night he reached the remainder of the army on the heights stretching to Kingsbridge. It is said that he owed his safety to a hospitable diversion of the energies of the British commanders—Howe, Clinton and the rest—in an entertainment given to them by the wife of Robert Murray at his mansion on Murray Hill. In the heat of the day they had called for refreshments; in shelter and cool repose, beguiled by the good cheer, engaged in playful conversation with the hostess, they suffered the hours to pass, in the improvement of which the toiling and panting Putnam made good his escape. According to a tradition cited by Irving, it was "a common saying among the American officers that Mrs. Murray saved Putnam's division of the army."

The next day, under Washington's immediate supervision, there was an engagement with the enemy, in the conflict known as the battle of Harlem Heights, in which the reputation of the army, impaired by the disreputable conduct of the troops at Kip's Bay, was fully redeemed. The British forces following on the heels of Putnam's hasty march, were now extended across the island in a line with the upper extremity of the present Central Park, while the army of Washington held the heights from Manhattanville to the end of the island. Between the high grounds on which the combatants were planted was an open plain. The action began early in the morning of the 16th with an attack on an advanced outpost of the American line, the onset of which was gallantly met by Lieutenant-colonel Knowlton, in command of a company of Connecticut Rangers. He was then compelled to retire. Washington, summoned to the spot, saw the opportunity of striking a blow, now much needed for the encouragement of the army, and as the enemy were sounding from their bugles an insulting note of triumph, devised a concerted attack upon their rear, to be supported by a feigned attack in front. Major Leitch, with three companies of Virginians, was sent by the concealed road at the foot of the cliff on the Hudson to the enemy's left, and Knowlton and his Rangers by a roundabout way to their right, while George Clinton advanced in front. The British troops in the action were commanded by General Leslie. The movement in front was successful—the troops were skillfully handled and gave effective employment to the foe. While this was going on, Knowlton and Leitch, falling short of the enemy's rear, came upon their flanks, when a spirited engagement took place, in which both the American commanders fell mortally wounded. Notwithstanding this serious discouragement, the action was continued with great gallantry. Reinforcements were sent by Washington to the field, and the British troops were pushed with great loss from point to point. The action, if continued, would have become general. Washington, contented with gaining the object he had proposed, now withdrew his troops, leaving the enemy with a loss of 74 killed and 274 wounded, while that of his own side was about 60 killed and wounded.* But in the death of Knowlton, who had begun his career at Bunker Hill, and of Leitch, an officer of great merit, the success was dearly paid for. At this time the headquarters of Washington were at the house belonging to Colonel Roger Morris, on the heights above Harlem River. Morris had been an old associate of Washington in Braddock's campaign, and was his successful rival in securing the hand of the heiress Mary Philipse. Having abandoned his residence, he was now a refugee loyalist at the Beverley House in the Highlands.

Four days after this engagement occurred the first incident of consequence in the British possession of New York, when the vague fears of its inhabitants were realized in the burning of a large portion of the city. The fire began about midnight at a low tavern at Whitehall Stairs, facing the eastward extremity of the Battery, adjoining the Fort. The weather was very dry and a fresh wind was blowing from the southwest, which, if it had continued, would have carried the flames into the business portion of the city and toward the shipping. Soon changing to the southeast, the conflagration took an opposite direction, extending over the area between Broad Street and the line of the Fort, thence onward in solid mass, crossing Broadway, beyond the Bowling Green, at the present Morris Street, sweeping on by the North River, widening in its course till it reached its termination at Barclay Street, where it was checked by the College grounds. The fire lasted about ten hours, being extinguished in the forenoon of the next day. With the exception of the houses on the western side of Broadway, above Wall Street, everything in its path was burned. The Lutheran Church, adjoining Trinity, Trinity itself, with its costly organ, the Rectory, Charity School, and library belonging to the church, all perished in the flames. St. Paul's and the College were saved by extraordinary exertions. The shingle roofs which covered these and the other buildings greatly facilitated the progress of the flames.

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* "The Battle on Harlem Heights," by H. B. Dawson. "Corporation Manual," 1868. Bancroft, IX. 126-7.

There was much also that was unfavorable in the disorganized condition of the city. The pumps and fire-engines were out of order, the population was very much reduced, and many of the citizens who were left kept at home lest they should be suspected of complicity in a plot to destroy the town.

Important assistance is said to have been rendered by the officers of the army and navy with the soldiers and seamen at hand; but it is evident from a glance at the map that the safety of the greater part of the city was due to the favorable direction the wind had taken. The conflagration had exhausted the buildings in its course. Nearly 500 houses were burned, about one-eighth of the buildings of the city.

General Howe, in his dispatch to Lord George Germain, attributed the conflagration to the attempt of a number of wretches provided with "matches and combustibles that had been prepared with great art and ingenuity," adding that "many were detected in the fact, and some killed upon the spot by the enraged troops in garrison."

Governor Tryon told the same story, confining the number of victims to "two or three, who were killed as they were detected in their hellish design." The manner in which he attempted to fasten the disaster upon Washington exhibits a deplorable credulity in a person of the Governor's standing and experience. "Many circumstances," says he, "lead to conjecture that Mr. Washington was privy to this villainous act, as he sent all the bells of the churches out of town, under pretense of casting them into cannon; whereas, it is much more probable to prevent the alarm being given by ringing of the bells before the fire should get ahead beyond the reach of the engines and buckets; besides, some officers of his army were found concealed in the city, supposed for this devilish purpose."

On the other hand, we find John Sloss Hobart writing from Kingsbridge to the New York Convention, communicating a report that the British commander-in-chief himself was the author of the calamity. "General Howe," he writes, "disclaims any knowledge of the matter till the city was in flames; and in order to evince his sincerity, we are told he threw several persons suspected of being concerned into the flames; several others were hung up by their heels, and afterward had their throats cut. This, we suppose, has been done in order to take the odium of such a crime from the army." In truth, the wildest reports prevailed; no conjectures appeared too absurd for belief. The fire evidently originated in accident or carelessness, and its progress was sufficiently explained by the force of the wind and the combustible nature of the materials.

Of the cruelties practiced on the spot there can be little doubt. One of the most interesting notices of this event is from the pen of one of the greatest sufferers by it, the Rev. Charles Inglis, who with the other Episcopal clergy of Trinity had been driven from the city. This account is given in a letter to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

He tells of his return to the city on Monday, the day succeeding the landing of the British, notes its "melancholy appearance, being deserted and pillaged, his own house plundered of everything by the rebels." "On Wednesday," he continues, "I opened one of the churches and solemnized divine services, when all the inhabitants gladly attended, and joy was lighted up in every countenance on the restoration of our public worship; for very few remained but such as were members of our church." He charges the conflagration upon the rebels, and estimates the loss of the Corporation of Trinity at not less than £25,000. In a subsequent report of the Vestry, the loss is put at £536 per annum, the annual rent of 246 lots of ground, the tenants' buildings being all consumed by the fire. The burnt ground, with the smoldering ruins, gave an air of desolation to the city while the British remained in it.

In the description of Dunlap, who witnessed the scene, "the ruins on the southeast side of the town were converted into dwelling-places by using the chimneys and parts of walls which were firm, and adding pieces of spars with old canvas from the ships, forming hovels—part hut and part tent. This was called 'Canvas Town,' and was the receptacle and resort of the vilest dregs brought by the army and navy of Britain, with the filthiest of those who fled to them for refuge—the Wapping, the St. Giles's and the Five Points of the desolated garrisoned city.' *

The wealthy mansions of the city were occupied by the leading British officers. The Kennedy House, No. 1 Broadway, became the residence of Sir Henry Clinton, as it had been recently of Washington, and was subsequently of General Carleton.

Howe immediately occupied the fine country-seat of James Beekman, rising conspicuously above the river on the high ground overlooking Turtle Bay, a building which, though greatly altered in conformity with the level streets of the city, long remained in the family of its original owner, one of the most interesting memorials of the Revolutionary era. Its cheerful Summer aspect was early to be darkened by one of the saddest events of the war.

Immediately after the battle of Long Island, Washington, anxious to obtain accurate knowledge of the British movements, applied to Colonel Knowlton for a suitable person in his regiment, of ability and acquaintance with military affairs, to enter the enemy's lines and acquire the necessary information. Knowlton summoned several of his officers, stated the nature of the duty, and left the matter for their consideration. Captain Nathan Hale, a native of Coventry, Connecticut, a recent graduate of Yale College, at the age of twenty-one, of rare mental endowments and of the most endearing moral qualities, volunteered for the service. He was fully conscious of the perilous work before him, in which success could bring no proportionate honor, and failure was death and ignominy. He went avowedly from a sense of duty.

Crossing the Sound above the city, he traveled to Brooklyn, observed the enemy's camp, and returning by

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* David Grim's "Account of the Fire in 1776, with other Notices," "New York Corporation Manual," 1866. Dunlap's History, II., 79. "American Theatre," 42.

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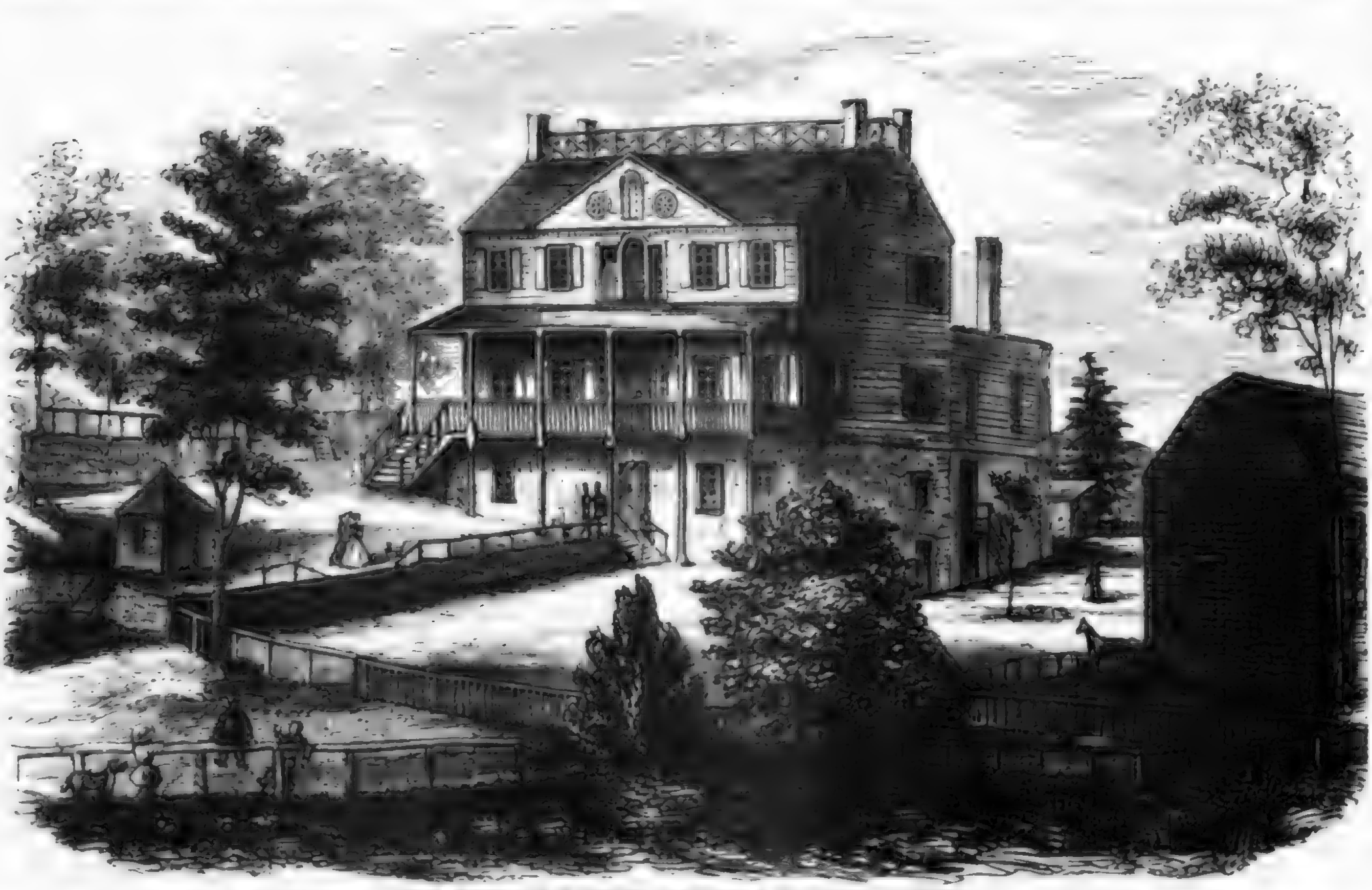
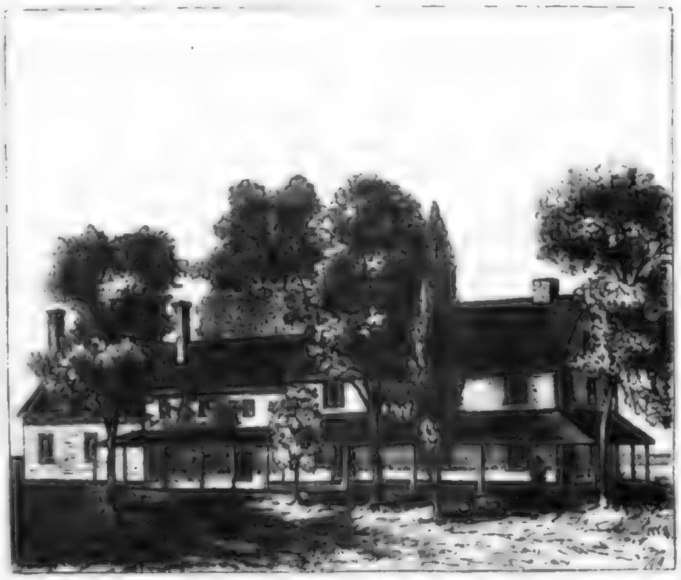


THE BEEKMAN MANSION, RESIDENCE OF GENERAL HOWE.

the road he had taken, was arrested on his arrival at Huntington. He was quickly conveyed to the head-quarters of General Howe, which he reached on the 21st of September. The plans and notes which he had made were found on his person, and he frankly avowed the object of his journey. Without further trial he was ordered for execution the following morning. That night he was confined in the greenhouse attached to the Beekman mansion. He was not permitted to see a clergyman, and the use of the Bible was denied him. The letters which he had been permitted by Howe to write to his mother and sisters were destroyed by the brutal provost-marshal who was charged with his execution. This was no other than the notorious bully Cunningham, now elevated to office, bent upon revenging the chastisement which, it will be remembered, he had received at the foot of the liberty-pole. In pursuance of the sentence, Hale was hanged upon an apple-tree in Rutgers Orchard, near the present intersection of East Broadway and Market Street. "I only regret," were his last words, "that I have but one life to give my country."

We may pause in the midst of these details of the British occupation of the city to note the passing away of the venerable Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, Cadwallader Colden. He died at Flushing, L. I., on the 21st of September, in his eighty-ninth year—essentially a man of the eighteenth century, an acute and original investigator in science, skilled in philosophy, addicted to literature, a shrewd and caustic observer of his fellow-men, but ignorant of the coming time. He had devoted the best energies of a long career to the interests of New York, and must ever be remembered as a true and honorable representative of her provincial life. The losses and indignities which he had suffered at the hands of the people in the Stamp Act riots were not calculated to endear to him the new order of things. Yet he showed on that and other occasions great moderation. In one of his last dispatches to the Earl of Dartmouth in June, shortly before the return of Tryon finally relieved him of the cares of government, he expresses his sense of pain and anxiety at the prospect before him of "a people calmly determining to involve their country in dreadful war and desolation," and, eager for reconciliation, counsels the Minister, "Any measures, my lord, are to be preferred to those of hostility."* He lived to witness the opening scenes of the struggle—his part was with the Crown in the few months left him of retirement at Long Island—and he may well have thought as he expired, with the exhibition, of British power around him, that there was yet a future in America to the kingly authority he had so faithfully served.

Governor Tryon announced Colden's death to Lord George Germain, and with the intelligence sent a memorandum of the shrunken Council of the Province: "Mr. Chief-



THE ROBINSON HOUSE.

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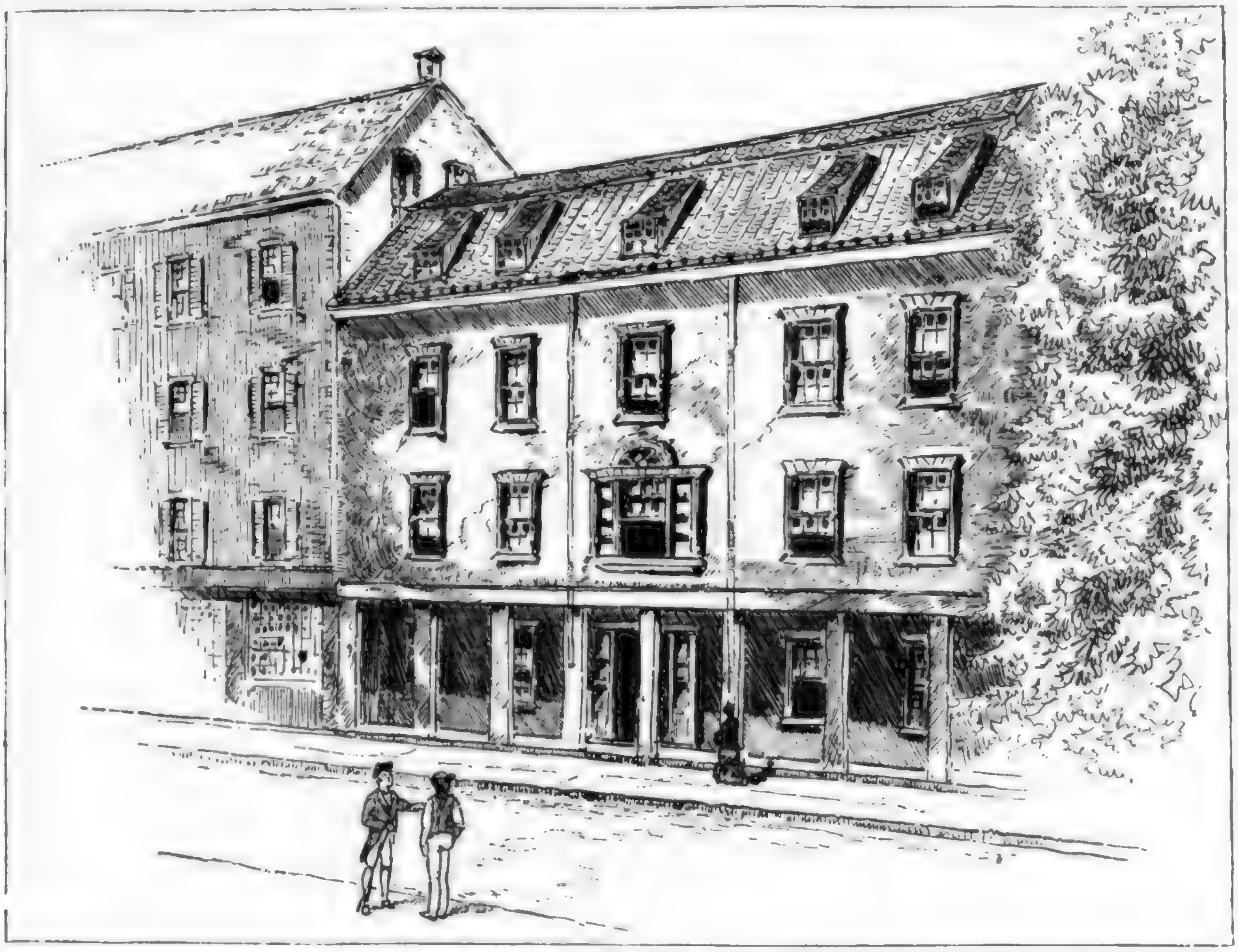
* Lieutenant-governor Colden to the Earl of Dartmouth, 7th of June, 1775. Col. Doc. VIII. 580.

Justice Horsemanden (very old and feeble), Mr. Oliver Delancey, Mr. Charles Ward Apthorp, Mr. Axtell and Mr. Henry Cruger, had liberty to attend the summons of Government. Mr. William Smith, withdrawn to his plantation up the North River, and not been heard of these five months; Mr. Hugh Wallace and Mr. James Jauncey, prisoners with the rebels; Mr. John Watts, Colonel Morris and Mr. Henry White in England."* There was probably little need of a quorum of these civilians in the presence of the high military officers who had now possession of New York. Tryon felt the diminished importance of the Governor's chair. In November we find him speaking of "such regulations of police as are left me in my restricted sphere of executive power, arising from the present necessity of the times," as he transmits to Lord George Germain the important intelligence that "the liberty-pole erected some years ago in this city, and which remained as a monument of insult to the Government and of licentiousness to the people, was last month, by my recommendation to the inhabitants, very properly and very quietly taken down and removed by them."† After all, there is something satisfactory in this final disposition of the old liberty-pole—removed with order and propriety by a royal governor, and the intelligence promptly transmitted to the British Cabinet. Tryon's governorship was, in fact, a trifling appendage to the military rule. Under these circumstances he naturally availed himself of the military rank which he already held, and offered his services to General Howe to command the loyal American levies. In 1777 he was raised to the rank of major-general. The several military expeditions to Connecticut which he conducted, the fruits of this promotion, exhibited the innate cruelty of his disposition beyond the usual severity of war. In 1780 he resigned his governorship, and passed the few remaining years of his life in England. Even at this late period of his retirement he had a successor in his title of Governor of New York. The appointment was conferred on Major-general James Robertson, a soldier of the Old French War, who had accompanied Howe to Staten Island and taken part in the engagements which gave possession of the city to the British.



RESIDENCE OF SIR HENRY CLINTON.

A month was suffered to pass by Howe after the battle of Harlem Heights, before his next military demonstration was made, Washington all the while holding in security his strong position on the hills, extending to Kingsbridge. On the 12th of October the plans of the British general were indicated by the landing of a force at Throgg's Neck, on the Sound, evidently with a view of cutting off the American army. Heath, by his activity in seizing the passes to the mainland, defeated the movement at this point; but another landing in the vicinity was soon effected by Howe's troops, followed by a march into the interior. Washington, meanwhile, was withdrawing his forces from the island, occupying the line of the Bronx, and taking position on the advantageous heights at White Plains. Fort Independence was abandoned, but the garrison at Fort Washington was suffered to remain. Howe, gathering his forces, advanced from New Rochelle toward the American camp.

On the 28th an engagement began with an attack upon an outpost at Chatterton Hill, possession of which was gained by the British only after a costly struggle.

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* Governor Tryon to Lord George Germain, 24th September, 1776.

† Governor Tryon to Lord George Germain, 26th of November, 1776. Col. Doc. VIII., 691.

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Washington now made his dispositions so skillfully that Howe, hesitating to resume the conflict, presently withdrew his force, leaving Washington free to visit the posts at the Highlands, transport his troops across the Hudson, and pursue his march into New Jersey.

He arrived at Fort Lee, where Greene was stationed, on the 13th of November. The safety of Fort Washington, where there were now concentrated nearly 3,000 men, afforded him an instant subject of anxiety. Washington would, doubtless, have withdrawn the garrison before, but Congress earnestly desiring the post should be retained to the last, he had left its maintenance to the discretion of Greene, who was sanguine of holding it. The enemy was now at hand. Howe was at Fordham Heights collecting transports for crossing the river. On the 15th he summoned Colonel Magaw, the commander of the fort, to surrender, threatening extremities if he should be driven to an assault. The demand was, of course, refused.

The attack which ensued on the 16th involved a series of engagements, extending over much of the ground recently occupied by the American army. The line of the river needed no protection; the heights were to be defended at their northern extremity, and southern and eastern approaches. Rawlings, with a Maryland rifle regiment and three-gun battery, held the first, and Cadwallader, with a body of Pennsylvanians, the second. Colonel Baxter occupied Laurel Hill, to the eastward, on the Harlem River. Knyphausen and Rahl, in command of the Hessians and Germans, led the attack on the north by the Kingsbridge Road with great gallantry; scaling the rough wooded ascent, encumbered by fallen trees, raked by the American musketry, and plunging fire of the battery. Cornwallis, crossing the river, under like difficulties, gained possession of Laurel Hill, where Baxter fell in its defense. Percy, who held the British line at McGowan's Pass, advanced on the south, established himself on the heights, and was presently assisted by a large reinforcement of Highlanders, under Stirling, sent across the river by Howe Their landing was resisted by detachments from the fort and the command of Cadwallader; they ascended the heights under fire with heavy loss, but they gained the summit. An overwhelming force was now advancing from all sides to the fort. A surrender was again demanded, and but a scant half-hour given for deliberation. The garrison was entirely at the mercy of the enemy. Washington, who watched the battle from the high grounds on the opposite shore, would, if opportunity had been allowed, have endeavored to bring off the troops at night. But at the instant there was only one course left. The fort was surrendered to Knyphausen. The British loss, chiefly on the part of the Hessians, was over 500; that of the Americans in the conflict, less than a third of that number, but more than 2,600 became prisoners of war.[*] Henceforth, till the struggle was ended, the entire island was in the hands of the British.

The surrender of Fort Washington, following upon the battle of Long Island, filled to overflowing the prisons of New York. Buildings of various descriptions were pressed into this service. The College was hastily filled with the captive soldiery. The new jail in the Commons became the provost's prison, for the confinement of officers and leading Whigs, under the guardianship of the ruthless Cunningham, and his deputy, Sergeant Keefe, his equal in cruelty; while the Bridewell, in its vicinity, an imposing building which had been erected only the year before, was crowded with military captives. Eight hundred of the prisoners taken at Fort Washington were marched to this building. The windows, defended by iron bars, were unglazed, causing the inmates, in addition to their other privations, to suffer severely from the cold. The huge sugar-houses supplied another ready resource, rising to the height of many stories, and presenting in their thick stone walls and narrow apertures every appearance of a prison. Three were occupied in this way—Van Cortlandt's, in the rear of Trinity Churchyard, which, though in its track, had escaped the great fire; Rhinelander's, on the corner of William and Duane Streets; and the more famous building in Liberty, then Crown Street, adjoining the Middle Dutch Church. The churches came next in order, suffering grievously from this military occupation, the calamity generally falling heaviest on those whose attendance had been least in sympathy with the claims of royalty. "Of nineteen places of public worship in the city when the war began," records Dr. Rodgers, "there were but nine fit for use when the British left it." This enumeration, however, includes Trinity and the Lutheran Church, which were destroyed in the fire of 1776.

The Middle Dutch Church was first used as a prison, and afterward as a riding-school for the British officers and soldiers. Pews, pulpit and galleries disappeared. It was stripped bare to the walls and roof. The North Dutch Church was employed first as a prison and then as a hospital. The furniture of the ground floor was removed; the floor was carried from gallery to gallery. Some years after the war was ended a New Yorker traveling in England discovered the familiar pulpit in a country church, in which he was worshiping, and was told that it had been brought over from America during the Revolutionary War in a British ship.[*]

The old Dutch Reformed Church in Garden Street was occupied as a hospital, and afterward, in 1780, restored to the congregation, which had been meanwhile accommodated by Trinity Vestry with the temporary use of St. George's Chapel.[†] The Presbyterian churches fared badly; that in Wall Street was converted into barracks; its whole interior was destroyed; the recently built Brick Church, in Beekman Street, was used as a hospital. The old Huguenot Church in Pine Street was first a prison, then a hospital. The Lutheran Church, which many of our citizens remember, at the corner of William and Frankfort Streets, was employed as a hospital for the Hessians. The Baptist church was turned into a stable, and the Quaker meeting-house into a hospital. The clergy of these denominations generally had left the city, with most of the leading Whig inhabitants. The Episcopal and Methodist services only appear at this time to have been regularly maintained. Dr. Auchmuty, the rector of Trinity, who had retired from the city in consequence of the popular commotions at the opening of the war, returned when the British came, and officiated at St. Paul's until his death, in the Spring of 1777, when he was succeeded in the rectorship of Trinity by his coadjutor in the ministry, the Rev. Dr. Inglis. The usual proceedings were held at the institution of the latter, with one variation—at the induction he was led within the ruins of Trinity, and his hand placed by a vestryman upon the vacant wall.[‡]

The Methodist church in John Street was not only kept open, but liberally maintained, during this period.

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[*] Bancroft's History, IX., 193.

[*] Dr. De Witt's "Historical Discourse," 41.

[†] Berrian's "Trinity Church," p. 171-2.

[‡] Dr. Berrian's "Trinity Church."

its relation to the Church of England, with which its members were then in communion, may have served for its protection; while the loyal part taken by Wesley, and urged by him upon the colonists, doubtless had its influence. The services at Wesley's Chapel were conducted by Samuel Scraggs, who, subsequent to the Revolution, left the Methodists and became rector of the old Episcopal church in Elizabethtown.[*]

While the churches were being converted into prisons and hospitals for army captives, the prisoners taken at sea were confined on board various hulks in the harbor. At the outset some of these vessels were used for the confinement of soldiers. There was quite a number of them —mostly old transports—the *Whitley, Good Hope, Scorpion, Prince of Wales, John, Falmouth, Hunter, Stromboli,* and the *Old Jersey*, employed as prison-ships or hospitals. Of these ill-famed vessels the last mentioned is, perhaps, the best remembered, though the others were stamped with the cruelty which marked the whole. The *Jersey* was originally a sixty-four gun ship, but being condemned as unseaworthy, her entire armament was removed, with all her equipment. Divested of spars and rigging, deprived of the ornament of her figure-head, her ports closed and replaced by a few small apertures, she lay, a dark, unsightly mass, at the Wallabout, where, long after the war was over, the timbers were lazily rotting, until she sank at the spot which had resounded with the cries of her unhappy victims. Presiding over this naval department was David Sproat, Commissary of Prisoners, worthy of ranking with the hated Cunningham.

We would willingly pass over the story of the cruelties inflicted on the American prisoners of sea and land in these places of confinement in the city and its harbor. It is to be hoped, for the honor of human nature, that some of their complaints may have been exaggerated; but they come from too many sources, and are supported by too exact evidence, to be discredited. The prison and prison-ships, it must be admitted, were fearfully overcrowded, ill-ventilated, badly provisioned, early infected with contagious diseases, mere feeders of the hospitals, to enter one of which was generally to receive a certificate of death.

The reader of the "Columbiad" will not fail to recall the fine engraving designed by Smirke, at the suggestion of Fulton, in which the artist has represented the Genius of Cruelty presiding over the Prison-ship. Aloft sits, in inexorable firmness, clasping the "Register of Death," the Angel of Darkness, who casts a stony look, forbidding all hope to the imploring captives, as they thrust their arms in supplication through the iron grating covering the hatchway. The poet's text, which is but an echo of the reports of the sufferers, shows that the artist, in this fearful picture, has not transcended the reality. Joel Barlow, the author, was informed by Elias Boudinot, the American Commissary of Prisoners at the time, that in the *Jersey* alone 11,000 American prisoners died in eighteen months; "almost the whole of them from the barbarous treatment of being stifled in a crowded hold with infected air, and poisoned with unwholesome food."

In the apartment of the City Jail appropriated to officers and persons of rank and distinction, which hence received the name of Congress Hall, we are told by that estimable chronicler of old New York, John Pintard: "So closely were the prisoners packed, that when they lay down at night to rest, when their bones ached on the hard oak planks, and they wished to turn, it was altogether by word of command, "Right—left," being so wedged and compact as to form almost a solid mass of human bodies."[*]

Andros, of New London, in after life a Presbyterian clergyman, was taken a captured privateer's-man to the *Old Jersey*. His published narrative tells of the suffering and mortality, aggravated by inhuman cruelty, inflicted on the crowded prisoners. Fever raged in the vessel, daily contributing its quota of corpses to the frequent careless burials on the shore. "Doubtless," says this writer, with a fine irony, "no other ship in the British navy ever proved the means of the destruction of so many human beings."[†]

Dring's narrative repeats the story in terms which recall the most appalling horrors of the slave trade, and others echo the accusation. The poet Freneau, captured as a passenger in a merchant-vessel sailing out of Philadelphia, was confined at first in the *Scorpion*, where, being thrown into a fever, he was transferred to the hospital-ship *Hunter*. He found both alike intolerable. In his poem, of several cantos, "The British Prison-ship," he has left a description of the appearance of these vessels, and of the sufferings of their inmates, not the less vivid that the grim narrative is relieved by quaint touches of humor:

> "In vain for water and in vain we call'd—
> No drop was granted to the midnight prayer.
> To *rebels* in these regions of despair!
> The loathsome cask a deadly dose contains,
> Its poison circling through the languid veins;
> 'Here, *generous* Briton, generous, as you say,
> To my parch'd tongue one cooling drop convey:—
> Hell has no mischief like a thirsty throat,
> Nor one tormentor like your *David Sproat*.'"

The subject of these complaints was early brought to the attention of Washington, who, in firm but courteous words, addressed Lord Howe in relation to the naval prisoners, requiring from him that "the unhappy persons whose lot is captivity may not in future have the miseries of cold, disease and famine added to their other misfortunes," and at the same time addressing Lieutenant-general Howe, he brings to his notice the ill-treatment of the prisoners in New York. "Those who have been lately sent out," he writes, "give the most shocking account of their barbarous usage, which their miserable, emaciated countenances confirm. How very different was their appearance from that of your soldiers, who had been lately returned to you, after a captivity of twelve months; and whether this difference in appearance was owing to a difference of treatment, I leave it to you, or any impartial person, to determine."

Both Lord Howe and his brother, in the usual terms of official denial, represented that the prisoners were in all repects well taken care of, "in the most airy buildings and on board the largest transports in the fleet, which were the very healthiest places of reception that could possibly be provided for them." These distinguished personages, willfully blind, may not have been acquainted with the details of maladministration, but the sufferers knew, and their evidence has fixed a lasting stigma on the humanity of the British at New York and their conduct of the war. A fearful testimony survived the actors in the many thronged, shallow graves on the shores of the Wallabout, frequently exposing the relics of the dead as they were washed by the tides. At length, in 1808, the remains were gathered up, and carried in an imposing funeral procession to a burial-place provided

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[*] Wakeley's "Methodism in New York," 267-290.

[*] Notes to "Columbiad," 4to. ed., 1807, 424.

[†] "The Old Jail," N. Y. *Mirror*, Sept. 10th, 1831.

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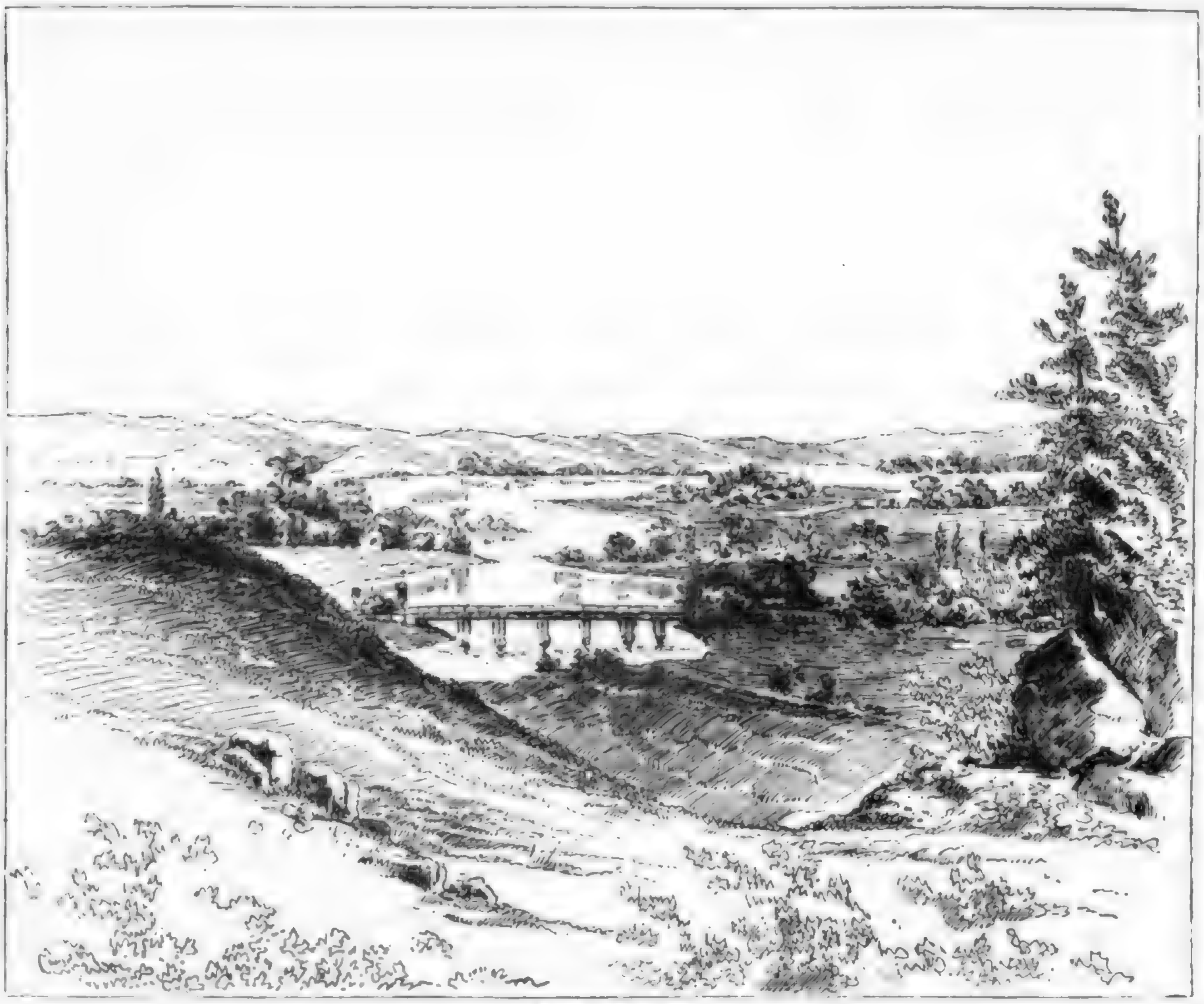
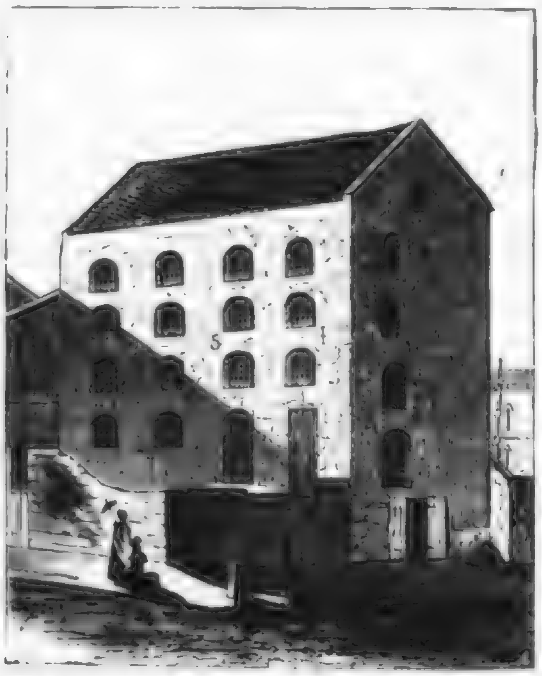


M'GOWAN'S PASS.

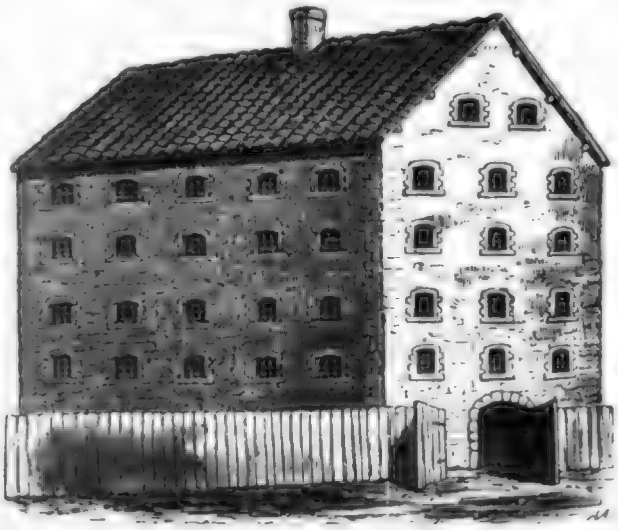
for the purpose in the vicinity of the Navy Yard, in Brooklyn. About thirty years ago a monument was erected at the north end of Trinity Churchyard, on Broadway, at the expense of the corporation of that church.



VAN COURTLAND SUGAR-HOUSE, THAMES STREET.

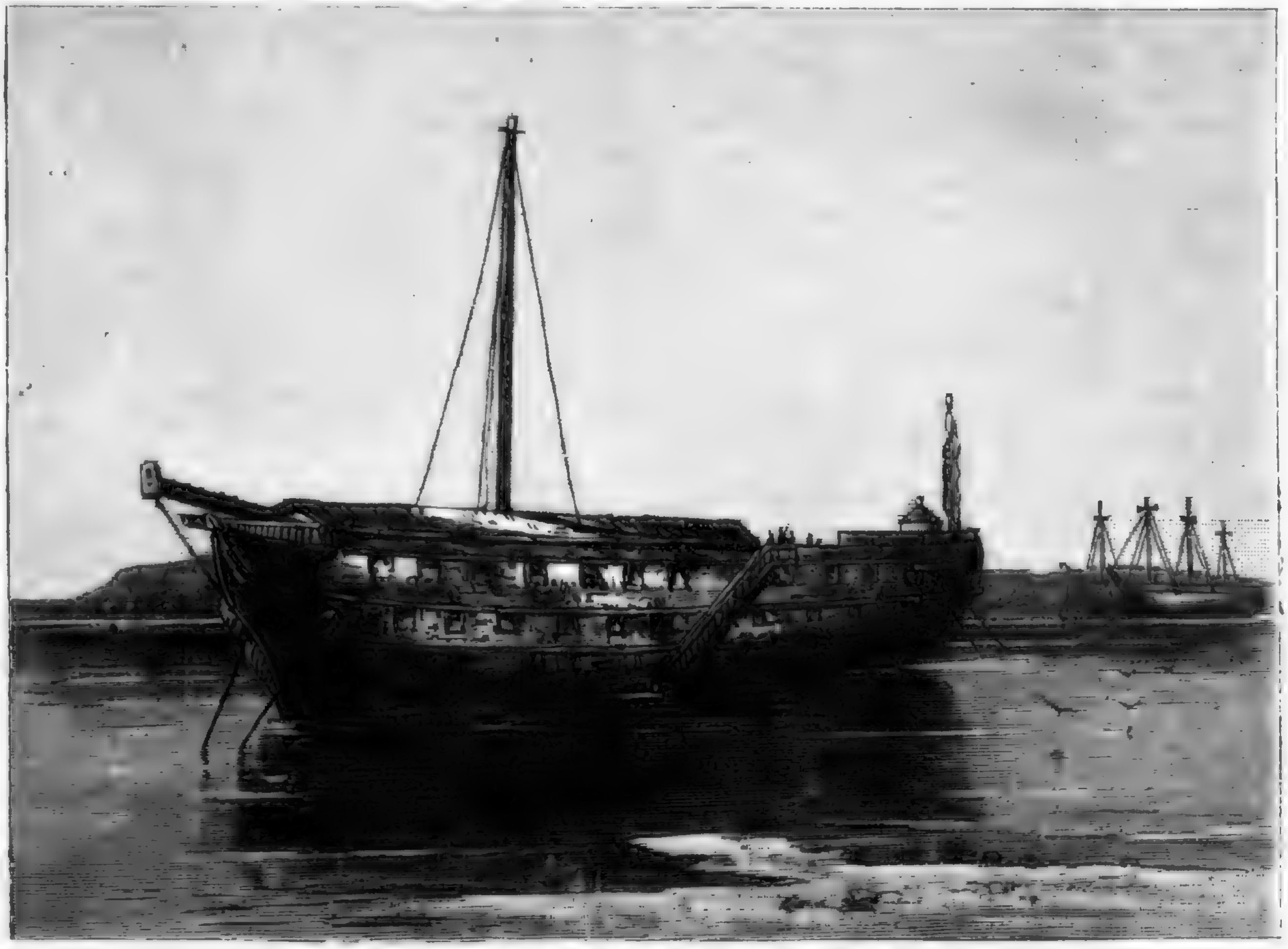
It must be considered doubtful, however, whether any considerable number of the victims of the prisons of the city were interred at this spot. There was little care in their burial for the honors of holy sepulchre. The prison dead were carried to unoccupied places, which then abounded in the island, frequently hastily covered in the numerous trenches which had been dug for the defense of the city.

The occupation of the island by the British troops brought back Rivington, with a new press and the appointment of King's Printer. He recommenced his paper with the old title, in October, 1777, presently changing it to *Rivington's New York Loyal Gazette*, and in December, to the *Royal Gazette*. It was conducted in a very free party style, unsparing in ridicule of the American'



THE OLD SUGAR-HOUSE, LIBERTY STREET, USED AS A PRISON BY THE ENGLISH.

officers, and, what was more annoying, depreciating and misrepresenting their military movements and successes. In fact, for its ready manufacture of news to suit the army purposes, it got the name throughout the country of the "*Lying Gazette.*" Governor Livingston, of New Jersey, who was honored in its pages with such titles as the "Don Quixote of the Jerseys," "Knight of the Most Honorable Order of Starvation," and "Chief of the Independents," wrote, in 1780, "If Rivington is taken, I must have one of his ears ; Gouverneur is entitled to the other ; and General Washington, if he pleases, may take his head." The *Gazette*, besides its war reports, correct or incorrect, has other features of interest at this day in its quaint advertisements of books and various luxuries provided by Rivington, who was an enterprising shopkeeper, for the army officers. A clever parody of this part of the paper is published by Francis Hopkinson in one of his delightful essays, while Freneau gayly turned the whole into rhyme in his "Rivington's Last Will and Testament." Rivington was a man of society and a pleasant companion. His paper, written for friendly eyes, undoubtedly contributed much to the liveliness of New York during this troubled period. The other newspaper published in the city during this time, by Hugh Gaine, at the sign of The Bible and Crown, the *New York Gazette and the Weekly Mercury*, was of a less stimulating character.



THE "JERSEY" PRISON-SHIP, IN WHICH AMERICAN PRISONERS PERISHED.

In August, 1778, in a night of extreme heat, there was a second fire in the city, of some magnitude, originating on Cruger's Wharf, destroying some fifty dwelling-houses and stores in its progress to the adjoining Dock and Little Dock Streets, known at present as Water and Pearl. There was the old alarm and suspicion of incendiarism, inducing Major-general Jones, then residing in the city, to offer a reward of one hundred guineas for the conviction of the offender. The Winter which succeeded was one of unusual severity. The bay and harbor were choked with ice ; there was a solid passage from island to island and across the Hudson. Dunlap records his recollection of having seen a troop of horse and artillery crossing to Staten Island. There was a beaten track for sleighs and wagons to Paulus Hook, winding between the hills of ice, and another to Hoboken.*

September, 1781, witnessed an unusual stir among the army and navy officers and the civic authorities, occasioned by the arrival of Prince William Henry, third son of George III., who subsequently came to the throne as William IV. He was then a youth of sixteen, a midshipman in the royal navy. He arrived with Admiral Digby in the *Prince George*, and was received with much ceremony by Clinton and Robertson, the military governor. Tryon, in the name of the Council and inhabitants, presented him an address lavish of fulsome compliment, in which it was said "a rebellion that grew upon prejudice should sink at so fair a representation of the royal virtues"—a sentiment which did not escape the satiric muse of Freneau :

"'Prince William comes !' the Briton cry'd ;
'Our labors now will be repaid,
Dominion be restored !

"'Our monarch is in William seen,
He is the image of our Queen,
Let William be ador'd !'"

Prince William remained in the city during the Winter and succeeding Summer. He was hospitably entertained by the inhabitants, was especially honored on his father's birthday, and his own was duly celebrated shortly before his departure. His skating on the ponds,

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* Dunlap, II., 166.

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a favorite enjoyment with the New Yorkers, in which he took part, was long remembered. A plot, originating with Colonel Ogden, of New Jersey, and approved by Washington, was set on foot to capture the Prince and Admiral Digby in their quarters, but no attempt was made to carry it into execution. The prince, during his stay in the city, occupied, with the admiral, the house of Gerardus Beekman on Hanover Square.

Whatever might befall the churches, the theatre in John Street, the seat of the old Hallam company, was occupied neither as a prison nor a hospital, but still devoted to its legitimate uses under the new name of the Theatre Royal. The professional actors were gone, but a cultivation of theatrical amusements ranked high among the social tastes of the British officers of that day. The reader will remember Major Moncrieff, whose performance of *Othello* was thrown in with the personations of the regular company some years before. He now appeared in the same character for some charitable purpose. The theatre was, in fact, regularly organized with a corps of officers for actors and an efficient manager in Dr. Beaumont, surgeon-general, of good repute also as a low comedian. Dunlap, who witnessed his acting of *Scrub* and the *Mock Doctor*, recalled the performance with pleasure after he had seen the same farce sustained on the London boards by Quick and Edwin. Among the performers were Major Williams, of the artillery, who acted *Richard III.* and *Macbeth;* Captain Payne, Captain Fawcett, and, not least, Major André, who is said also to have lent a hand to the scene-painting of the establishment. Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Fielding, Farquhar, whose "Recruiting Officer" was well adapted to the times, furnished the staple of the entertainments, which also included the first representations in America of Home's tragedy of "Douglas" and Cumberland's "West Indian." Female parts were frequently performed by the younger subalterns of the army. The profits of the performances, which were sometimes considerable, were applied to the poor or suffering, who, especially in the inclemency of the Winter, the season when the plays were acted, stood much in need of this relief.*

Meanwhile the city, to divert the time, had its military incidents connected with the fortunes of the war, the arrivals at the port, the starting of expeditions, the planning of campaigns, and finally, the negotiations for peace. Certain personal movements furnished their special excitements. Early in the occupation, at the close of 1776, came General Charles Lee, a prize that the enemy much valued, captured on his lagging march in the Jerseys and brought into New York a prisoner of war. Treated nominally as a deserter, he was not suffered to be on parole, but convenient accommodations were provided for him in the City Hall, which was then used as a military prison. Lee passed about a year in easy confinement, when he was allowed the liberty of the city on parole, previous to being exchanged. While Washington was making every effort to secure his ease and safety, Lee was amusing his leisure by cowardly and treasonable suggestions to Howe of the best methods, in his opinion, of subjugating the Americans.† His old

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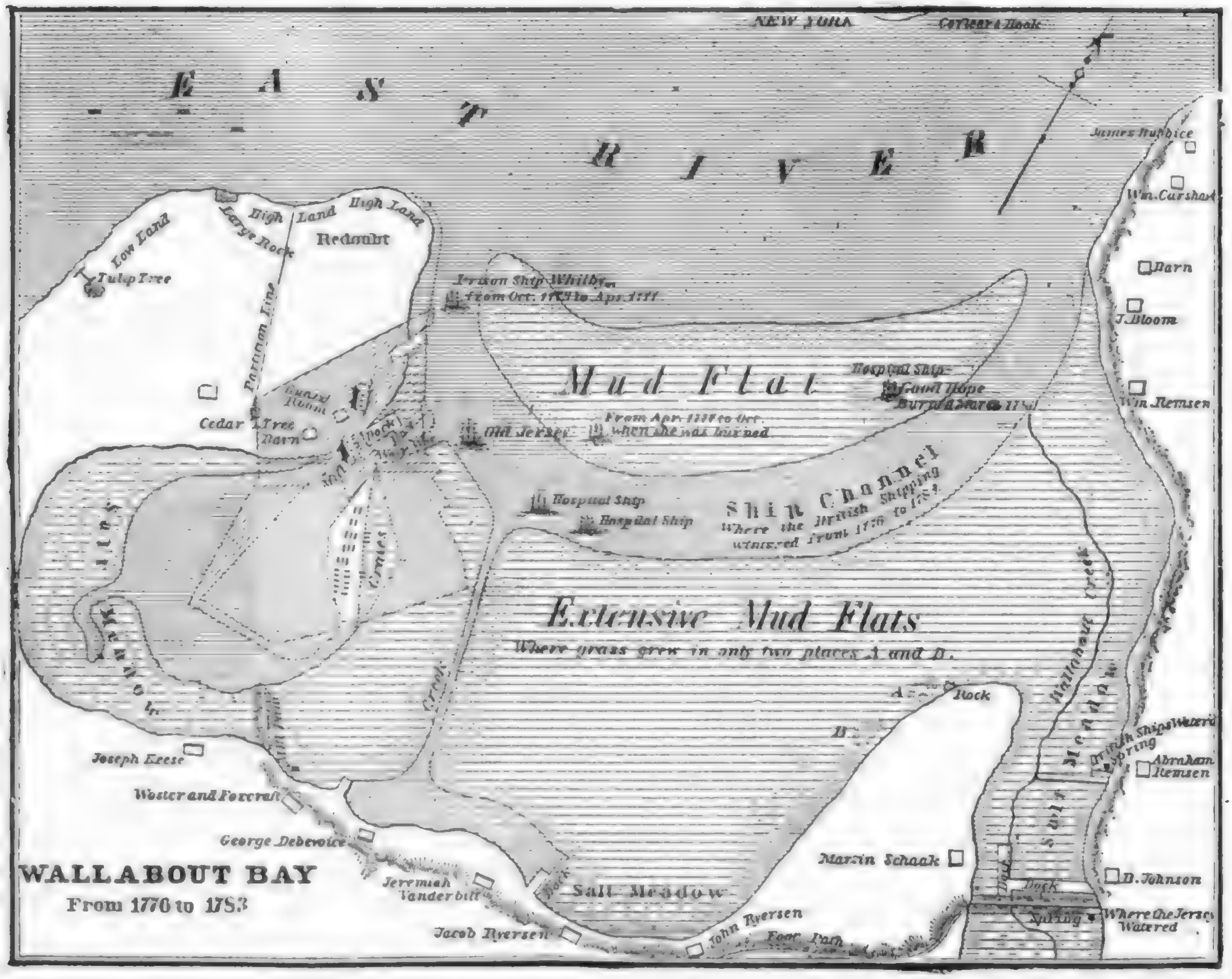
* Dunlap's "American Theatre," 49-54.

† "Treason of Charles Lee," by George H. Moore


WALLABOUT BAY
From 1776 to 1783

NEW YORK
EAST RIVER
James Rubbice
Wm. Carshak
Barn
J. Bloom
Wm. Remsen
Low Land
Tulip Tree
Large Rock
High Land
High Land
Redoubt
Partition Line
Guard Room
Cedar Tree Barn
Prison Ship Whitby from Oct. 1776 to Apr. 1777
Mud Flat
Hospital Ship Good Hope Burned Mar. 1780
Old Jersey
From Apr. 1778 to Oct. when she was burned
Hospital Ship
Hospital Ship
Ship Channel
Where the British Shipping wintered from 1776 to 1784
Extensive Mud Flats
Where grass grew in only two places A and B.
A
B
Rock
Wallabout Creek
Creek
Salt Meadow
British Ships Watered Spring
Abraham Remsen
Joseph Reese
Woster and Foxcraft
George Debevoice
Jeremiah Vanderbilt
Jacob Ryersen
John Ryersen
Foot Path
Marvin Schaak
Dock
Dock
D. Johnson
Spring
Where the Jersey Watered

friends, however, knew his irregularities, and understood the danger of his friendship. Still, his restless humor and the vivacity of his intellect must have lent some life to the place. The treason of Arnold in 1780 was planned in the city, Sir Henry Clinton giving his instructions to Major André in a room of the old Kennedy House, and New York presently lost the gay, sprightly André, to shelter in his stead the dull traitor Arnold. He resided at the Verplanck House, in Wall Street, and on Broadway, near the Battery, when the gallant Champe came, and almost accomplished his purpose of delivering him into the hands of Washington.

IN A GONDOLA.

Dark, it is dark ! the stars have all gone out,
There is no moon with watery smiles to flout
The cold smile rippling round a colder mouth
That parches not my thirsty soul with drouth
Like a red lip left in the rich South.

Dark, it is dark ! there is no light at all,
Except with the long oar-blades' rise and fall,
Except the phosphor-flashes of the brine,
And the quick light of eyes that gleam in mine,
But wakes no fires, Guinevra, as did thine !

Dark, it is dark ! the darkness of black night,
Darkness of skies, and all that should be bright,
Darkness of waves, where the black shores begin,
A darkness wrapping one fair child of sin,
Darkness of all without, and all within.

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

What the colonel's business was nobody knew, nor did any one care, particularly. He purchased for cash only, and he never grumbled at the price of anything that he wanted ; who could ask more than that ?

Curious people occasionally wondered how, when it had been fully two years since the colonel, with every one else, abandoned Duck Creek to the Chinese, he managed to spend money freely, and to lose considerable at cards and horse-races. In fact, the keeper of that one of the two Challenge Hill saloons which the colonel did not patronize was once heard to absent-mindedly wonder whether the colonel hadn't a money-mill somewhere, where he turned out double-eagles and "slugs" (the Coast name for fifty-dollar gold-pieces).

When so important a personage as a barkeeper indulged publicly in an idea, the inhabitants of Challenge Hill, like good Californians everywhere, considered themselves in duty bound to give it grave consideration, so for a few days certain industrious professional gentlemen, who won money of the colonel, carefully weighed some of the brightest pieces and tested them with acids, and tasted them and sawed them in two, and retried them and melted them up, and had the lumps assayed.

The result was a complete vindication of the colonel, and a loss of considerable custom to the indiscreet barkeeper.

The colonel was as good-natured a man as had ever been known at Challenge Hill, but, being mortal, the colonel had his occasional times of despondency, and one of them occurred after a series of races, in which he had staked his all on his bay mare Tipsie, and had lost.

Looking reproachfully at his beloved animal failed to heal the aching void of his pockets, and drinking deeply, swearing eloquently, and glaring defiantly at all mankind, were equally unproductive of coin.

The boys at the saloon sympathized most feelingly with the colonel ; they were unceasing in their invitations to drink, and they even exhibited considerable Christian forbearance when the colonel savagely dissented with every one who advanced any proposition.

But unappreciated sympathy grows decidedly tiresome to the giver, and it was with a feeling of relief that the boys saw the colonel stride out of the saloon, mount Tipsie, and gallop furiously away.

Riding on horseback has always been considered an excellent sort of exercise, and fast riding is universally admitted to be one of the most healthful and delightful means of exhilaration in the world.

But when a man is so absorbed in his exercise that he will not stop to speak to a friend, and when his exhilaration is so complete that he turns his eyes from well-meaning thumbs pointing significantly into doorways through which a man has often passed while seeking bracing influences, it is but natural that people should express some wonder.

The colonel was well known at Toddy Flat, Lone Hand, Blazer's, Murderer's Bar, and several other villages through which he passed, and as no one had been seen to precede him, betting men were soon offering odds that the colonel was running away from somebody.

Strictly speaking they were wrong, but they won all the money that had been staked against them, for within half an hour's time there passed over the same road an anxious-looking individual, who reined up in front of the principal saloon of each place, and asked if the colonel had passed.

Had the gallant colonel known that he was followed, and by whom, there would have been an extra election held at the latter place very shortly after, for the colonel's pursuer was no other than the constable of Challenge Hill, and for constables and all officers of the law the colonel possessed hatred of unspeakable intensity.

On galloped the colonel, following the stage-road, which threaded the old mining-camps on Duck Creek ; but suddenly he turned abruptly out of the road, and urged his horse through the young pines and bushes, which grew thickly by the road, while the constable galloped rapidly on to the next camp.

There seemed to be no path through the thicket into which the colonel had turned, but Tipsie walked between trees and bushes as if they were but the familiar objects of her own stableyard.

Suddenly a voice from the bushes shouted :

"What's up ?"

"Business—*that's* what," replied the colonel.

"It's time," replied the voice, and its owner—a bearded six-footer—emerged from the bushes, and stroked Tipsie's nose with the freedom of an old acquaintance. "We hain't had a nip sence last night, an' thar ain't a cracker or a handful of flour in the shanty. The old gal go back on yer ?"

"Yes," replied the colonel, ruefully—lost ev'ry blasted race. 'Twasn't *her* fault, bless her—she done her level best. Ev'rybody to home ?"

"You bet," said the man. "All been a-prayin' fur ye to turn up with the rocks, an' somethin' with more color than spring-water. Come on."

The man led the way, and Tipsie and the colonel followed, and the trio suddenly found themselves before a small log hut, in front of which sat three solemn, disconsolate-looking individuals, who looked appealingly at the colonel.

"Mac'll tell yer how 'twus, fellers," said the colonel, meekly, "while I picket the mare."

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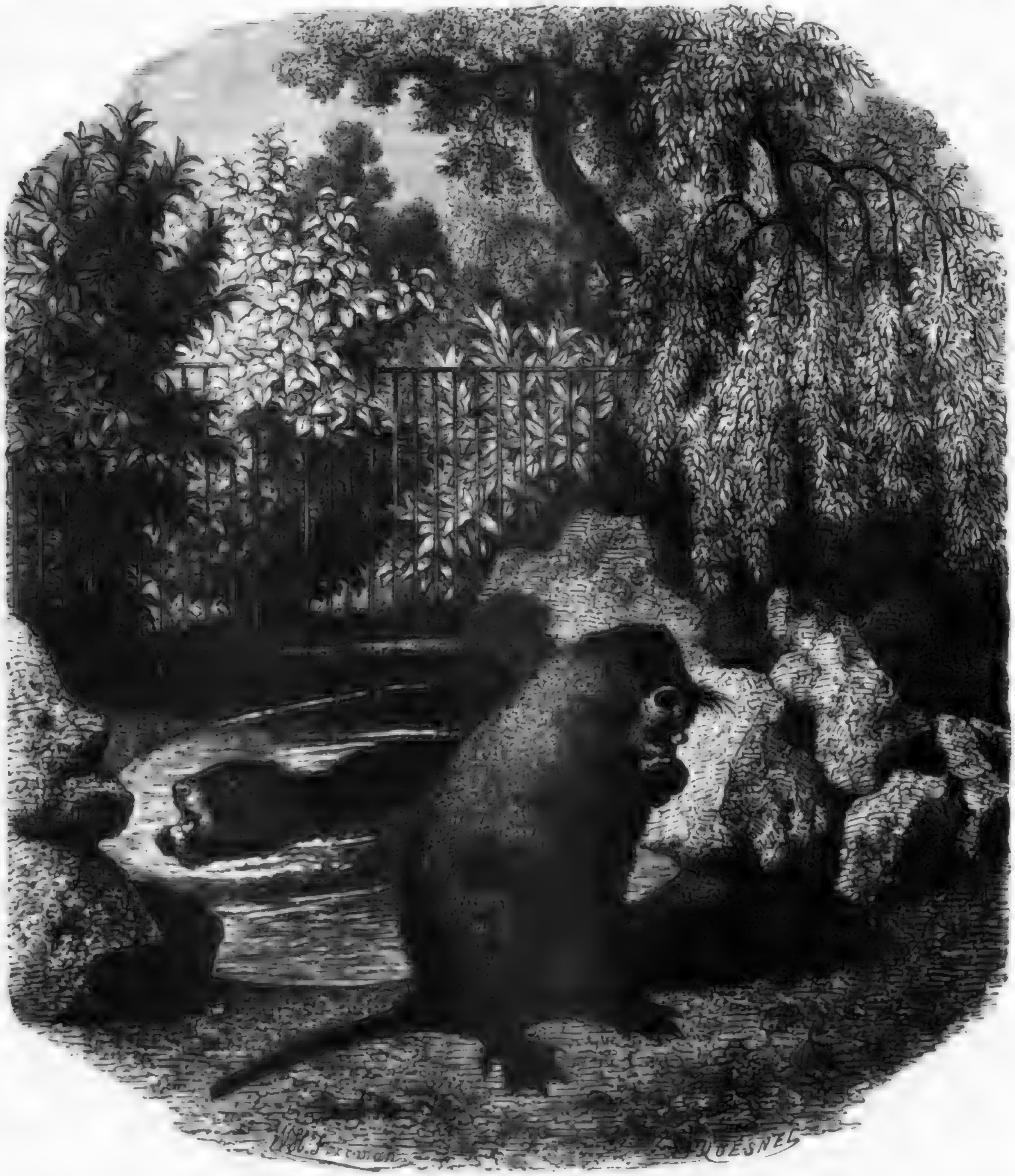
The colonel was absent but a very few moments, but when he returned each of the four men was attired in pistols and knife, while Mac was distributing some dominoes made from a rather dirty flour-bag.

"'Tain't so late ez all that, is it?" inquired the colonel.

"Better be an hour ahead than miss it this *'ere* night," said one of the four. "I ain't been so thirsty sence I come round the Horn, in '50, an' we run short of water. *Somebody* 'll git hurt ef ther' ain't no bitters on the old concern—they will, or my name ain't Perkins."



THE COUIRA (MYOPOTAMUS).—SEE PAGE 227.

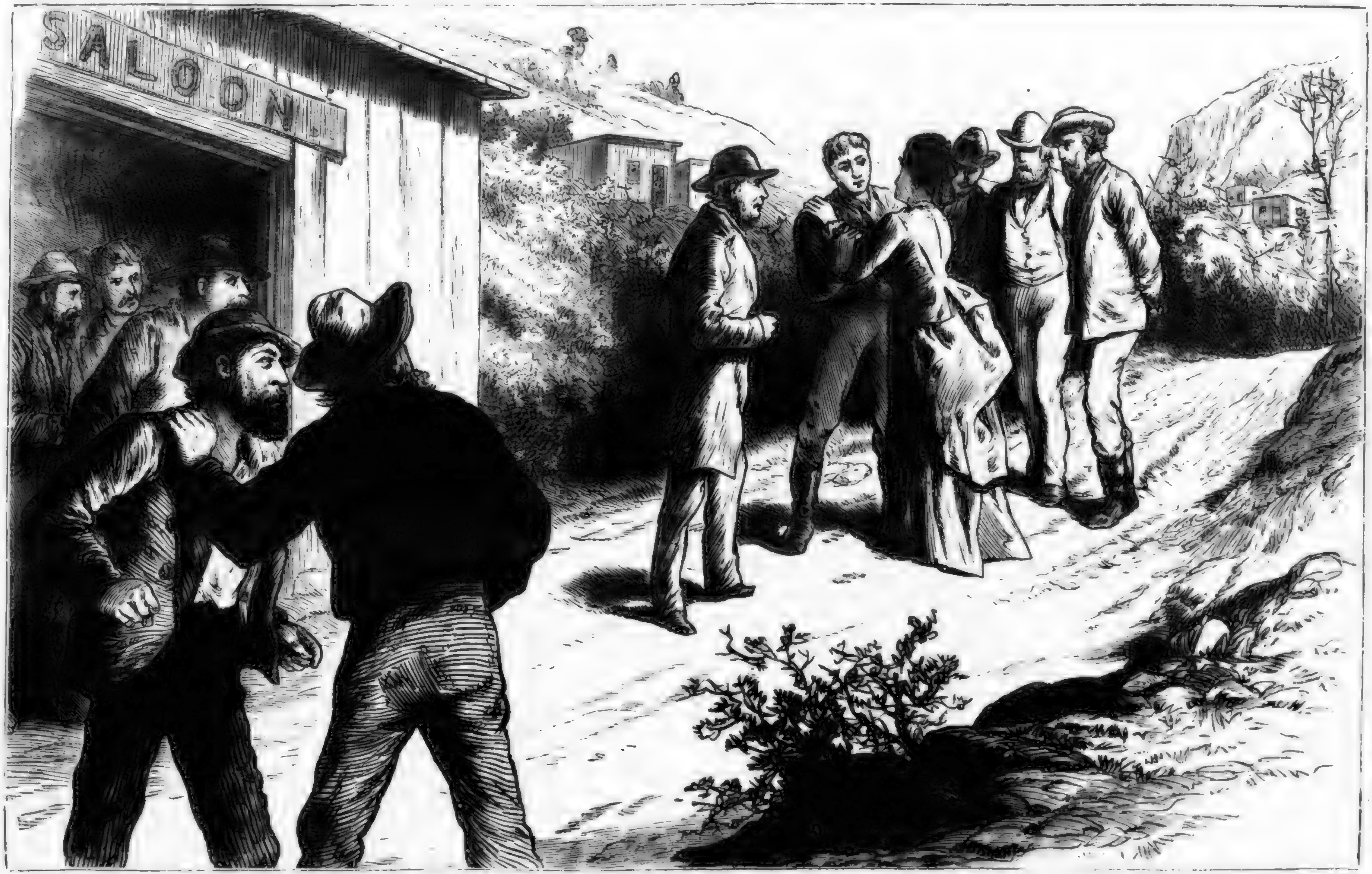
"Don't count yer chickings 'fore they're hetched, Perky," said one of the party, as he adjusted his domino under the rim of his hat. "S'posin' ther' should be too many fur us?"

"Stiddy, stiddy, Cranks!" remonstrated the colonel. "Nobody ever gits along ef they 'low 'emselves to be skeered."

"Fact," chimed in the smallest and thinnest man of the party. "The Bible says somethin' mighty hot 'bout that. I disremember dzackly how it goes; but I've heerd Parson Buzzy, down in Maine, preach a rippin' old sermon from that text many a time. The old man never thort what a comfort them sermons wuz a-goin' to be to a road-agent, though. That time we stopped Slim Mike's stage, an' he didn't hev no more manners than to draw on me, them sermons wus a perfec' blessin' to me—the thought ov 'em cleared my head ez quick ez a cocktail. An'——"

"I don't want to disturb Logroller's pious yarn," interrupted the colonel; "but ez it's Old Black that's a-drivin' to-day instid of Slim Mike, an ez Old Black ollers makes his time, hedn't we better vamose?"

The door of the shanty was hastily closed, and the men filed through the thicket until near the road, when they marched rapidly on parallel lines with it. After about half an hour, Perkins, who was leading, halted.



RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.—"DURING THE EXCITEMENT THE COLONEL SLIPPED QUIETLY OUT. THE OLD LADY STARTED, AND CRIED, 'GEORGE!' AND THE COLONEL EXCLAIMED, 'MOTHER!'"

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"Fur enough from home now," said he. "'Tain't no use bein' a gentleman ef yer hev to work *too* hard."

"Safe enough, I reckon," replied the colonel. "We'll do the usual: I'll halt 'em, Logroller 'll tend to the driver, Cranks takes the boot, and Mac an' Peck takes right an' left. An'—I know it's tough—but consid'rin' how everlastin', eternally hard up we are, I reckon we'll hev to ask contributions from the ladies, too, ef ther's any aboard—eh, boy?"

"Reckon so," replied Logroller, with a chuckle that seemed to inspire even his black domino with a merry wrinkle or two. "What's the use of women's rights ef they don't hev a chance of exercisin' 'em? Hevin' ther purses borrowed 'ud show 'em the hull doctrine in a brand-new light."

"They're treacherous critters, women is," remarked Cranks; "some of 'em might put a knife into a feller while he was 'pologizin'."

"Ef *you're* afeard of 'em," said Perkins, "you can go back an' clean up the shanty."

"Reminds me of what the Bible sez," said Logroller; "'there's a lion on the trail: I'll be chawed up, sez the lazy galoot,' ur words to that effect."

"Come, come, boys," interposed the colonel; "don't mix religion an' bizness. They don't mix no more than do—— Hello, thar's the crack of Old Black's whip! Pick yer bushes—quick! All jump when I whistle!"

Each man secreted himself near the roadside. The stage came swinging along handsomely; the inside passengers were laughing heartily about something, and Old Black was just giving a delicate touch to the flank of the off leader, when the colonel gave a shrill, quick whistle, and the five men sprang into the road.

The horses stopped as suddenly as if it was a matter of common occurrence; Old Black dropped his reins, crossed his legs, and stared into the sky; and the passengers all put out their heads with a rapidity equaled only by that with which they withdrew them as they saw the dominoes and revolvers of the road-agents.

"Seems to be something the matter, gentlemen," said the colonel, blandly, as he opened the door. "Won't you please git out? Don't trouble yourselves to draw, cos my friend here's got *his* weepon cocked, an' his fingers is rather nervous. Ain't got a han'kerchief, hev yer?" asked the colonel of the first passenger who descended from the stage. "Hev? Well, now, that's lucky. Jest put yer hands behind yer, please—so—that's it."

And the unfortunate man was securely bound in an instant.

The remaining passengers were treated with similar courtesy, and then the colonel and his friends examined the pockets of the captives. Old Black remained unmolested, for who ever heard of a stage-driver having any money?

"Boys," said the colonel, calling his brother-agents aside, and comparing receipts, "'tain't much of a haul; but there's only one woman, an' she's old enough to be a feller's grandmother. Better let her alone, eh?"

"Like enough she'll pan out more'n all the rest of the stage put together," growled Cranks, carefully testing the thickness of case of a gold watch. "Jest like the deceitfulness of some folks, to hire an old woman to kerry their money so it 'ud go safe. Mebbe what she's got h'ain't nothin' to some folks thet's got hosses that ken win 'em money at races, but——"

The colonel abruptly ended the conversation, and approached the stage. The colonel was very chivalrous, but Crank's sarcastic reference to Tipsie needed avenging, and as he could not consistently with business arrangements put an end to Cranks, the old lady would have to suffer.

"I beg yer parding, ma'am," said the colonel, raising his hat politely with one hand while he reopened the coach-door with the other, "but we're a-taking up a collection fur some very deservin' object. We *wuz* a-going to make the gentlemen fork over the full amount, but ez they h'ain't got enough, we'll hev to bother *you*."

The old lady trembled, and felt for her pocketbook, an' raised her vail. The colonel looked into her face, slammed the stage-door, and, sitting down on the hub of one of the wheels, stared vacantly into space.

"Nothin'?" queried Perkins, in a whisper, and with a face full of genuine sympathy.

"No—yes," said the colonel, dreamily. "That is, untie 'em, and let the stage go ahead," he continued, springing to his feet. "*I'll* hurrry back to the cabin."

And the colonel dashed into the bushes, and left his followers so paralyzed with astonishment, that Old Black afterward remarked that "ef ther'd been anybody to hold the hosses, he could hev cleaned out the hull crowd weth his whip.

The passengers, now relieved of their weapons, were unbound, and allowed to re-enter the stage, and the door was slammed, upon which Old Black picked up his reins as coolly as if he had merely laid them down at a station while horses were being changed; then he cracked his whip, and the stage rolled off, while the colonel's party hastened back to their hut, fondly inspecting as they went certain flasks they had obtained while transacting their business with the occupants of the stage.

Great was the surprise of the road-agents as they entered their hut, for there stood the colonel in a clean white shirt, and in a suit of clothing made up from the limited spare wardrobes of the other members of the gang.

But the suspicious Cranks speedily subordinated his wonder to his prudence, as, laying on the table a watch, two pistols, a pocketbook and a heavy purse, he exclaimed:

"Come, colonel, bizness before pleasure; let's divide, an' scatter. Ef anybody should hear 'bout it, an' find our trail, an' ketch us with the traps in our possession, they might——"

"Divide yerselves!" said the colonel, with abruptness and a great oath. "*I* don't want none of it."

"Colonel," said Perkins, removing his own domino, and looking anxiously into the leader's face, "be you sick? Here's some bully brandy I found in one of the passenger's pockets."

"I h'ain't nothin'," replied the colonel, with averted eyes. "I'm a-goin', an' I'm a-retirin' from *this* bizness for ever."

"Ain't a-goin' to turn evidence?" cried Cranks, grasping the pistol on the table.

"I'm a-goin' to make a lead-mine of *you* ef you don't take that back!" roared the colonel with a bound, which caused Cranks to drop the pistol, and retire precipitately backward, apologizing as he went. "I'm going to 'tend to my own bizness, and that's enough to keep *any* man busy. Somebody lend me fifty, till I see him again?"

Perkins pressed the money into the colonel's hand, and within two minutes the colonel was on Tipsie's back, and galloping on in the direction the stage had taken.

He overtook it, he passed it, and still he galloped on.

The people at Mud Gulch knew the colonel well, and made it a rule never to be astonished at anything he did; but they made an exception to the rule when the colonel canvassed the principal bar-rooms for men who wished to purchase a horse; and when a gambler who was flush obtained Tipsie in exchange for twenty slugs—only a thousand dollars, when the colonel had always said that there wasn't gold enough on top of the ground to buy her—Mud Gulch experienced a decided sensation.

One or two enterprising fellows speedily discovered that the colonel was not in a communicative mood, so every one retired to his favorite saloon, and bet according to his own opinion of the colonel's motives and actions.

But when the colonel, after remaining in a barber-shop for half an hour, emerged with his face clean shaven and his hair neatly trimmed and parted, betting was so wild that a cool-headed sporting man speedily made a fortune by betting against every theory that was advanced.

Then the colonel made a tour of the stores, and fitted himself to a new suit of clothes, carefully eschewing all of the generous patterns and pronounced colors so dear to the average miner. He bought a new hat, and put on a pair of boots, and pruned his finger-nails, and, stranger than all, he firmly declined all invitations to drink.

As the colonel stood in the door of the principal saloon, where the stage always stopped, the Challenge Hill constable was seen to approach the colonel, and tap him on the shoulder, upon which all men who had bet that the colonel was dodging somebody claimed the stakes. But those who stood near the colonel heard the constable say:

"Colonel, I'll take it all back, an' I own up fair an' square. When I seed you git out of Challenge Hill, it come to me all of a sudden that you might be in the road-agent business, so I followed you—duty, you know. But after I seed you sell Tipsie I knowed I was on the wrong trail. I wouldn't suspect you now if all the stages in the State was robbed; an' I'll give you satisfaction any way you want it."

"It's all right," said the colonel, with a smile.

The constable afterward said that nobody had any idea of how curiously the colonel smiled when his beard was off.

"Give this fifty to Jim Perkins fust time yer see him. I'm leavin' the State."

Suddenly the stage pulled up with a crash at the door, and the male passengers turned into the saloon, in a state of utter indignation and impecuniosity."

The story of the robbery attracted everybody, and during the excitement the colonel slipped quietly out and opened the door of the stage. The old lady started, and cried: "George!"

And the colonel, jumping into the stage, and putting his arms tenderly about the trembling form of the old lady, exclaimed: "Mother!"

THE COUIRA (MYOPOTAMUS).

Till recently a specimen of this South American animal was kept in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, in a small inclosure, with the little pond required by its aquatic habits. The illustration is drawn from this specimen.

It will at once strike our readers as a kind of beaver—lacking, however, the broad, flat tail—and the resemblance is real, and leads naturalists to class it with that curious animal. The Couira is amphibious, and, like the beaver, has four grinders, in the matter of teeth, with sharp incisors, web-footed hind feet, and a scaly tail. It has none of the building faculties of the beaver, however.

It is mild, inoffensive, susceptible of being domesticated, and grows attached to its keeper.

Its fur, a reddish-brown, is known in trade as racondo; it has the long hair and down below, like the beaver.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

By Frederick Daniel.

Among all the actors in the late war, Stonewall Jackson remains the dominant figure. He alone displayed remarkable originality of mind and character; and hence, though his active career was limited to two short years, an interest attaches to him as to none of his contemporaries in the memorable struggle. Even now it is clearly seen that his fame can only survive on the sheer strength of his intrinsic merits, while that of the two chief opponents who shook hands at Appomattox will, in a large measure, be ultimately based on the very fact of their leadership.

In every land the conviction steadily grows that he was the greatest military genius since Napoleon I., to whom he is likened in military brilliancy, as he is to Cromwell in sternness and inflexibility of character. His genius is, of course, all the more clearly made manifest in view of the subordinate rank he held, and the paucity of means at his disposal; it was genius alone that enabled him to do what he did, in spite of the insurmountable obstacles of a vicious system that to the last beset his path and cramped his progress. Analysis of his generalship indicates that its distinguishing characteristics were celerity of movement and accuracy of calculation. It was with these tactics that he took the field, and they were synonymous with bold, energetic execution, always successfully crowned. Whether acting separately, that is to say, detached from any supervision on the part of his commander-in-chief, or under the immediate eye of the latter, it is especially noteworthy that his action was ever of the same order, devolved out of his own mind, that is to say, always original, never mechanical. In each battle his fighting bore the unmistakable stamp of his individuality. In the eye of the superficial observer he seemed to take delight in defying established rules; in reality, he only adapted them to his own peculiar style of working; or, rather, took upon himself to extract their good points, and conform to them, while leaving the weaker originating in routine. His absorbing study of the art of war led him to choose its vivifying spirit, and to eschew its killing letter, by which his great intuitive perceptions scorned to be fettered. Nevertheless, none more than he laid stress on the punctilio of military discipline, for anything tending to strengthen the discipline of an army he knew to be of value.

In reviewing his deeds this thought constantly suggests itself, namely: What great results, militarily speaking, would he not have wrought, had he wielded supreme control over the South?—what still greater, if he had held in his grasp the ample resources of the North? The campaign in the Valley of Virginia during the Spring of 1862, which sent his name ringing round the world, was truly war on a small scale, an example in miniature of Bonaparte's first campaign in Italy, yet the same in kind, equally as brilliant and marking. But, even for a moment supposing that, if years had been vouchsafed to him, his military exploits could have equaled or surpassed those of the great Frenchman, he could never have developed into a Bonaparte, for his moral character was of as pure and high quality as his intellect itself. It was largely his possession of the solid gifts of unselfishness and truth that caused all to respect and admire him living, and that now have set him apart on the page of history, quite outside of the baser, passionate elements of the struggle as waged. To array around its altar friend and foe alike, or, rather, to count no foe, is the privilege of genius.

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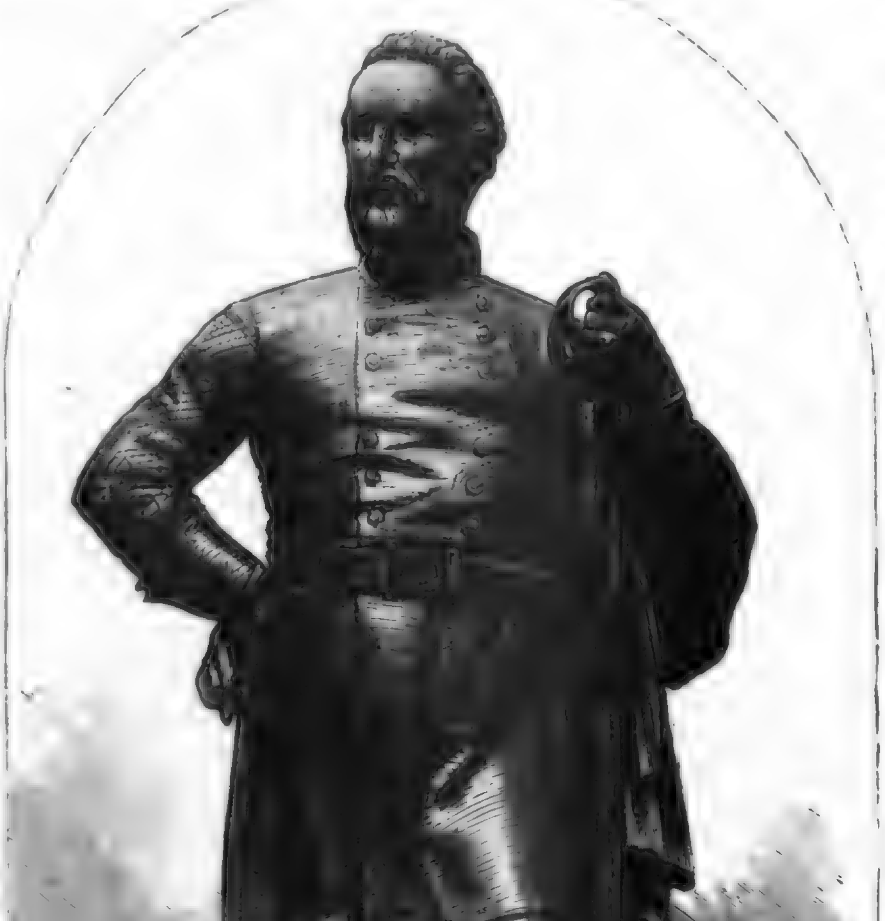
Stonewall Jackson's ancestors emigrated from England to Virginia toward the close of the colonial period, the precise year of their removal not being known. Very scanty accounts in regard to the origin of the family are now obtainable, the connecting links not having been preserved, as in the house of Lee, who is lineally traced back through twenty-six generations to Duncan, King of Scotland, the same who was waylaid and murdered by Macbeth, though not after the manner related by Shakespeare. Doubtless it is a very natural curiosity to wish to overhaul the genealogical origin of illustrious characters, but, as a rule, it has always been found impossible to follow the record back very far. One genius per family, few and far between, is about the decree of the Goddess of Destiny, thereby, perhaps, enjoining on us to look at the great man himself, not at his ancestry.

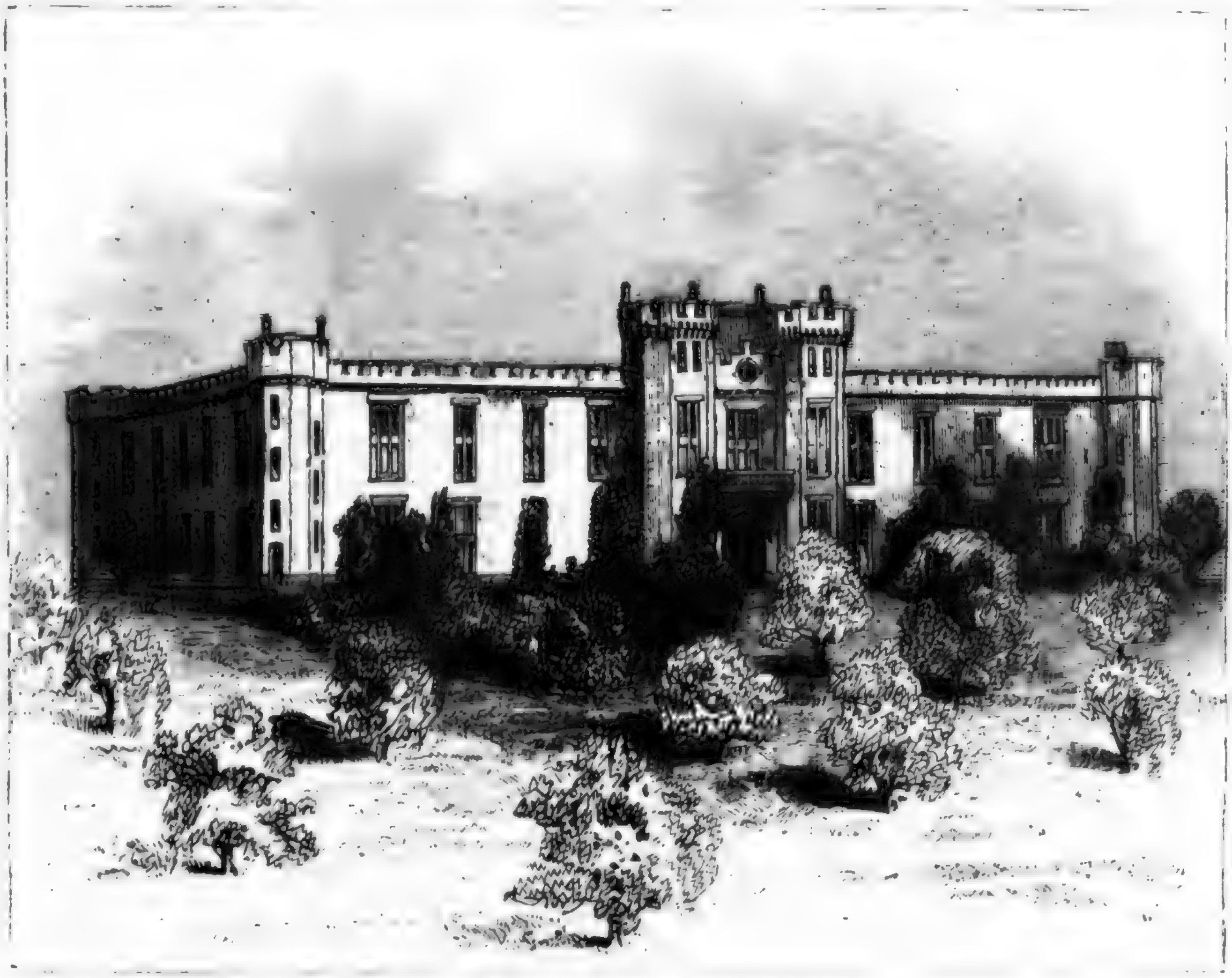


STONEWALL JACKSON.—FROM THE BRONZE STATUE BY FOLEY.

The names of the first settlers in the colony of Virginia are yet ascertainable, for they were regularly recorded in London registers; it was only after the emigration became numerous that the names of the departing host were too many for the scribes. Even up to far in the present century, owing to a lack of clerks and other facilities, as well as to the general newness and shifting fortunes of settlers and settlements, marriages, births and deaths in many of the counties of Virginia were not recorded, and consequently lapsed into a state of traditional uncertainty. The newcomers in general found it sufficiently hard to make a bare living, without bothering themselves to do much scribbling. There was no census then, no officials spying out the land, no Boss to keep a minute account of the men, women and children in every district for voting purposes. An Arcadian-like primitiveness prevailed, troubled only by the warwhoop of the Indian. The evolution of governmental statistics and professional politics took time.

The first of the Jackson' family in America, of whom there is any authentic account, is the great-grandfather of Stonewall, John Jackson, who settled in the newest and roughest portion of the colony, or the region beyond the Alleghanies, then but recently reclaimed through the enterprise of venturesome explorers. His homestead was fixed near the present village of Weston, in Lewis County. After the Revolution, his son, Edward, was appointed to survey the newly-formed county, and later on to represent it in the Legislature, and it was considered a very high honor to be "a member of the Legislature" at that early day. Jonathan, the son of Edward Jackson, took up his abode in the town of Clarksburg, in Harrison County, and there practiced the profession of law with very fair results, considering the sparseness and thriftiness of the country's population, more addicted to grubbing up stubs and plowing than going to law. The hardy and energetic sons and daughters of toil dwelling in the Western Alleghany region had little "book-learning," and still less of fine manners. Their life was just the opposite of that of the planters, passed amidst luxurious refinements on the seacoast; their frame houses were mere huts—oftener the abode was a log-cabin—their furniture and clothes, highly primitive. The Jacksons lived like the rest, their only "good form" being sterling integrity and energetic industry.

After establishing himself in Clarksburg, Lawyer Jonathan married a Miss Neal, of a neighboring county, and by her had four children, the youngest of whom was our hero, Thomas Jonathan Jackson, born in Clarksburg, January 21st, 1824. Of his early life there are still witnesses living in the neighborhood. At the age of three years he was left an orphan, and, moreover, penniless, as his father had lost all the hard-earned profits of his profession by becoming security for needy friends. The orphan boy was taken into the house of a farmer who had married one of his aunts; but, not being favorably impressed by this gentleman, at the early age of four he determined upon his first flank movement, and accordingly ran away to the home of his remaining aunt. Upon being entreated by her to return to his original quarters, he peremptorily declined, intimating in an unmistakable way that his decision was final. Like boy, like man. She found there was nothing to be done but to turn him over to his uncle, Cummings E. Jackson, who took him to the old family homestead near Weston, where he remained until he was sixteen. During this interval of his life, under the direction of his uncle, no particular incidents of interest are recalled; his youthful character slowly but surely developed itself amidst the rugged, mountainous country and its serious, hardy inhabitants. The untameableness of the mountaineer was clearly traceable in his composition in after years. When not imbibing a knowledge of the "three R's" at an old-field school, of a class now happily or unhappily extinct, he was at work on his uncle's farm, and he was esteemed as a good worker. He was fond of roughing and hunting in the mountains, though, strange to say, his boyhood was in one of the usual juvenile experiences totally lacking, viz., quarrels and fights: whether because boys were scarce in the neighborhood, or he saw in the struggle ahead of him a field large enough to absorb all his combativeness. It is said that as a boy he regarded life a battle not to be pictured in words, but rather in the hard blows of daily experience; and with a grave face and careful conduct he prepared to take his share in it.



VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE, LEXINGTON, VA.

The houses in which he was born and reared were truly very unpretentious mansions. At that early period of his native locality there were few wealthy estates, consequently very few dwellings except of the rougher sort. The frame structures of the Jacksons were one story high, with attic or "loft," and not even painted or whitewashed; though their interiors were noticeably neat and cleanly, not the slightest sign of yard, flowers or trees existed externally. All within and without was simplicity unadorned.

Upon quitting his kind uncle's farm at the age of sixteen, thanks to a good reputation already established, he was easily elected county constable. The duties of the office, though he creditably discharged them during two years, were not to his taste, and he determined to apply for a vacancy then existing in the Military Academy at West Point. A friend to whom he applied for a letter of introduction to the district Congressman asked him if he

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was prepared to meet the high standard of studies required there. He replied, "I am very ignorant, but I can make it up by study." The letter was given, he resigned his office and started at once for Washington, where, on the 1st of July, 1842, he was appointed a cadet. Having once donned the uniform, he was as good as his word, and spared no fatigue in order to keep up with his Class, in which were McClellan, Foster, Reno, Stoneman, Couch, Gibbon, Hill, Pickett, Maury, Jones, Smith, and Wilcox, all subsequently generals. At the end of the first year his standing in a Class of seventy members was: 45 in mathematics, 70 in French, 51 in general merit, 15 demerits; second year, 18 in mathematics, 52 in French, 68 in drawing, 55 in engineering, 30 in general merit, 26 demerits; final year, 12 in engineering, 5 in ethics, 11 in artillery, 21 in infantry tactics, 11 in mineralogy and geology, 7 demerits—graduating standard, 17. His general standing the first year was 51; second, 30; third, 20; fourth, 17. This progress was due to laborious application, and the knowledge thus gained was lastingly drilled into his mind—assimilated, not crammed. His classmates were wont to declare that another term would have enabled him to graduate at the head of his Class. They unanimously recognized his industry and energy, but failed to see in him the faintest sign of genius, as they afterward said. Doubtless at the time they had little disposition to hunt up geniuses in the Academy, and would have pitched on the wrong man if they had gone into any such wild-goose business. During his apprenticeship as a cadet, far from joining in with the "fun" in vogue, he was not even social in his habits, being depicted by his fellows as awkward, absent-minded, reserved and earnest, in no manner witty or humorous. His eccentric appearance and propensities were jestingly commented on, though innocently, as his kindness, simplicity and industry disarmed all hostility and made him many friends.

Precisely four years after his entry in the Academy at West Point, or on July 1st, 1846, he was appointed a second lieutenant of artillery and ordered to Vera Cruz, the United States being then at war with Mexico. His first service was in heavy artillery at the siege of that town, where for "gallant and meritorious conduct" he was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant. When operations began in the fight, he was transferred at his own urgent request to Captain Magruder's battery "I wanted to see active service," he afterward said; "to be near the enemy and in the fight; and when I heard that John Magruder had got his battery, I bent all my energies to be with him, for I knew if any fighting was to be done, Magruder would be on hand."

He took a conspicuous part in the battles of the campaign at Contreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey and Chepultepec, and was twice commended in General Scott's reports. At the storming and capture of the Mexican capital, September 13th, 1847, he was breveted major for skill and gallantry. An incident in his Mexican service serves to show that the style of fighting of the petty lieutenant was virtually the same as that afterward of the commanding general. At an obstinately contested battle, he opened with his three guns on the enemy's entrenchments, and drew such a terrific reply that the bravest of his cannoneers fled. Only he and a sergeant were left at the pieces, and with immovable calmness they began to load and fire. Magruder rode up and ordered him to withdraw, but he strongly remonstrated, asserting that he could hold his own, and would undertake with fifty regulars to silence the enemy's batteries and render their capture easy.

The men were put under his direction, whereupon he immediately advanced his guns further to the front, and opening a more destructive fire than before, silenced the opposing batteries, which were speedily captured by the American troops. Long after this occurrence, an inquisitive youth asked him if this incident was true, and receiving an affirmative answer, added: "That was a very hot place, major?" "Yes, very hot." "Why didn't you run, major?" With a smile, he replied: "I was not ordered to do so. If I had been ordered to run, I would have done so; but I was directed to hold my position, and I had no right to abandon it."

The Mexican war ended, the young major was put on duty in Florida, where troops had at that time to be kept for the suppression of a troublesome remnant of the Indian tribes. In Florida his health was enfeebled very much at the expiration of three years, and he, therefore, resigned his rank in the army and became, on September 1st, 1851, Professor of Natural Philosophy and Instructor of Artillery in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington.

Feeble health was the chief motive of his retirement from active service, but another, as he stated to intimate friends, was his desire to study more fully the military science and keep the knowledge he had acquired at West Point fresh in his mind, in order to embrace any opportunity that might offer for obtaining command in the event of war between the United States and a foreign power. From 1851 to 1861 he was Professor at the Lexington Institute, and, truly as he had desired, it was during these ten years that his genius was developed by keeping his thoughts exclusively bent on his profession. His life passed calmly and enjoyably, as he declared, in Lexington, which, with its pure air and charming mountain landscape, was in his eyes an excellent exchange for the pestilential swamps of the extreme South. Gradually the little burg became greatly attached to him, as there he occupied himself with wholly congenial studies, married, and became a member of the Presbyterian Church. On his deathbed, his last murmuring direction was: "Bury me in Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia." The "Valley," too, the scene of his first triumph! He was twice married; first, to the daughter of Rev. Dr. Junkin, of Washington College, and the only offspring from this marriage was a daughter. Both mother and child meeting an untimely death, he married Miss Morrison, and likewise from this second union an only daughter, Julia, was born only a few months before his death. His widow and daughter are living, and the latter bears a very striking resemblance to her father. They reside in Virginia, and frequently travel to the principal cities, North and South, where they are ever welcomed by many sympathizing friends.

From the time he joined the Presbyterian Church, he was a prominent and active member, and filled several lay positions in it; indeed, his devotion was so marked as to earn for him the nickname of the "Blue light Elder." Every Sunday, with military punctuality, he was seen to enter his pew at the church, and forthwith fix his attention on the pulpit; hymn-book in hand, he followed the singing, though never attempting to sing himself, and during prayer stood motionless as a statue. After the sermon was over, he returned to his quarters, going back to the church with the same punctuality in the evening, to conduct himself with the same solemn respect.

His piety was thoroughly unostentatious, and was not more conspicuous in his little home-church than when in the field he found himself at the head of his troops. In the field it was his custom to pray just before and after a battle, and to organize, at frequent intervals, religious meetings among his soldiery encamped. His religion being of a practical, unspeculative kind, once the meetings organized, he made it his business to see that the praying and preaching came off on time, and it was not a rare spectacle to behold him amidst the men under a steady rain listening to the exhortations of the clergyman. It mattered little to him who the preacher might be, so he called down the blessings of "Providence," or of "God," for he employed sometimes the one word and then the other in talking and in penning his bulletins. His "Yesterday God blessed our arms with victory!" became proverbial. One of the peculiarities of his devotion was the lifting his right arm on high for a few moments, as if to call down a blessing on the efforts of his soldiers as they passed him to take position in the beginning of a battle. Not Cromwell and his Puritan followers mixed war and religion, in a view of mutual assistance, more than he did. Popularly he was represented to be a Fatalist; it is certain that he closely adhered to the Presbyterian tenets and the doctrine of predestination. "God and Duty" was his motto—duty as a predestined mission from Heaven to all.

Moving to and fro in the streets of Lexington between the years 1851 and 1861, the retired army officer, metamorphosed into a professor, appeared to the citizens, and especially the cadets of the Institute, an extremely eccentric individual. His figure, tall, gaunt, awkward, clad in gray uniform, seemed to pass over the ground by separate, jerky motions; stiff and erect he strided along, as if intent on measuring the distance from one point to another, his mind busied on some problem disconnected from his actual surroundings, for in such moments, if addressed, he looked as one in a state of sudden transition from the realm of thought into reality.

In the lecture-room his systematic and rigidly exacting methods were, of course, very far from being to the taste of the pupils. In that epoch of old-fashioned martinetism, cadets were in all lands noted for being wild and frolicksome, hence much given to expending a vast amount of time and labor in inventing mischievous pranks to be played on teachers and officers; modern hazing is only a mild inheritance from the old rampant school of fun. From the start Professor Jackson was an irresistible "subject" for the Lexington cadets; never had there been anybody like him heard or read of in the traditions and annals of the establishment. His fearlessness and integrity in the discharge of duty made them afraid of him, for they found there was no appeal against his impartial reports, and they took their revenge by laughing at him when set free from his presence. Every one of his peculiarities was conned and "set down in a note-book" for future use. His angular figure, with chin well set back in a high "stock," his ungainly motions, his silent and grum demeanor, his apparently absurd devotion to discipline, his low, curt voice, were all the subjects of incessant joke and mimicry. They habitually spoke of him as "Old Jack," or "Old Tom Jackson," while those who had been reprimanded solaced themselves by dubbing him "Fool Tom Jackson." Such epithets sprang from playfulness and temporary fretfulness, not from any want of real respect for the man.

It goes without saying that as an instructor of artillery on the parade-ground the professor was more to the liking of his pupils, and great was always their proficiency in that branch of the service, the one which he affected most, having made his *début* in it. The battery drills, when firing with blank cartridges was the order, pleased all engaged in the exercise, reminding him of his early days in Mexico. In these drills he drawled out the commands after the style he had learned at West Point, and the cadet-officers, alive to fun, would caricature while re-echoing the drawl, to the unbounded delight of the armed crowd. Upon one occasion, when this sport had been carried to an unusual excess, the adjutant approached the professor with malice aforethought, and asked him how he was pleased with the drill. "Very much, sir," was his smiling reply; "the officers gave very fine commands this afternoon." Again, the drill would be balked by the secret abstraction by the cadets of a linchpin from one of the carriages, or bells would be suspended in the limber-boxes, and the mysterious tinklings issuing therefrom would perplex the professor, cause him to call a halt and vainly investigate the phenomenon amidst outbursts of laughter on the part of the same conspirators bent on a racket. If the cadets were lynx-eyed to ferret out "fun," he was equally acute in detecting their trickery, as a rule, and, indeed, a couple of incidents are narrated by ex-cadets which seem to have been something like an attempt on his part to pay off the practical jokers in their own coin. His Class was one day gravely marched out to the parade-ground, in order to see him ascertain, by a scientific observation, the correct time. The Institute clock was not correct, he informed them. After taking his observation and figuring up, to his astonishment and the high glee of the Class, he discovered that it was nearly seven o'clock in the evening! The instruments he employed were out of order—but the joke was none the less, and he himself joined in the laugh raised at his expense. On another occasion he proposed to his Class the question why a telegram could not be sent to an adjoining town. Various wrong surmises caused a smile to pass over his face, and the "smart young man" having at last observed the fact, arose and shouted out: "Well, Major Jackson, I reckon it must be because there is no telegraph between the two places!" There was clearly no mistaking this as having been meant for a practical joke, and the jokers no doubt felt in honor called upon to help him through with it as gracefully as possible.

General Francis H. Smith, the Superintendent of the Institute then, as he is to-day, was brought into very intimate relations with the professor, and recalls many amusing incidents relating to him. His guiding principle, says the superintendent, was that a general rule should not be broken for any particular good, and that whatever was really willed could be accomplished. He once wore a thick woolen uniform during the sultriest Summer weather, because, as he said, "he had seen an order prescribing it for wear, but none had been exhibited to him directing it to be changed." Another characteristic occurrence was his walking to and fro under a heavy rain in front of the superintendent's house, "because the hour had not quite arrived when it was his duty to present his weekly report." In company with the superintendent he made, in 1858, a three-months tour in Europe, which had little or no fascination for him, except in so far as he was enabled to inspect the various military academies on the Continent and the huge army establishments.

Many of the cadets whom he taught at Lexington, and whose character must have been perceptibly molded by his powerful influence, are now middle-aged men, scattered through the State, and generally prosperous in their respective callings. Their souvenirs in connection with their student-days under "Old Jack" are numerous, and proudly they refer back to the good example, the many useful hints of conduct, he set before them. All whom he had taught were anxious to serve under him in

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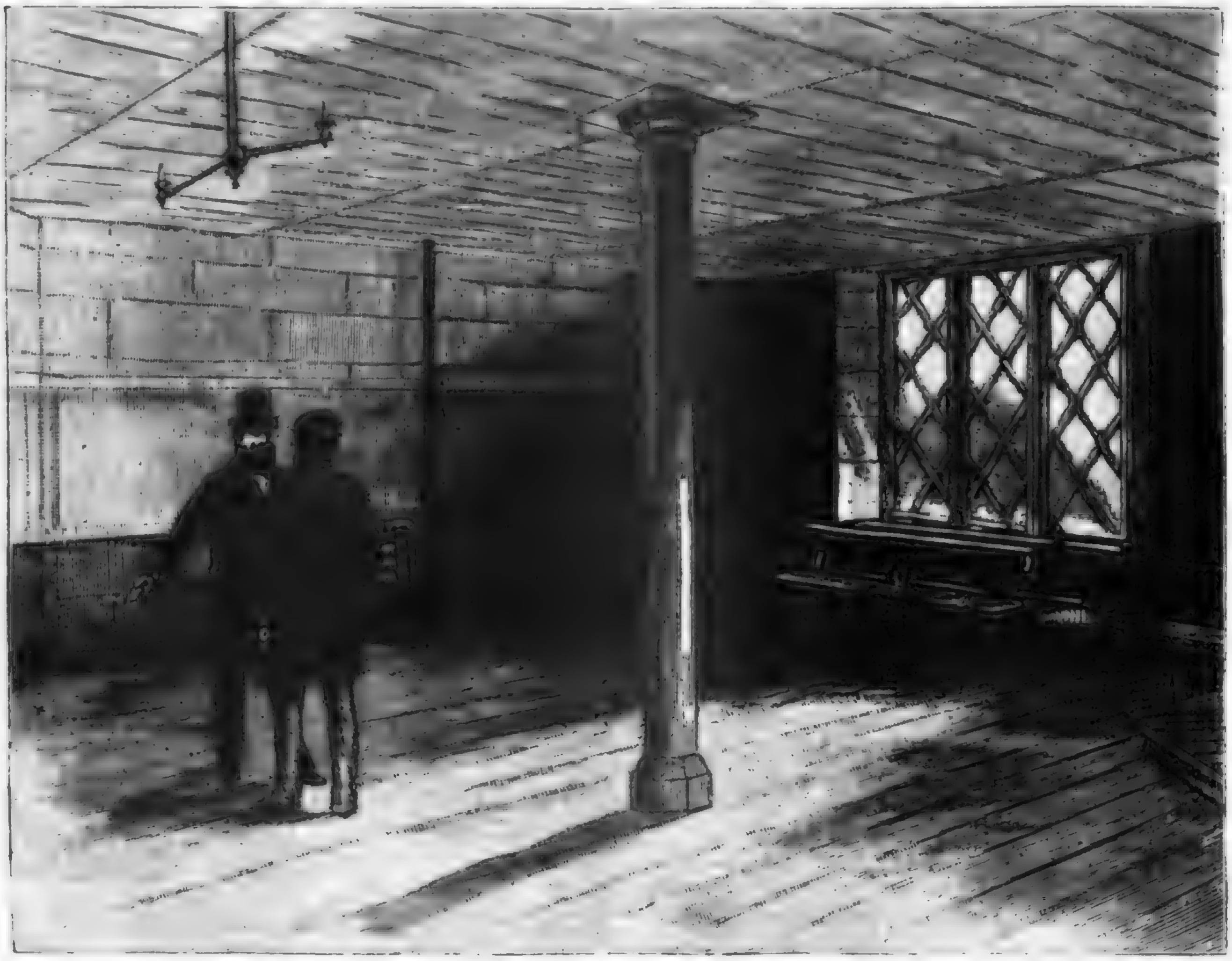
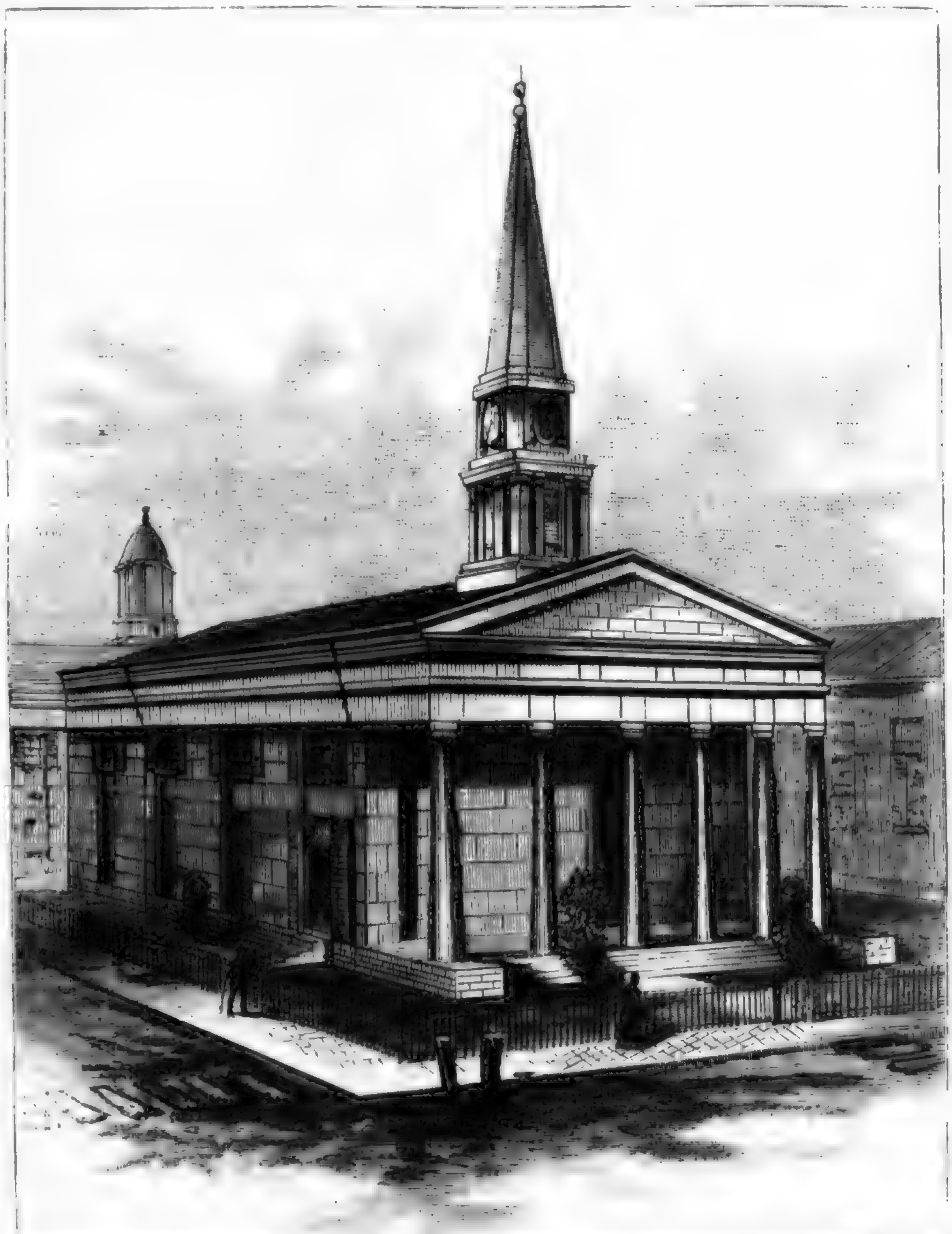


PROF. JACKSON'S CLASSROOM IN THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE, LEXINGTON, VA.

the field, and many of them actually did, some perishing in the battles he fought. It is highly suggestive of the lasting impress that he left on the minds of these ex-cadets, turned farmers, lawyers, doctors and business-men, to listen to their budget of recollections, anecdotes and hairbreadth escapes from dreaded punishment through his orders. It is one of their delights to enter into a minute account of his odd ways, and copiously to relate feats of his wonderful memory. By one of these ex-cadets, who studied under him the course of mathematics—for he ultimately abandoned the chair of natural philosophy for that of mathematics, in which he "felt at home"—his strict methods of calling up the pupils in the "section-room," and making them severally understand their lesson before allowing the least let up, was made known to the present writer in a long conversation, interspersed with details as to his solemn look from the platform. "He would say very little himself, but would emphatically leave the word and the blackboard to the cadet. Each was put through the demonstration of a problem, and compelled to grasp its points before leaving the board. At his order I sometimes demonstrated the problem to the entire class, after having drawn or built up the figure on the board from memory. In hearing our recitations he never consulted the text-books, though keeping them near him as vouchers, but corrected any error that might be made without direct reference to them. I recollect the close attention with which he followed every one of us at the blackboard, as well as though it were yesterday. I was with the class, before him, in the section-room, when the news of the outbreak of hostilities, or, rather, of the secession of Virginia, reached us. On this occasion he made a little speech to us, and in winding it up exclaimed: 'When the sword is drawn' (suiting the action to the word and drawing his own), 'the scabbard should be thrown away!' at the same instant so excitedly and vigorously throwing away the scabbard that, instead of its falling on the floor, it broke 'clean through' the window-pane and fell to the ground outside. Once during the war I recollect falling in with him: it was at Williamsport, on the Potomac, when we were returning from the Maryland, or Sharpsburg, campaign. 'Old Jack' was sitting very erect on his horse in the river, close to the bank, and personally supervising the passing of the army-train over a bad part of the road at the water's edge. Dick W——, who was also a cadet under him at Lexington, and I, were with our battery, near by on the hill, and he proposed that we should go down to the river and have a chat with him, that it would be a great thing, and so forth. I knew 'Old Jack' too well for anything of that kind, and declined to go. 'Well, I'll go and see him,' said Dick, and off he started. A few hours later I saw Dick returning to the battery, bespattered with mud and looking quite disgusted. 'Well,' I asked, 'what did "Old Jack" have to say?' 'Say?' he growled; 'I no sooner spoke to him than he set me to work toting stones and shoveling dirt with the infantry!'"

Up to April, 1861, the professor's life passed serenely, and if war had not then called him away, it is likely that he would have grown gray in teaching the youths at Lexington, and almost certain that he would never have been heard of. He was among the first to catch the fever of war, and to offer his services to the Governor of the State. When it was proposed to appoint him colonel, the Richmond legislators asked, "Who is Thomas J. Jackson?"

"I can tell you who he is," replied one who knew him well; "if you put him in command at Norfolk he will never leave it alive, unless you order him to do so." His appointment was voted, and on the 3d of May, 1861, he took charge of the volunteers assembled at Harper's Ferry. His appearance in the field excited at first the same outburst of merriment as at Lexington among the cadets. Whether on foot or horseback, he did not look in the eyes of the volunteers at all like a commander, their ideal of a military officer being a showy person clad in gaudy uniform. He had started on his campaigns in the same well-used uniform worn at the Institute, and thus arrayed, he rode a lean old horse, awkwardly leaning forward from the saddle while peering about from beneath his little cadet-cap in a queer way, rather ludicrous to behold. The merry youngsters quickly found out, however, that he was no talker, and also was military officer enough to keep his own counsels.



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN LEXINGTON ATTENDED BY PROFESSOR JACKSON.

A few weeks later General Joseph E. Johnston took the superior command at Harper's Ferry, and assigned him to the charge of an infantry brigade composed of four Virginia regiments, which he quickly organized into an effective force. It was considered important, from strategical reasons, to hold the "Valley of Virginia," or that portion of the State lying between the Blue Ridge and North Mountains, and extending from the source of the Shenandoah River, near Staunton, to the Potomac, pending the concentration of an adequate army at Manassas, on the route between Washington and Richmond. The Valley region was, therefore, tightly grasped by General Johnston and Colonel Jackson. Nearly all the volunteers under the latter, himself included, had been born and raised amidst its smiling landscapes, and were loath to abandon it. They were but poorly equipped, arms and war material being one of the greatest lackings throughout the State. General Lee exhibited to a companion officer, who, like himself, had just arrived in Richmond from Washington, a miserable-looking percussion cap, and said, sadly, "This is the best we can make." The eccentric Colonel Jackson was not long in giving his brigade to understand that he expected them to do the best they could with the scanty equipments at hand. His energy being recognized, he was made a brigadier-general. An opportunity to test the mettle of the newly-organized regiments soon offered. General McDowell advanced from Washington with an army of 55,000 men and offered battle at Manassas, where General Beauregard had united his own forces in view of a struggle for the road to Richmond. On the day before the battle, Jackson, with his brigade (expressly withdrawn from the Valley with the rest of General Johnston's divisions) took position on Bull Run, and on the morning of the fight, Sunday, July 21st, was ordered in haste to the battlefield in order to support some Georgians and Alabamians under General Bee, who were slowly but steadily yielding ground in front of overwhelming odds. Learning from a courier that reinforcements were on the way to him, General Bee galloped in the direction of the fresh troops and was soon face to face with Jackson at the head of his brigade. Bee, covered with dust and sweat, his sword drawn, his horse foaming, despairingly cried out, "General, they are beating us back!" Jackson betrayed no emotion, but, with a glittering eye, coolly answered, "Sir, we will give them the bayonet." The words electrified General Bee, who galloped back to his men, and, pointing to Jackson,

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shouted, "Look! there is Jackson, standing like a stone wall! Let us determine to die here and we will conquer!" His men rallied beside Jackson's line, which swept forward, first checking, then, at the critical moment, so piercing the Federal advance as to gain the victory. Throughout the battle Jackson bore an unshaken equanimity, inspiring all around him and occasionally stimulating his men with a "Steady, boys, steady—all's well!" At the close of the day he sat on his horse looking at the Federal retreat, and to those around him exclaimed, in his curt voice, "Give me ten thousand men, and I will be in Washington to-night!" General Bee, who was killed, had been instrumental in giving Jackson a new name, one destined to become historic, for from that day forth he was to be called only "Stonewall Jackson." The soldiers ratified the new name, thoroughly abolishing "Thomas Jonathan." He, however, always modestly insisted, even upon his deathbed, that the brigade, not himself, was entitled to the name "Stonewall." Yet it pleased him. The battle also gave him the rank of major-general.

After Manassas, his brigade also was called by the name "Stonewall." It was regarded as the *élite* of the fighting Virginians, and became verily to him what the Tenth Legion was to Cæsar, a crack corps, to be relied on in an emergency. Often in a critical moment of battle he led it in person to the charge, and so snatched victory trembling in the balance. Wherever he appeared, in camp or on the march, he was unavoidably compelled to receive its cheers; it cherished his very eccentricities as things that no other general could afford to indulge in. Vainly did he endeavor to repress such demonstrations in the fear that they might interfere with discipline; the young volunteers persisted in showing their intense admiration and love for him. His promotion to a separate command in the Valley of Virginia removed him for a short while from his favorite brigade, but, upon his request, it was sent to his corps, and thereafter continued to form part of it.

His first step on taking command in the Valley was the hardening of his troops through rapid marching and heavy skirmishing amidst Winter weather and privations of various sorts. During one of these marching expeditions, he came upon his old brigade halted on the side of the road, and asked the reason of the delay. "I have halted to cook rations," replied the officer in charge. "There is no time for that," said Jackson, briefly. "But it is impossible for the men to march much further without them," was the officer's remonstrance. "I never found anything impossible with that brigade," rejoined Jackson, ordering the march to be resumed.

From the outset his movements were aggressive. He held then, and continued to believe and assert until death, that the war should be waged aggressively by the South, or, as he put it, that "the Scipio Africanus policy was the best." The defensive system in vogue with the civilian authorities at Richmond was never approved by him. With him war meant the business of fighting; not to advance was to recede in his estimation, and hence he continuously advised the invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania. His own operations were always so conducted as to render, if possible, a general forward movement acceptable to those who had supreme control at Richmond.

His Valley campaign commenced in earnest about the time General McClellan laid siege to Richmond. The aim he had in view was to manœuvre and fight his little corps (at first 4,000 men, then increased to 20,000) so as to threaten Washington and detain a large part of McClellan's force from marching to join him over the routes of Northern Virginia. This aim was accomplished in a masterly manner; the same strategy, though on a larger and more complex scale, that had been carried out in the Manassas campaign, being repeated. A large force that ought by all means to have been with McClellan was detained in the Valley by Jackson's tenacity in holding his ground against all odds, and fighting in detail, until the moment arrived for the battle at Richmond, when he slipped away from his baffled pursuers and joined Lee. In this Valley campaign he made up for the paucity of his poorly equipped followers by marching them hither and thither in such hurried fashion that they earned the sobriquet of "foot-cavalry." Opposed to double their own numbers, his indomitable will inspired them to put forth all their energies, his skill directed them; his deadly earnestness was contagious—not only his soldiers, but the citizens caught it. He fought or retreated precisely as his calculations required, and both his own and the opposing troops soon found this out. It is true, he had very mediocre generals to contend with; Bonaparte, also, was opposed in his first campaign by Austria's inferior generals. The objection is overthrown by the subsequent successes of each. Von Moltke enjoyed a walk-over in France in 1870-71 owing to the complete lack of generalship on the part of Napoleon III. and his marshals—though this is not a similar case, truly, for afterward Moltke's quality was not tested as was that of the first two.

The campaign lasted about two months, and may be outlined in a few words: At the close of March, 1862, Jackson being at Winchester with 4,000 troops, General Banks with 20,000 crossed the Potomac and marched against that town. Jackson, upon being pursued, retreated, in a sullen and deliberate manner, up the Valley about fifty miles. Thinking to have got rid of his flying foe, General Banks returned to Winchester; whereupon Jackson retraced his steps, and with his little band of 4,000 attacked double this number of troops which General Banks had concentrated at Kernstown, a hamlet within three miles of Winchester. Being checked, though far from being defeated, Jackson again slowly retired up the Valley. Learning that another army, under General Milroy, was in pursuit of him, and about to enter the Valley from the west, he straightway marched, after receiving reinforcements, by a roundabout route, and fell upon that unsuspecting general in the mountains, near a village called McDowell, defeated him, and drove him to seek safety in flight. This success compelled General Banks to abandon his idea that the Valley had been captured by him and to precipitately retire within eighteen miles of Winchester, his starting-point. Jackson, with a corps of 20,000 men, swiftly returned from the McDowell battlefield to the pursuit of General Banks, who fell back further to Winchester, where he prepared to offer battle. Upon his arrival at the spot Jackson promptly accepted the wager, and, after a short engagement, drove General Banks and his army through the town and across the Potomac River. Meantime, General Shields and Fremont, each with an army under his command, had appeared on either flank of the Valley, having been dispatched from opposing directions in order to form a junction, and with their combined commands to capture Jackson, bag and baggage. Apprised of their intention, he made haste to reach the upper part of the Valley before the outlet to Richmond should be blocked for him. His march was vailed in such secrecy on this occasion that no one knew whither he was bent, and exciting reports flew abroad; everywhere the query was propounded: "Where is Jackson?—Is he marching on Washington?" He had captured large spoils from General Banks, and, though traveling post-haste with his "foot-cavalry," succeeded in bringing them off.

During this trip a squad of Federal cavalry charged one night among his infantry as they were resting and preparing to snatch a little sleep. Some confusion was at first produced, but the cavalrymen being an isolated party, were soon captured. In mentioning the affair to Jackson, the commanding officer remarked that he regarded the charge as a dashing thing, and he would, if possible, have prevented the troops from firing on them. "Why would you not have shot those men, colonel?" curtly asked Jackson. "I should have spared them, general," replied the officer, "because they were brave men who had gotten into a desperate situation where it was as easy to capture as to kill them. "Shoot them all," said Jackson, coldly; "I don't want them to be brave." There was the spirit and idea of the man: war was war, and his style of conducting it generously was to cut it short by making it sharp and effective. His generosity, prompted and directed by intellect, was of a higher kind.

By hurrying he was just in time to prevent the junction of his two pursuers, escaping with his train of captured stores as one of them arrived in sight of his retiring column. The position of the forces was at this moment as follows: Jackson himself, with 20,000 men, was near Port Republic, General Shields (his most redoubtable antagonist) was at Conrad's Store with 10,000 men, and General Fremont at Harrisonburg with 15,000. The three points formed very nearly the angles of an equilateral triangle, the sides fifteen miles in length. Jackson's plans were speedily drawn up, and he at once set to work to carry out a series of skillful manœuvres. First a portion of his troops were dispatched against General Fremont, and, after an engagement with him at Cross-Keys, indecisive though serving effectually to check his advance, it was hastily withdrawn and concentrated with the bulk of his corps at Port Republic, for a final blow against General Shields, who had moved up to within two miles of the last-mentioned point. At sunrise on the morning of June 9th Jackson advanced to attack and crush him at a single blow. General Shields, however, was not taken unawares, and, being a stubborn, shrewd commander, had prepared to give some sturdy blows in return. The battle was consequently very obstinate, much more so than any other during the whole campaign; but at last General Shields, too, was defeated, and forced to retreat from the field very hastily. This result was decisive of the hopes and aspirations of the two Federal leaders who had so pertinaciously followed up Jackson, and, now apprehending nothing further from his baffled pursuers, he commenced a swift march to join Lee's army in an attack upon McClellan around Richmond.

Upon the termination of his hard campaigning, the outward appearance of the ubiquitous fighter was dingy. His gray coat, dating from the Institute, was thoroughly sunburnt, and out at elbow, and showed plainly that it had been slept in on the bare, dusty ground; his cadet-cap, with tilting brim, was quite yellow, his long cavalry-boots much worn and faded, his beard and hair long and unkempt, and, in short, his general make-up decidedly seedy, as he rode along on a rawboned sorrel, highly prized from his grim carelessness for shot and shell. Yet, all the same, no observant stranger would have failed to pick him out from among all the officers surrounding him. There was only one Stonewall Jackson around.

Before setting out toward Richmond he had divine service held among the troops, "to return thanks to God for victory." To keep his destination a secret, it was necessary for him to blind the citizens near his route, as well as others at a distance, in regard to his real movements. By his order it was accordingly given out that his operations in the Valley would be continued more actively than ever, and, to give countenance to such an impression, a small detachment was left to march and countermarch over the recently contested fields. Meantime, with his flushed little army he started on his way to the Chickahominy, amidst extraordinary precautions to conceal his route. The troops were prohibited from asking questions in passing by houses and villages, and were ordered to answer all inquiries with an "I don't know." In this order they found copious materials for joking. As their commander was riding by a field he espied a soldier who had stepped out of the passing column, and was in the act of climbing a fence to go after some cherries near by. "Where are you going?" asked Jackson. "I don't know," said the soldier. "To what command do you belong?" "I don't know." "Well, what State are you from?" "I don't know." "What is the meaning of all this?" asked Jackson, turning to another soldier. "Well, Old Stonewall issued orders yesterday that we were not to know anything until after the next fight." All persons in the road were arrested by his order, and marched along with the columns, so that his advance might not be bruited about; and on the 27th of June he was hurling his tired troops on the right wing of General McClellan, at the moment that he was supposed, even in Richmond, to be beyond the Blue Ridge. He had succeeded in making his junction with Lee a surprise.

His manœuvre in flanking General McClellan's right wing was decisive of the siege laid to Richmond. After the battle there, Jackson, with a powerful corps, was ordered to meet the advance of General Pope, from the direction of Northern Virginia, which he did by routing him in battle at Cedar Run, about midway between Richmond and Washington. The victory was secured by rallying his troops at a critical moment of the day, and by exposing himself and charging with his old brigade.

Upon receiving this news Lee advanced with the main body of his army, and taking the place of Jackson in front of General Pope, dispatched him to intercept the latter's line of retreat by a flank movement, extending a distance of fifty miles over mountains. The movement was so swiftly and secretly executed that Jackson had pounced down upon Manassas, with its accumulated supplies, while General Pope was confidently fronting Lee many miles away. He hastily turned, however, and vehemently attacked his daring adversary, who bore the brunt of tremendous odds with characteristic vigor and tenacity, until Lee, following in his tracks, joined him, when both together routed General Pope's army, on the same plain of Manassas fought over in the preceding year. Lee, being unopposed, invaded Maryland, and sent Jackson to take Harper's Ferry, which had become a species of stronghold. In a few days' time Jackson besieged and bombarded it so hotly that the garrison, amounting to 11,000 men, with an immense quantity of arms and supplies, surrendered unconditionally, the captor's only terms. Two days after its capture Jackson resumed his place in Lee's army, and stubbornly opposed McClellan at Antietam. This battle was a serious check for Lee, because it put an end to all the fond hopes that both he and Jackson had entertained of successfully invading Maryland and Pennsylvania. They returned to Virginia, and soon found themselves called to another bloody field, at Fredericksburg, where, in fact, they had little to do but to stand firm behind a long line of earthworks and

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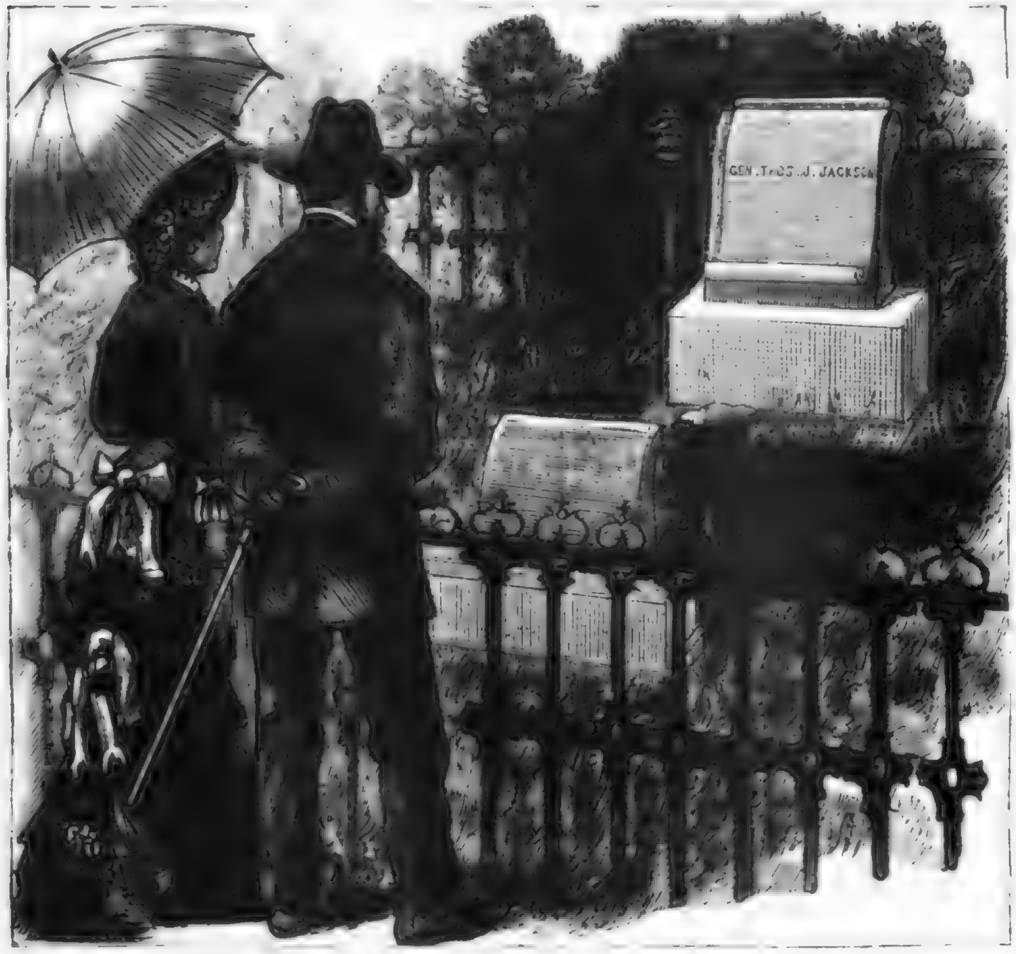

GRAVE OF STONEWALL JACKSON, LEXINGTON, VA.

shoot at General Burnside's columns as he madly rushed them to the slaughter. Here Jackson was quite ready to display his talents, but no opportunity was offered him against such a fighter as General Burnside. When the latter was debating whether to remain in town or cross the river back into his old camp, Lee, Jackson and Longstreet stood on an eminence, overlooking the scene, and talking about the fight of the previous day. The question came up if Burnside should be attacked; it was discussed, and Jackson insisted that such a step should be taken without an instant's delay. His views being cautiously objected to, he presently laid down near by and fell asleep, with that wonderful facility for which he was also renowned; being presently awakened, and again asked what he thought the circumstances called for, he bluntly replied: "Drive 'em in the river!"

During the march of Lee's army from Maryland to take up position for the battle at Fredericksburg, Jackson was frequently visited by General Stuart, the cavalry leader, one of his intimate companions. Stuart was a very gallant but very gaudily attired officer, and was pained to see his good simple friend in a dingy old uniform and boots. Prompted by their friendship and a desire to clothe him in more imposing garb, he gave him a new coat, made to order, with all the insignia of his rank on the collar, with buttons to match. It was feared that he would put it away in his trunk; but, on the contrary, he was highly pleased with the gift. At the battle of Fredericksburg, as his forces moved silently to their allotted position, the soldiers began to look out for their favorite, in order to cheer him as he rode along the line. Strange to say, no sound was heard in any direction, when one of the soldiers asked of a comrade: "Why don't Old Jack come along, I wonder?" "Why, he passed a quarter of an hour ago!" "Old Jack?—*He* passed by?" "Yes, didn't you see him?" "What! that finely dressed fellow that went by here, Old Jack?—No, sir, you can't fool me!" But Old Jack had passed in a gorgeous uniform, for the nonce, consisting of the new coat given by Stuart; a new dark-blue overcoat, and a new cap, of the same old cadet-shape, and shining with gold braid, which afterward he cut off and gave to a little girl who asked him for a souvenir. In this unwonted finery the soldiers had failed to recognize him.

He always exhibited a great pleasure in talking to old ladies, especially those who had a reputation for piety. Wherever he put up in a village, old and young ladies flocked around him out of admiration; he liked to talk to the old ones in black silks, and was shy of the young ones, who, however, were more enthusiastic in regard to him than the "handsomest" generals in Lee's army. Lee, Longstreet, Stuart, and Jackson, dined at a house on their way to Fredericksburg; the lady of the mansion picked out Lee's chair, and said that it should be marked and preserved, but it was noticed that Jackson was her favorite, nevertheless, for before him she placed the choicest dishes, and to him she showed her chief attention. On another occasion, during the same march, he met an old woman in the road, looking for her grandson, who was "somewhere" in the army. She hailed the general, saying, "Are you Mr. Jackson? I want to see my grandson, George Martin—he belongs to your company. I've brought him these clothes and victuals." The general asked her the regiment. She could not tell, and in her disappointment exclaimed: "Why, Mr. Jackson, don't you know little George Martin?—George Augustus Martin? He's been with you in all your battles; and they say," she added, with tears streaming down her furrowed cheeks, "that he fit as hard as the best of them." At this point some of the younger staff officers laughed. Jackson turned quickly around with his brow contracted, his eyes flashing, and, as if trying to find the guilty one, dismounted, and in the kindest way explained why he did not know her grandson, and gave her such simple and repeated directions as would enable her to find him.

His Winter quarters near Fredericksburg were very plain and quiet; here he had ample leisure for writing out detailed reports of his campaigns for official use. His reports were modest, like himself; he seemed to dislike high and sonorous adjectives. His bulletin to Lee upon his victory over Pope may be cited as a fair sample of his style: "Headquarters, etc.: Colonel—On the evening of the 9th God blessed our arms with another victory. The battle was near Cedar Run, about six miles from Culpepper Court House. The enemy, according to statements of prisoners, consisted of Banks's, McDowell's, and Sigel's commands."—(Here a few words in regard to captures and casualties).—"I am, colonel, your obedient servant, T. J. Jackson, Major-general commanding. Colonel R. H. Chilton, A. A. G." The publisher of an illustrated paper at Richmond wrote to him for his picture and notes of his battles for a sketch; he sent word back that he had no likeness of himself and had done nothing worthy of mention. His bulletins were couched in what was called a sanctimonious style; he had only unconsciously drifted into the style and caught the very words of the pulpit. (Their pious tone seems to have been imitated by King William of Prussia in the year 1870). His reports were not full, or explanatory as to his motives of action, and for this he was blamed by an ex-congressman, who appealed to him to be so good as not to embarrass the future historian by an utter failure to hand down a few explanations. "The men who come after me," he answered, "must act for themselves; and as to the historians who speak of the movements of my command, I do not concern myself greatly as to what they may say." By-the-way, Lee made and held to a like decision, though in a long leisure often pressed to "write a book"; and, beyond any question, this was the wisest course they could have taken for the increase of their fame. Posterity finds out its great men.

The last of Jackson's battles (Chancellorsville), the one in which he lost his life, was his most splendid effort. On the 30th April, 1863, General Hooker, at the head of the Army of the Potomac, crossed the Rappahannock, a few miles above Fredericksburg, and fortified himself with strong earthworks at Chancellorsville, within half a mile of the river. The country round about, a wilderness of forest and undergrowth, was well calculated to conceal his fortifications, and at the same time admirably adapted to screen the direction of an attack upon him. Lee with his army was at Fredericksburg. Jackson was ordered forward, and on the 1st of May he vigorously attacked General Hooker's forces deployed in front of his fortified works, pressing the attack until the impregnable nature of these works became apparent. Meanwhile Lee arrived on the scene, and a consultation was held in regard to the further plan of action. Jackson was the first to see at a glance the field open for a supreme exhibition of his usual strategy; a decisive victory as the result. As it was clearly out of the question to attack in front, Jackson proposed to attack in flank, suggesting that he should make a detour of six miles, and then, under the cover of the forest, suddenly swoop down on General Hooker's right and rear at Chancellorsville. Lee immediately gave his sanction. It has by some been supposed that this brilliant movement originated with Lee, and was only executed by Jackson; but it is well ascertained to have been the latter's achievement, both in conception and execution, Lee in his own handwriting having attributed the victory to Jackson's successful manœuvre. It is noteworthy that in every one of his battles Jackson secured success by flank movements; indeed, he was dubbed by his soldiers "the great flanker." This kind of manœuvre sprang as well from his fertile and dauntless mind as from the style of fighting necessitated by the thickly wooded country, the opposing armies, when face to face for battle, being moved before all else to fortify their respective fronts by a line of earthworks. Jackson, alone, of all the generals, adopted the rule, as simple as it was bold, of marching around the opposing breastworks, that is to say "flanking," in order to fight his opponent, in the latter's open rear, on unprotected ground and equal chances, the best fighter to take the belt. To this main point all his movements invariably converged, though through a series of calculations as skillful as they were unique.

He began this, his last flank movement, on the morning of May 2d. Hour after hour, over winding paths and through dense jungles, he toiled forward, at the head of his corps, so skillfully and silently that up to the last General Hooker, engrossed by the demonstrations in front, did not so much as suspect his design. Finally, at a quarter past five in the evening, Jackson gave the order of attack, and, at the word, his soldiers rushed ahead with their accustomed yell. The charge was as sudden as unlooked for, and decisive. Scarcely any resistance was, or, indeed, could have been, opposed to the sweeping fire and rapid charge of the advancing forces amongst whom Jackson rode, pointing ahead and exclaiming: "Press forward! Press forward!" The pursuit lasted over two hours, or until any further headway was stopped by a heavy abatis of felled trees.

Shortly after this obstacle was met, or about ten o'clock at night, Jackson, with his staff, rode a little ahead of his lines, in order to reconnoitre, for, in spite of the darkness and the tangled undergrowth, he had determined upon pressing his advantage by swinging his corps around and interposing it between the river and General Hooker's army, so placing the latter between two fires—his own and that of Lee. For this purpose he wanted, as he afterward said, "one more hour of daylight." The distance between his own corps and the forces he had been pursuing was only 200 yards, and he soon found himself

OLD WOMAN READING.—FROM A PICTURE IN THE IMPERIAL PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.

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in advance of his own troops, without a thought of danger, but bent only on the idea that a great result depended upon his inspecting the ground with his own eyes. Being warned, he quickly remarked: "The danger is all over, the enemy is routed; go back and tell A. P. Hill to press right on." He had advanced more than a hundred yards beyond his troops, when, suddenly, without any conceivable cause, a heavy volley was fired by his own infantry, apparently directed at him and his escort, scattering the party. Jackson turned into the forest and galloped about twenty steps, when he came upon more of his infantry in the attitude of kneeling to repel cavalry, under the notion that a cavalry charge was being made on them in the dark. They fired a volley, and by this fire he was wounded in three places; one ball entered his left arm, two inches below the shoulder-joint, shattering the bone and severing the main artery; a second passed between the elbow and wrist of the same arm; and a third pierced through the palm of his right hand. In his helpless condition his horse ran away with him under a low bough, which tore off his cap and threw him violently backward, though he righted himself in the saddle, seized the bridle with his bleeding right hand, and turned the horse into the road, when one of his staff-officers came to his aid and stopped the fugitive animal.

The firing ceased as suddenly as it began. When about to fall from his horse, and being in great pain, he had sufficient strength to murmur the words: "You had better take me down." The officer caught him in his arms as he threw himself forward, and laid him under a tree near the road, when a messenger was dispatched for a surgeon and an ambulance. The officer then proceeded to examine his injuries, after removing his field-glasses and haversack (which contained some paper, envelopes and two religious tracts), cutting away the sleeves of the rubber overall, the coat and two shirts from the bleeding arm. Jackson had just remarked to the staff-officer in attendance on him, "Captain, I wish you would get me a skillful surgeon," when General A. P. Hill came up and asked him if the wound was painful. "Very painful," was his reply; "my arm is broken." General Hill pulled off his gauntlets, which were full of blood, and removed his sabre and belt. The arm, now much swollen, was tied up with a handkerchief, and brandy and water were given him to revive his strength. One of the officers exclaimed, in fear of an advance from the direction of the abatis: "Let us take the general up in our arms and carry him off!" Jackson faintly and weakly replied: "No; if you can help me up I can walk." Just at this moment the batteries across the abatis opened with great violence on the spot, and, amidst a terrific fire of grape-shot and shell, he slowly dragged himself toward his lines. As he passed through them the troops asked, "Who is that?" To this the reply was, "Oh, it is only a friend of ours who is wounded." The inquiry became so frequent that Jackson said, "When asked, just say it is an officer." He was extremely anxious lest the men about to renew the battle should be discouraged by learning of his wounds, and besought General A. P. Hill and the others not to mention the accident; but the truth could not be kept from them, and their great sorrow and sense of loss dampened their ardor for the conflict. After a while an ambulance-litter was secured, and he was placed upon it and borne to an ambulance-wagon, amidst a hurricane of shell and canister, during which the litter was once let fall by one of the men, on account of having been shot through both his arms, and the wounded general fell on his shattered arm, the pain causing him to groan aloud. As he was being borne along he was recognized by one of his division generals, who approached and said: "Ah, general, I am sorry to see you have been wounded. The lines here are so much broken by the enemy's fire, that I fear we will have to fall back." Raising his drooping head, Jackson exclaimed: "You must hold your ground, General Pender! You must hold your ground, sir!" It was his last order on the field.

The next day he lay on a hospital-bed, just on the edge of the battle-field, listening to the roar of the struggle which was being completed by Lee. As soon as the wounded general arrived at the field-hospital, the chief surgeon, Dr. Hunter McGuire (who is an eminent physisian to-day in Richmond), decided to amputate his arm. Accordingly he asked, "If amputation is necessary, shall it be done at once?" "Yes, certainly; Dr. McGuire, do for me whatever you think right." The operation was performed, and he went to sleep; on awakening, he asked that his wife might be sent for. He never complained of his wounds, and only referred to them as having been given to him "by Providence," as "one of the great blessings of my life. I would not part with them if I could." After the close of the battle he was highly gratified to receive the following note from General Lee: "I have just received your note informing me that you were wounded. I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead. I congratulate you on the victory which is due to your skill and energy." After reading it, he said, "General Lee should give the glory to God." The presence of his wife, who nursed him until his death, was a source of satisfaction to him. When, finally, she in tears announced to him that his last moments were approaching, he murmured, calmly: "Very good, very good; it is all right." He sent kind messages to his friends and comrades, and expressed a wish to be buried "in Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia." He was delirious during a few brief moments, but finally his excitement ended, his features became serene, and his last words were whispered, with a smile: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." He died at fifteen minutes past three in the afternoon, on Sunday, the 10th of May, from the effects of his wounds, complicated with pneumonia.

His body was borne to Richmond, and laid in state in the Capitol, the whole city going into mourning; then taken for burial to Lexington, where it was received by General Smith, the Superintendent of the Institute, the corps of cadets, the professors, and the citizens. In solemn procession it was escorted to the Institute and deposited in the old lecture-room of the deceased, which was just as he had left it two years before, no one having occupied it during his absence, though draped in mourning for the occasion. The coffin was placed in front of the dead warrior's favorite chair, amid the roar of the cadet-battery on the same parade-ground where it had been his humble business to teach the artillery drill. After laying in state, his remains, borne on a cadet-caisson, were escorted, by infantry, cavalry and artillery, to the grave, where they were buried beside those of his first wife and child. A small sculptured monument has been erected over his grave, which is frequently visited by the cadets, citizens and strangers; flowers and immortelles are often strewed over it by the hands of Virginia's daughters. "Jackson's grave," as it is now known in the little town, is a very modest one in appearance, and in stateliness the monument to Lee, lately erected there, forms a striking contrast. It has already been proposed to raise a more elaborate monument over his grave, yet the present modest tomb is quite in keeping with the modest character he always displayed.

A monument has been erected to his memory on the Capitol Square at Richmond. It consists of a bronze statue, of heroic size, standing erect and in a defiant attitude on a simple granite foundation. The full uniform is correct enough, but the likeness to the man is faint, if any. In the robustly rounded form it bears precisely the appearance of a corpulent Englishman, and is nothing like the gaunt, awkward Virginian. But this English cast is not surprising, seeing that the statue was made in England by an English sculptor, and presented to the State of Virginia by some of his English admirers. It is well that the inscription, attesting the gift, bears his name, otherwise, in looking at the bronze figure, one would scarcely take it for Stonewall Jackson.

MRS. AGASSIZ AND THE SNAKE.

NATURAL science is a charming study; and the delight experienced in tracing all the beauties of bugs, worms and butterflies, of all the creeping things, and things that make you creep, is very enticing. Very many delightful gentlemen, and even ladies, are absorbed in these studies. But it is a question whether they should not be celibates. In fact, the difficulties in acquiring and retaining congenial partners who will sympathize in your studies is very great.

Professor Agassiz once felt this. He had received a present of six little snakes, of a rare species, the most charming and lovely little creatures that you could imagine—things that any feminine naturalist, who was a real votary of science, would be delighted to fondle and kiss; real little darlings, in a word.

The learned man put them nicely in a basket, and, as it was late when he received them, placed the basket under his bed before retiring, and dreamed of the nice little home he would make for them, and the pleasure he was to enjoy in studying all their peculiarities.

He slept rather late. Mrs. Agassiz, an early riser, sprang out of bed and thrust her dainty little foot into a charming slipper, but drew it out with a scream, and out of the lady's *chaussure* glided a snake.

"There's a snake in my slipper!" she screamed, and the voice of affection in distress roused the professor. He started up, and comprehending the situation—full of sympathy with his wife in her terror perhaps, but certainly anxious for his pets—asked, in a tone of alarm: "Where are the other five?"

We are afraid that the good lady pouted.

OLD KENT MANOR HOUSE.

IN October, 1857, and for several months afterward, the wife of a field-officer of high rank in the British army was residing in Ramhurst Manor House, in Kent, England. From the time of her first occupying this ancient residence, every inmate of the house had been more or less disturbed at night—not usually during the day—by knockings and sounds as of footsteps, but more especially by voices which could not be accounted for.

These last were usually heard in some unoccupied adjoining room; sometimes as if talking in a loud tone, sometimes as if reading aloud; and occasionally as if screaming.

The servants were much alarmed. They never saw anything; but the cook told her mistress that on one occasion, in broad daylight, hearing the rustle of a silk dress close behind her, and which seemed to touch her, she turned suddenly round, supposing it to be her mistress, but to her great surprise and terror, could see nobody.

The lady's brother, a bold, light-hearted young officer, fond of field-sports, and without the slightest faith in the reality of visitations from another world, was much disturbed and annoyed by these voices, which he declared must be those of his sister and of a lady friend of hers, sitting up together to chat all night.

On two occasions when a voice which he thought to resemble his sister's rose to a scream, as if imploring aid, he rushed from his room, at two or three o'clock in the morning, gun in hand, into his sister's bedroom, there to find her quietly asleep.

On the second Saturday in the above month of October, Mrs. R—— drove over to the railway-station at Tunbridge, to meet a friend whom she had invited to spend some weeks with her. This young lady had been in the habit of seeing apparitions, at times from early childhood.

When, on their return, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, they drove up to the entrance of the Manor House, her guest perceived on the threshold two figures, apparently an elderly couple, habited in the costume of a former age.

They appeared as if standing on the ground. She did not hear any voice; and, not wishing to render her friend uneasy, she made at that time no remark to her in connection with this apparition.

She saw the same figures, in the same dress, several times within the next days, sometimes in one of the rooms of the house, sometimes in one of the passages—always by daylight. They appeared to be surrounded by an atmosphere nearly of the color usually called neutral tint.

On the third occasion they spoke to her, and stated that they had been husband and wife, that in former days they had occupied and possessed that Manor House, and that their name was Children.

They appeared sad and downcast, and when she inquired the cause of their melancholy, they replied that they had idolized this property of theirs; that their pride and pleasure had centred in its possession; that its improvement had engrossed their thoughts; and that it troubled them to know that it had passed away from their family into the hands of careless strangers.

After a week or two, Mrs. R——, beginning to suspect that something unusual, connected with the constant disturbances in the house, had occurred to her friend, questioned her closely on the subject; and then her guest related to her the conversation of the figures calling themselves Mr. and Mrs. Children.

One day, Mrs. R—— was hurriedly dressing for a late dinner—her brother, who had just returned from a day's shooting, having called to her in impatient tones that dinner was served and that he was quite famished.

As she hastily turned to leave her bedchamber, there in the doorway stood the same female figure her friend had described—identical in appearance and in costume, even to the old-point lace on her brocaded silk dress—while beside her, on the left, but less distinctly visible, was the figure of her husband.

They uttered no sound; but above the figure of the lady, as if written in phosphoric light in the dusk atmosphere that surrounded her, were the words "Dame Children," together with some other words, intimating that, having never aspired beyond the joys and sorrows of this world, she had remained "earth-bound."

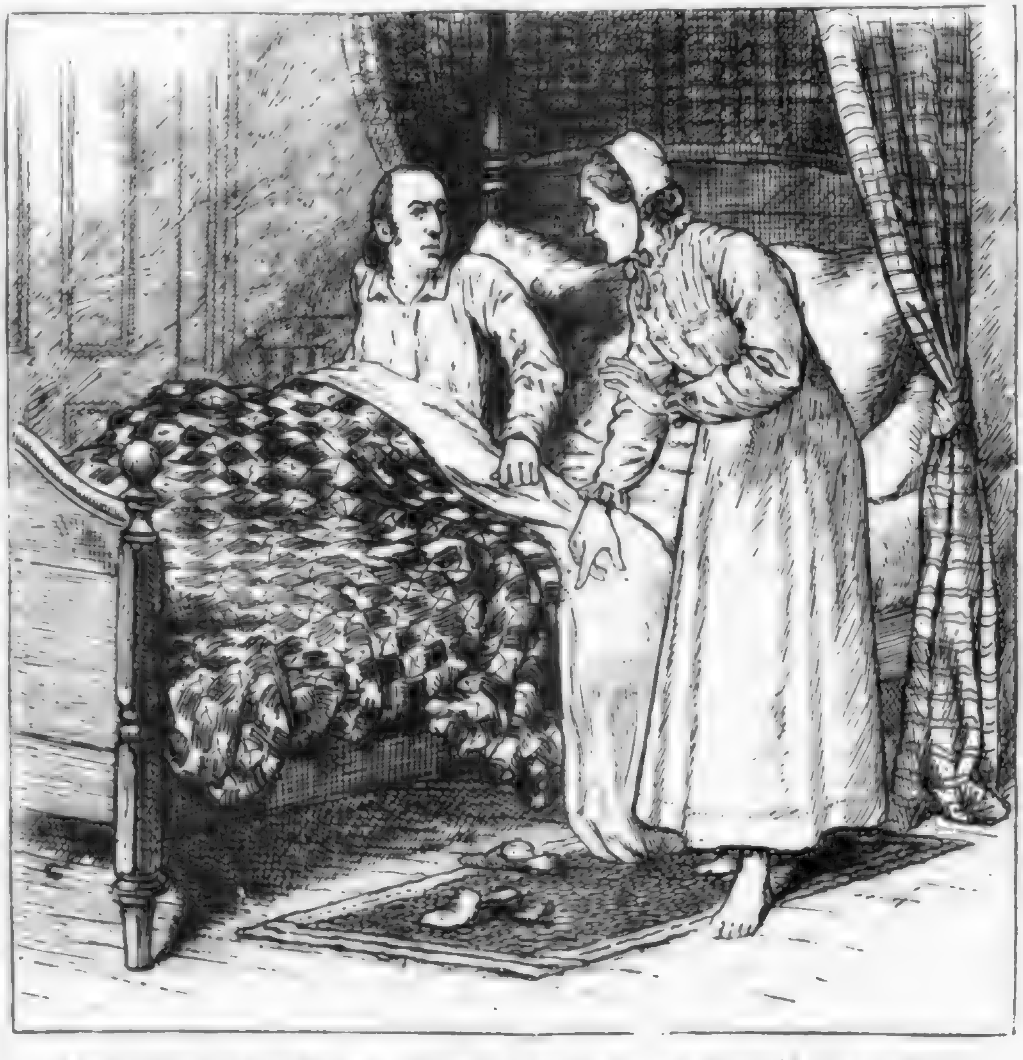
These last, however, Mrs. R—— scarcely paused to decipher, for a renewed appeal from her brother, as to whether they were to have any dinner that day, urged her forward. The figure, filling up the doorway, remained stationary.

There was no time for hesitation. She closed her eyes, rushed through the apparition and into the dining-room, throwing up her hands, and exclaiming to her guest:

"Oh, my dear, I've walked through Mrs. Children!"

Her bedchamber at the time was lighted, not only by candles, but by a cheerful fire, and there was a lighted lamp in the corridor which communicated thence to the dining-room.

This repetition of the word "Children" caused the ladies to make inquiries among the servants and in the neighborhood whether any family bearing that name had ever occupied the Manor House. But all inquiries were fruitless, all declaring that they had never heard of such a name.



MRS. AGASSIZ AND THE SNAKE.—"THERE'S A SNAKE IN MY SLIPPER!" SHE SCREAMED. SEE PAGE 239.

About four months afterward one of the servants recollecting that her sister-in-law, an old woman of seventy, had fifty years before been housemaid at Ramhurst, inquired of her if she had ever heard of a family named Children.

The sister-in-law replied that she recollected an old man who told her that in his boyhood he had assisted to keep the hounds of the Children family at Ramhurst.

All these particulars I received in December, 1858, directly from the ladies themselves, both being together at the time.

Even up to this point the case, as it presented itself, was certainly a very remarkable one. But I resolved, if possible, to obtain further confirmation in the matter.

I inquired of the guest whether the apparitions communicated to her any additional particulars connected with the family.

She replied that she recollected one which she had then received from them—namely, that the husband's name was Richard. At a subsequent period, likewise, she had obtained the date of Richard Children's death, which, as communicated to her, was 1753. She remembered also that on one occasion a third spirit appeared with them, which they stated was their son; but she did not get his name.

To my further inquiries as to the costumes in which the alleged spirits appeared, the guest replied that they were of the period of Queen Anne, or one of the early Georges; she could not be sure which, as the fashions of both were similar.

These were her exact words. Neither she nor Mrs. R——, however, had obtained any information tending either to verify or to refute these particulars.

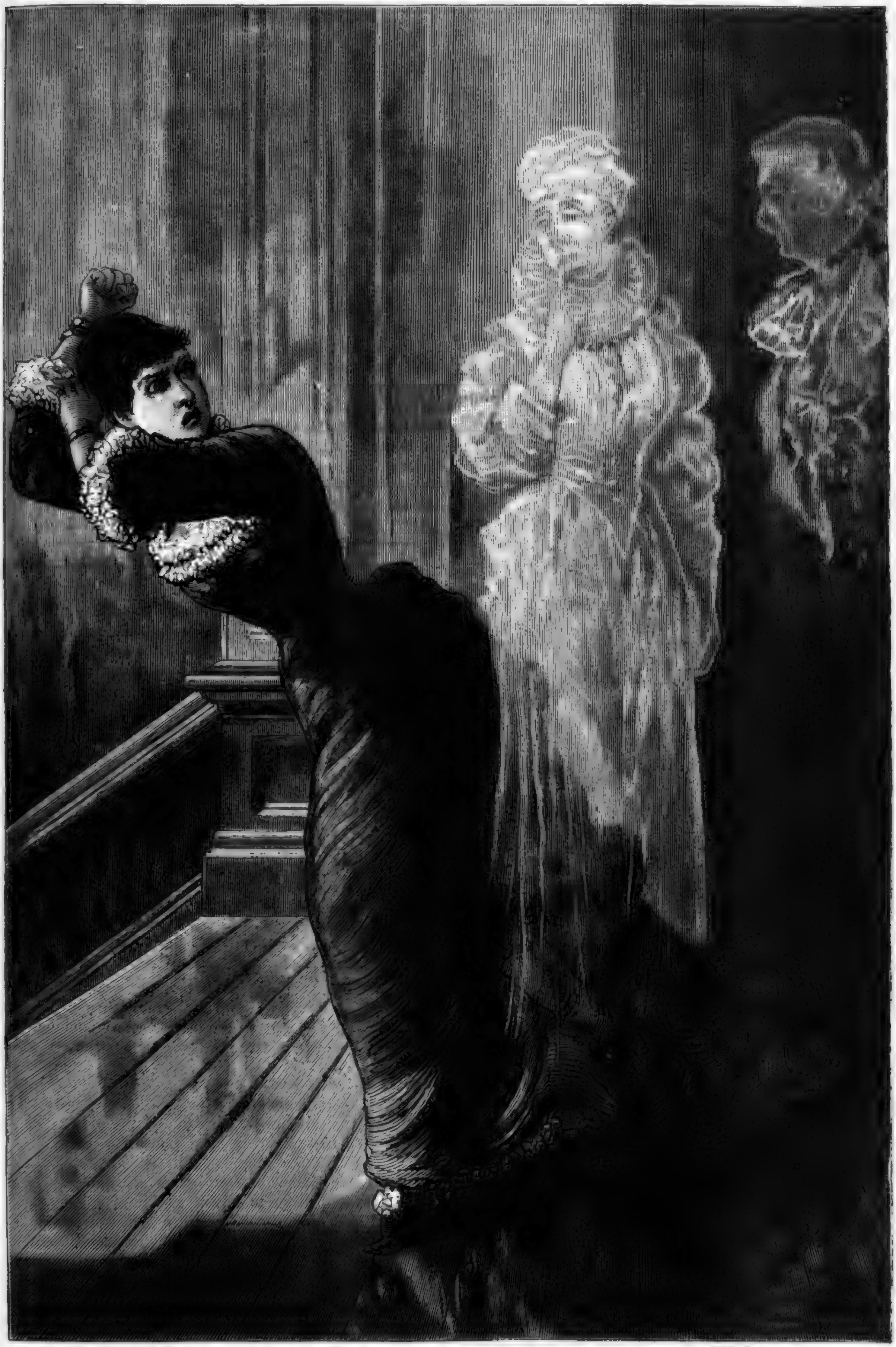
Having an invitation from some friends residing near Seven Oaks, in Kent, to spend with them the Christmas week of 1858, I had a good opportunity of prosecuting my inquiries in the way of verification.

But as all my investigation afforded no clew either to the Christian name, or the date of occupation, or the year of Mr. Children's death, I visited the church and graveyard at Leigh, the nearest to the Ramhurst property, and the old church at Tunbridge; making inquiries on the subject in both places. But to no purpose. All I could learn was, that a certain George Children left, in the year 1718, a weekly gift of bread to the poor, and that a descendant of the family, also named George, dying some forty years ago, and not residing at Ramhurst, had a marble tablet, in the Tunbridge church, erected to his memory.

Sextons and tombstones having failed me, a friend suggested that I might possibly obtain the information I sought by visiting a neighboring clergyman. I did so, and with the most fortunate result.

Simply stating to him that I had taken the liberty to call in search of some particulars touching the early history of a Kentish family of the name of Children, he replied that, singularly enough, he was in possession of a document containing the "Hasted Papers," preserved in the British Museum.

Of this document, which may be consulted in the Museum library, I here transcribe a portion as follows:



OLD KENT MANOR HOUSE.—"SHE RUSHED THROUGH THE APPARITION AND INTO THE DINING-ROOM, THROWING UP HER HANDS EXCLAIMING TO HER GUEST: 'OH, MY DEAR, I'VE WALKED THROUGH MRS. CHILDREN!'"—SEE PAGE 239.

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> "The family of Children were settled for a great many generations at a house called, from their own name, Childrens, situated at a place called Nether Street, otherwise Lower Street, in Hildenborough, in the parish of Tunbridge. George Children, of Lower Street, who was high sheriff of Kent in 1698, died without issue in 1718, and by will devised the bulk of his estate to Richard Children, eldest son of his late uncle, William Children, of Hedcorn, and his heirs. This Richard Children, who settled himself at Ramhurst, in the parish of Leigh, married Anne, daughter of John Saxby, in the Parish of Leeds, by whom he had issue four sons and two daughters," etc.

Thus I ascertained that the first of the Children family who occupied Ramhurst as a residence was named Richard, and that he settled there in the early part of the reign of George I. The year of his death, however, was not given.

This last particular I did not ascertain till several months afterward, when a friend, versed in antiquarian lore, suggested that Hasted had published, in 1788, a history of Kent, and that, in that work, I might possibly obtain the information I sought. In effect, after considerable search, I there found the following paragraph:

> "In the eastern part of the Parish of Lyghe (now Leigh), near the River Medway, stands an ancient mansion called Ramhurst, once reputed a Manor and held of the honor of Gloucester." . . . "It continued in the Culpepper family for several generations." . . . "It passed by sale into that of Saxby, and Mr. William Saxby conveyed it, by sale, to Children. Richard Children, Esq., resided here, *and died possessed of it in* 1753, aged eighty-three years. He was succeeded in it by his eldest son, George Children of Tunbridge, Esq., whose son, George Children of Tunbridge, Esq., is the present possessor."

Thus I verified the last remaining particular, the date of Richard Children's death. It appears from the above, also, that Richard Children was the only representative of the family who lived and died at Ramhurst; his son John being designated not as of Ramhurst, but as of Tunbridge. From the private memoir above referred to I had previously ascertained that the family seat after Richard's time was Ferox Hall, near Tunbridge.

It remains to be added that in 1816, in consequence of events reflecting no discredit on the family, they lost all their property, and were compelled to sell Ramhurst, which has since been occupied, though a somewhat spacious mansion, not as a family residence, but as a farmhouse. I visited it; and then the occupant assured me that nothing worse than rats or mice disturbed it now.

THE MORAL CHARACTER OF THE MONKEY.

MONKEYS are saucy and insolent, always making an attempt to bully and terrify people, and biting those first who are most afraid of them. An impertinent curiosity runs through all their actions; they never can let things alone, but must know what is going forward. If a pot or a kettle is set on the fire, and the cook turns her back, the monkey whips off the cover to see what she has put into it, even though he cannot get at it without setting his feet upon the hot bars of the grate. Every monkey delights in mischief. If he takes up a bottle of ink, he empties it upon the floor. He unfolds all your papers and scatters them about the room, and what he cannot undo he tears to pieces; and it is wonderful to see how much of this work he will do in a few minutes when he happens to get loose. When the wild monkeys have escaped to the tops of trees, the people below who want to catch them show them the use of gloves, by putting them on and pulling them off repeatedly; and, when the monkeys are supposed to have taken the hint, they leave plenty of gloves upon the ground, having first lined them with pitch. The monkeys come down, put on the gloves, but cannot pull them off again; and when they are surprised, betaking themselves to the tree as usual, they slide backward, and are taken.

A late friend and neighbor of mine in the country kept a monkey who took to riding his hogs, especially one of them, which he commonly singled out as fittest for his use; and, leaping upon its back, with his face toward the tail, he whipped it unmercifully, and drove it about till it could run no longer. A well-known nobleman once had a wild horse whom nobody could ride. "I know not what your lordship can do with him," said one, "but to set the monkey upon his back." So they put a pad to the horse, and set the monkey upon it with a switch in his hand, which he used upon the horse, and set him into a furious kicking and galloping; but Pug kept his seat and exercised his switch. The horse lay upon the ground; but when he threw himself on one side, the monkey was up on the other. He ran into a wood with him, to brush him off; but if a tree or a bush occurred on one side, the monkey slipped to the other side; till at last the horse was so sickened, fatigued, and broken-spirited, that he ran home to the stable for protection. When the monkey was removed a boy mounted him, who managed the horse with ease, and he never gave any trouble afterward. If all the qualities of the monkey are put together, they constitute what is properly called *ill-nature;* and if any person would know what an ill-natured man is, that man is a monkey to all intents and purposes, with the addition of reason, which makes *his* character much worse.

WOMAN'S TENACITY OF LIFE.

IT appears from the gathered statistics of the world that women have a greater tenacity of life than men. Nature worships the female in all its varieties (says the *Modern Age*). Among insects the male perishes at a relatively early period. In plants the seminate blossoms die earliest, and are produced in the weaker limbs. Female quadrupeds have more endurance than males. In the human race, despite the intellectual and physical strength of the man, the woman endures longest, and will bear pain to which the strong man succumbs. Zymotic diseases are more fatal to males, and more male children die than females. Deverga asserts that the proportion dying suddenly is about 100 women to 780 men; 1,080 men in the United States, in 1870, committed suicide to 285 women. Intemperance, apoplexy, gout, hydrocephalus, affections of the heart or liver, scrofula, paralysis, are far more fatal to males than females. Pulmonary consumption, on the other hand, is more deadly to the latter.

Females in cities are more prone to consumption than in the country. All old countries not disturbed by emigration have a majority of females in the population. In royal families the statistics show more daughters than sons. The Hebrew woman is exceptionally long-lived, the colored man exceptionally short-lived. The married state is favorable to prolongation of life among women. Dr. Hough remarks that there are from 2 to 6 per cent. more males born than females, yet there is more than 6 per cent. excess of females in the living populations. From which statistics we conclude that all women who can possibly obtain one of those rapidly departing men ought to marry, and that, as men are likely to become so very scarce, they can not be sufficiently prized by the other sex.

THE STYLE AND THE MAN.

A CHAPTER ON HANDWRITING.

> "What, his autograph—his letter !
> Every line his own handwriting !" — *Old Play.*

BUFFON, or whoever originally made the remark that "the style is the man," uttered a truth which in a general way is *apropos* of manners, dress, diction, or handwriting. Not every one is endowed with that exquisite analytical or sympathetic faculty which can read in the outward tracings of the written page the character of the writer; yet between these two, the soul and the sign, there is sure to be some analogy, however subtle. Reversing a familiar quotation, we may say that, where the critical study of an autograph is concerned, more meets the eye than is meant. The pen of a ready writer is for the time-being a part of himself, infused with all the cunning of his hand, and sensitive to his slightest impulse. In its way, it is as expressive as the face itself. Its traces are a permanent voice for the eye. This is strikingly apparent in the manuscript of Byron's letters, where the words which would have been emphasized in speaking are unconsciously indicated by a peculiar *dig* and spatter of the pen, more characteristic than any underscoring could have been.

It would seem natural to suppose that manuscript produced *currente calamo* would most faithfully represent the writer; although the elegant and airy Don Felix de Salamanca, in his "Philosophy of Handwriting," maintains that the deliberate signature, from the extra care and frequency of its use, acquires a settled form which is the best possible index. What would Don Felix make of a collection of the signatures of the New York photographers—each one, from Sarony's down to that of the Bowery tin-type man, dragged earthward by that prodigious tail-flourish which appears to have such an intimate though cabalistic connection with the portrait business?

The study of handwriting is as old as it is fascinating, being related to that chiromancy which Monsieur Desbarrolles says is coeval with mankind. Ever since the invention of writing there have probably been autograph-collectors, and they have at times furnished materials of immense importance in biography and in history. For instance, the principal source of our minute acquaintance with the circumstances that marked the reign of Henri IV. of France is the collection made with such zeal and industry by Lomenie de Brienne, secretary to that monarch. De Brienne set the example, which has since been largely followed, of hoarding every autograph letter, manuscript memoir, document or public personage's signature that he could place his hands upon. The originals of this collection, filling 340 volumes, were purchased by Louis XIV., and are preserved in the National Library of France. By this means we are not only afforded an insight into events, but we are also made acquainted with men, their manners, customs, virtues, and—alas! vices. The "Alba Amicorum," in vogue 300 years ago, were small paper books, usually in octavo and bound lengthwise, in which the friends of the possessor would write their names, often accompanied by some complimentary expression.

Our first thought, on examining a number of autographs of distinguished men, is likely to be, What wretched penmen they were! We recall Mark Twain's exclamation on being shown a document written by Columbus: "Why, we have schoolboys not fourteen years old who can write better than *that!*" To write an illegible hand is one of the supposed prerogatives of genius, but if all bad scribes were great men the ranks of celebrity would be increased by many millions. It might be supposed that writers for the press would exercise particular care in the preparation of their "copy"; but compositors could tell a different tale. Newspaper-men have to write in a hurry, and it is a well-recognized principle of calligraphy that the faster a man writes the more slowly others read what he has written. We should like to give, among our illustrative specimens, a bit of the worst "copy" we know of; but a chief characteristic of its badness also renders a fac-simile impracticable: it is written on yellow paper with a blunt lead pencil!

In "Leaves of Grass" we find the following true picture:

> "The jour printer with gray head and gaunt jaws works
> at his case,
> He turns his quid of tobacco, while his eyes blurr with
> the manuscript."

No wonder that his eyes blurr! He is probably struggling with a cryptographic "take" worthy of the traditions of the late Horace Greeley. An old journalist who in his time had had the handling of a great deal of Greeley's "copy," once remarked in our hearing: "No one but myself and the old *Tribune* compositors knows what a crank he really was." An ordinary note in his handwriting is said to have been used for a long time as a railroad pass, then as a servant's recommendation, and finally taken to a drug-store as a doctor's prescription. In one of his editorials the sentence, "Virtue is its own reward," was deciphered and set up as "Washing with soap is wholly absurd." Often, the compositor innocently revenges his wrongs by making such typographical errors as "house-breaker" for "horse-breaker"; or "the noble Cuss" for "the noble Russ," in an article on the Czar of Russia; or "our repeaters" for "our reporters" in an important election editorial.

It is said that Napoleon could write fourteen pages a minute; but some of his epistles to Maria Louisa look like war-maps, with fragments of the alphabet scattered over them by the explosion of a bombshell. An autograph of the Duke of Wellington, written toward the close of his life, reposed for several years in an album before it was discovered to have been pasted upside-down. The late Dean Stanley once sent to an American magazine an article, which was declined, "not from any lack of literary merit," as editors say, but because nobody on this side of the Atlantic could decipher the manuscript.

If great men are pardoned such eccentricities, we ought not to be too severe on telegraph operators, who sometimes make singular mistakes in "taking down" dispatches from the wires. We recall the following instance: A gentleman and his son, about to leave the city for their country home, were delayed by some trifling accident. The son telegraphed to his mother:

> "Accident. Father remains. Will come on 6:30 train."

The lady received the message in this somewhat startling form:

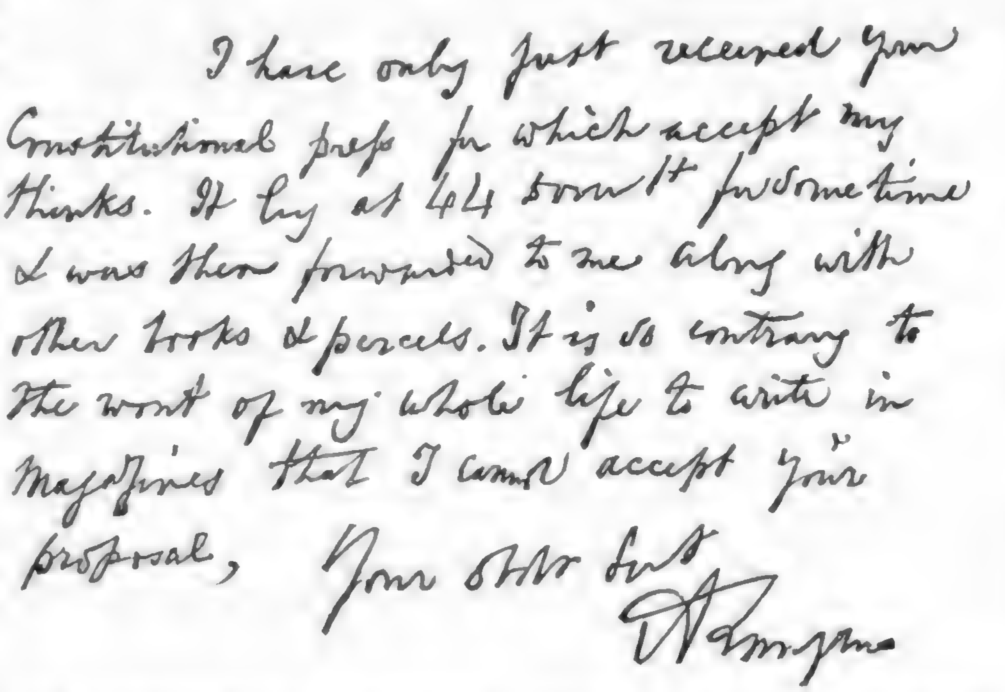
> "Accident. Father's remains will come on 6:30 train."

We would not go as far as to agree with Lord Chesterfield, who made an assertion to the effect that any man can write whatever hand he may choose; but there is no doubt that most, if not all, cases of "shocking bad" chirography are susceptible of improvement in the direction of legibility, if not of grace. Unless palsy interfere, it is merely a question of patience, and the formation of a painstaking habit.

Next to clearness, the manner and general style of lettering is to be thought of. Nothing is more marked, or

XUM

more curious, than the evidences of nationality in the handwriting of different countries. These are almost as varied as the languages themselves. What is more singular, though a man may shake off national habits, accent, manner of thinking, style of dress—though he may become perfectly identified with another nation, and speak its language as well as his own, yet he rarely or never changes his handwriting to a foreign style. From a quantity of mixed manuscript, it would be an easy task to separate the French, the Italian, the German and the English leaves. The French hand is small, fantastic, *riante;* the Italian, fine and delicately shaded; the German, stiff and commercial-looking; while the English is marked by boldness, regularity, and a certain sober elegance. American handwriting is more difficult to generalize upon. Many and diverse influences affect it, and the tendency is not toward uniformity of characteristics. Probably the signers of the Declaration of Independence represent a better calligraphical average than prevails in America to-day.


I have only just received your
Constitutional press for which accept my
thanks. It lay at 44 Dover St for some time
& was then forwarded to me along with
other books & parcels. It is so contrary to
the wont of my whole life to write in
Magazines that I cannot accept your
proposal,
Your obdt Servt
A Tennyson

The autograph of John Adams is a good specimen of the elegant script of the old school, very few examples of which now survive. Oliver Wendell Holmes retains

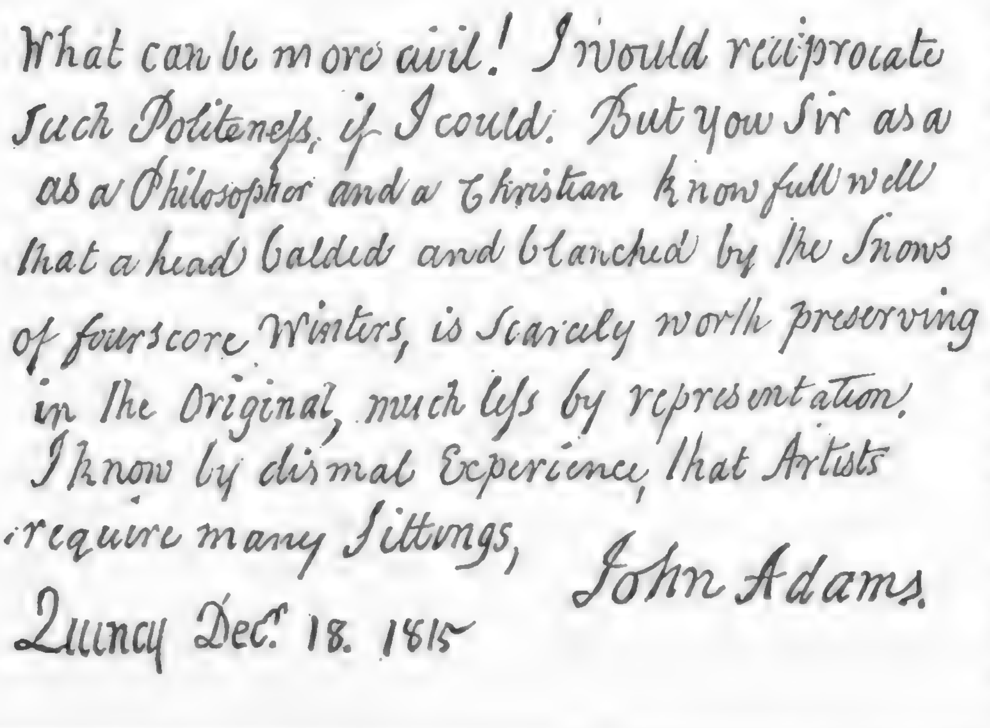
O. W. Holmes.

more of its courtly grace than any other American littérateur we know of. He writes a fluent, legible hand, free from flourishes, and altogether quite what we might expect from the genial, wise and witty "Autocrat of the Breakfast-table." Longfellow's penmanship, though distinct, was of an unpleasing back-handed character, while that of Whittier, like that of Bryant, suggests the clerk rather than the poet. Edgar Poe's ordinary manuscript is unrivaled for beauty and clearness. His signature varies considerably in style as well as in abbreviation, but is never commonplace. No autograph could better illustrate the analogy between the style and the man than Walt Whitman's. It is bold, clear, straightforward and manly, with enough of picturesque grandeur to be a fit embodiment for the chants of the "Good Gray Poet." Whoever should examine his style would at least say, "There is no nonsense about the man who wrote that."

It is well for a man's scriptorial originality and grace if he has escaped the blighting influence of the professional penman's flourishes, and the unlovely conventionality of the commercial office-desk. Let the formation of pernicious habits be avoided, and a good and appropriate style will come of itself.

The elder D'Israeli says: "I am intimately acquainted with the handwritings of five of our great poets. The first, in early life, acquired among Scottish advocates a handwriting which cannot be distinguished from that of his ordinary brothers; the second, educated in public schools, where writing is shamefully neglected, composes his sublime or sportive verses in a schoolboy's ragged scrawl, as if he had never finished his tasks with the writing-master; the third writes his highly-wrought poetry in the common hand of a merchant's clerk, from early commercial avocations; the fourth has all that finished neatness which polishes his verses; while the fifth is a specimen of a full mind, not in the habit of correction or alteration, so that he appears to be printing down his thoughts without a solitary erasure. The handwriting of the first and third poets, not indicative of their character, we have accounted for; the others are admirable specimens of characteristic autographs."

In handwriting, as in other things, men are ridiculous for their affectations rather than for their natural peculiarities, and an unnatural departure from


What can be more civil! I would reciprocate
Such Politeneſs, if I could: But you Sir as a
as a Philosopher and a Christian know full well
that a head balded and blanched by the Snows
of fourscore Winters, is Scarcely worth preserving
in the Original, much leſs by representation.
I know by dismal Experience, that Artists
require many Sittings,
John Adams.
Quincy Dec. 18. 1815

one's habitual style annihilates the autographic character. Take Sitting Bull's sign-

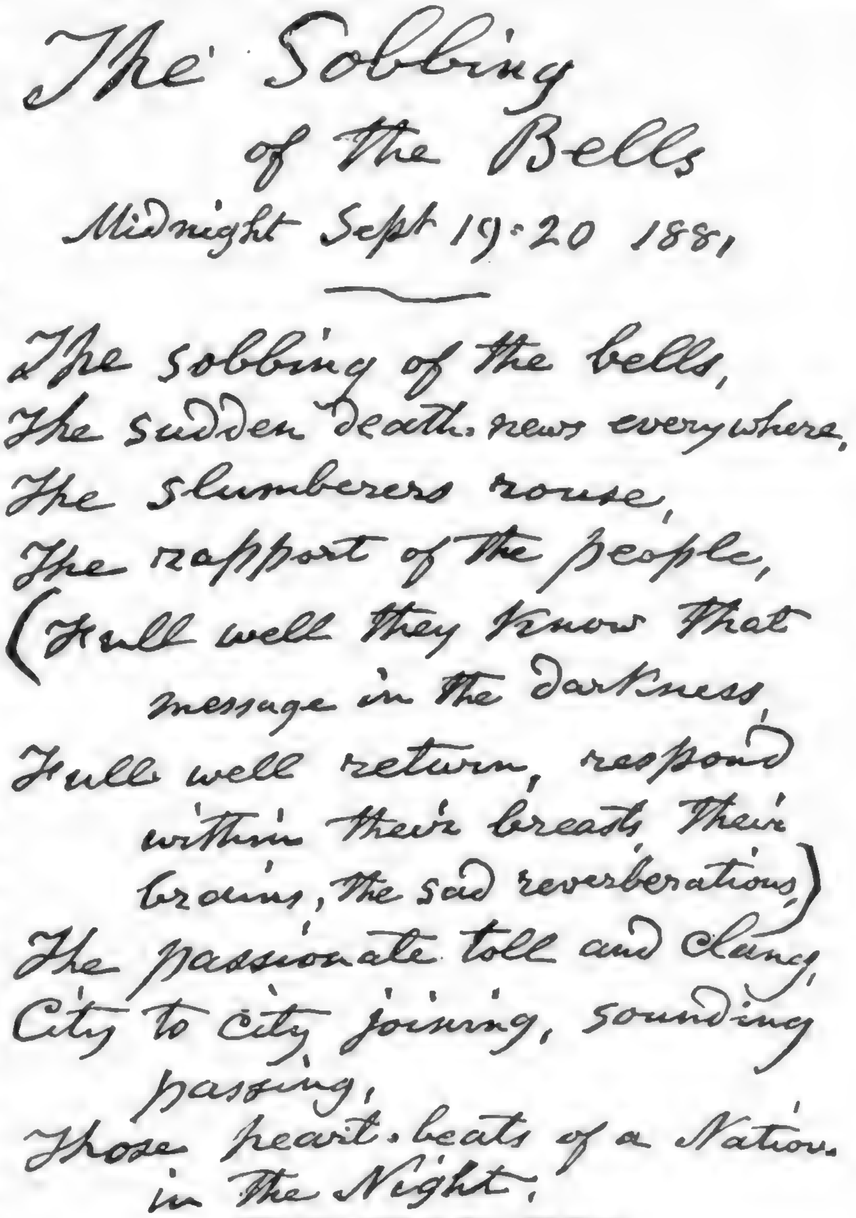
Sitting Bull

manual, for instance. It makes as poor a showing in its civilized form, as would that hardy chieftain himself if dressed in "store-clothes." Doubtless, his old savage signature, consisting of a thumb-mark and a hieroglyphic representation of a recumbent bison, showed some originality and meaning.

Haste plays havoc with the firmest of hands, as is illustrated by our autograph of the lamented President Garfield, which was scrawled on an envelope to secure for it the benefit of the Senatorial franking privilege.

J A Garfield

Another cause of variation and eccentricity in handwriting is too delicate to admit of personal illustration. Its disastrous effects are most frequently observable in the manuscript of literary bohemians of bibulous tendencies, where each individual page gives external indication of the greater or less degree of alcoholic pressure under which it was written. Sometimes the first few pages of a two-column article are "fairly writ," while the closing ones are but too conclusive evidence that the author must have "written reeling," and under the impression that he "stood upon the ceiling."



The Sobbing
of the Bells
Midnight Sept 19-20 1881

The sobbing of the bells,
The sudden death-news everywhere,
The slumberers rouse,
The rapport of the people,
(Full well they know that
message in the darkness,
Full well return, respond
within their breasts, their
brains, the sad reverberations)
The passionate toll and clang,
City to city joining, sounding
passing,
Those heart-beats of a Nation
in the Night.

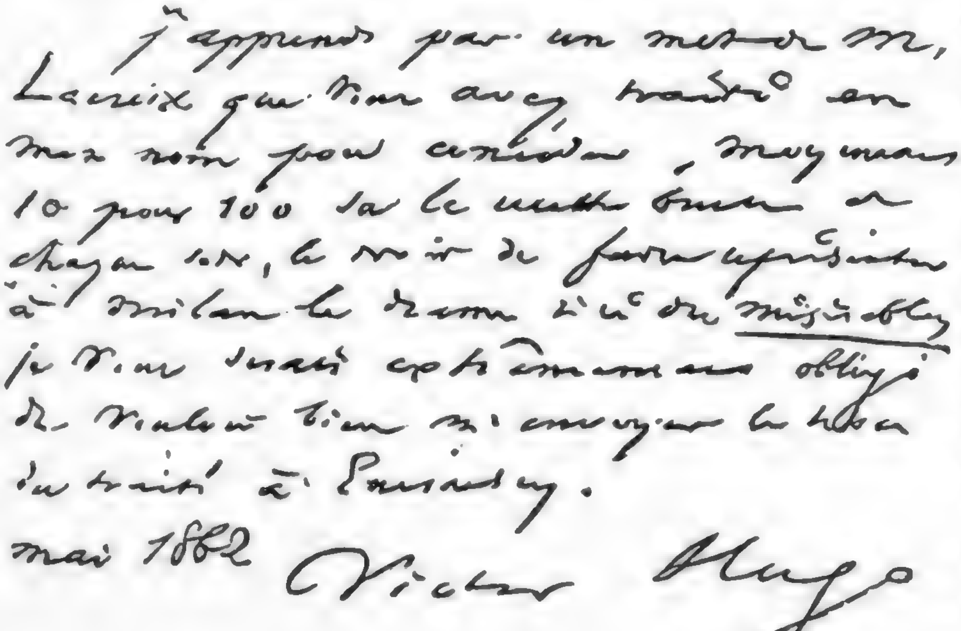
AUTOGRAPH POEM OF WALT WHITMAN.

Oscar Wilde has cut his hair, married, and given up knee-breeches; whether or not he has reformed his style of handwriting, we do not know. As we are acquainted with it, it is somewhat baffling, though picturesque. Were it not for an occasional legible word, the general appearance of his manuscript would suggest shorthand. Mr. Wilde apparently does not think much of the decorative effect of capital letters, and some of his smaller alphabetical signs are quite arbitrary in form. His signature is better than the body of his epistles.

Every letter of Thomas A. Edison's script is as clear-cut and distinct as the click of a telegraphic sounder. No matter how rapidly he writes, or what he writes with, it is ever the same, handsome, bold, and legible as print. The genius which invented the phonograph is not above punctuating and crossing its "t's," and never forgets "the dotlet, the dotlet on the 'i.'"

Mark Twain's handwriting, like his stories, often runs on soberly for a time, and then breaks out into some droll and unexpected twist or conceit. It is neither showy nor quaint, but it possesses the first requisite of calligraphy—distinctness. It is eminently a literary hand, such as no commercial bookkeeper, for example, would be likely to indite.

The specimen of Monsieur Zola's autography which we reproduce was doubtless inscribed with particular pains for the album, as is evident from the laborious and print-like separation of the letters.



J'apprends par un mot de M. Lacroix que vous avez traité en mon nom pour conclure, moyennant 10 pour 100 sur la recette brute de chaque soir, le droit de faire représenter à Milan le drame tiré des Misérables. Je vous serais extrêmement obligé de vouloir bien m'envoyer le double du traité à Guernesey.

mai 1862 Victor Hugo

If we are to judge a man by his best, however, the author of "Nana" writes a chaste and vigorous hand, though his signature may not, perhaps, be highly commended.

Victor Hugo writes a more fluent and hasty hand, quite legible, and by no means commonplace. One of its peculiarities is the formation of the small "v," which is generally larger than the other letters, and looped like the capital "V" of the signature. Anybody would detect the literary quality in his manuscript at a glance, though whether it presents peculiarities sufficiently striking to proclaim the man of genius, is doubtful.

A recent interviewer credits Rosa Bonheur with the remark that "Eccentricity does not pay." Whether the gifted and industrious artist ever applied this precept to her chirography, seems doubtful, as we regard her fantastic signature. It has artistic points, salient enough, and certainly is not conventional; neither is there anything characteristically feminine about it, unless it be its inconsistency. The flourishes are symmetrical, and doubtless indicate a genius for design, but they cannot be called good handwriting.

Any one familiar with the highly-colored novels of "Ouida" might be led to expect from her pen something *bizarre* in the autographic line, but would not find it.

Ouida

The well-known *nom de plume* of Miss De la Ramé is boldly and plainly inscribed, though some of the letters are imperfectly formed—rough alphabetic sketches, as it were, which need filling in. This lady's letters "u," "i" and "a" are constructed with "c's," but not always deciphered with *ease.*

Jefferson Davis writes with a swiftly running style which does not pause long enough to consider the question of elegance, though its tracings are fairly legible. The abbreviation of the Christian name in this autograph is curious.

Jeffn Davis

The composer of the jocular "Pinafore" music, and of the languishing airs of "Patience," writes an easy, clear and gentlemanly hand, not likely to be mistaken for any one else's. He conscientiously dots his "i's," and never sends a letter into the world "scarce half made up."

Arthur S. Sullivan

Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt dwells in the retirement of her villa by Italian Como, and is still remembered lovingly by musical people of the last generation. Thirty-three years ago she was in the glory of her vocal gifts; but as regarded handwriting, it was quite another matter. She scrawled like a schoolgirl, and her capital letters required a great deal of sea-room. The autographic phrase of laughing music is more characteristic of the Swedish Nightingale.

The variety in autographs, in fact, is infinite, like the variety in human faces. Gather as many as we may, each will bear its separate and individual comment.

COUNTER ATTRACTIONS.—There are some people whose favorite hobby or pursuit seems to master them so completely that all the ordinary feelings of human nature give way before it. Certainly music has this strange power, but it is scarcely fair to say that it is responsible for more *gaucheries* than any other pursuit, such as hunting, shooting, boating or cricket—the chronicles of which latter would, perhaps, readily furnish us with examples of votaries quite as devoted as the Milanese gentleman who had a rich uncle, from whom he had some expectations, which his uncle's illness might have led him to suppose would be shortly realized. One evening a friend met this gentleman in the street. "Where are you going?" he asked. "To La Scala, to be sure." "How! Your uncle is at the point——" "Yes—but Velluti sings to-night."

THE Boston Public Library has received a gift of many valuable papers from Abbott Lawrence, the substance of a discovery among the waste stock of a Boston junk-shop, to which they had been sent by their stupid owners. Dr. Charles E. Clark discovered them; and the town of Taunton has had parts of its records and other important municipal papers restored to its archives from this lot, while the papers given to the Boston Library include a considerable lot of "broadsides," many of them now unique. One is a proclamation by Lieutenant Governor William Stoughton, the Council and the Assembly, in May, 1696, the last year of King William's War, in which there was offered head-money for dead Indians—£50 for every Indian man and £25 for an Indian woman or child, male or female, under fourteen, taken or brought in prisoner; "the scalps of all Indians slain to be produced and delivered to the Commissioner for War, as the law in that case provides, and the benefit of plunder."

"YES, I've lived out West for ten years," said a traveler, who was bearded like a forty-niner; "I mean on the peraries of Newbraska. Great country, too." "What do the folks do for fuel?" "Well now-a-days we're following after the Rooshuns, the Rooshun Mennonites, you know, in the fuel business. They are right smart and ingenious in some things, and this is the way they get over the fuel difficulty: They build their houses of four rooms, all cornering together in the centre. Right there they put up a great big brick oven, with thick walls. From the furnace-door back to the back yard is a passageway. Every morning, noon and night they lug a jag of straw in from the stack and burn it in the furnace. The thick brick walls get red hot and stay so for hours, warming every room in the house. Even in the coldest weather three fires a day in the furnace will keep the house warm. For the cooking-stoves we burn cornstalks to get meals with, and thus our farms raise our fuel as we go along. A pretty good scheme, aint' it?"

FLORA.

By Vox Rustica.

As I sauntered down a valley, where the bright-hued flowers blew,
Watching busy, yellow-banded bees, that round my pathway flew,
For a moment interchanging idle steps with idler rest,
While I marked a group down-settled on a broad sunflower's breast,
Suddenly my ears were opened—how that was I cannot tell;
P'rhaps some mortal-loving fairy touched them with a passing spell—
And I heard their fitful buzzing come in words of angry strife,
Telling how a theme of weighty disputation there was rife.
Quoth the nearest, "While I hurried through the younger rays of light,
Half in hopes some choicest blossom might reward my early flight,
Down beside the fount that rises in the valley's deepest heart,
There I saw the Queen of Roses growing by herself apart.
O the beauty of that vision! None may know but those who see;
Like a sunset-circled snow-peak gleamed the glory under me."
"Drunk with honey!" cried another. "Why reveal thy sottish state?
Grows no rose beside our fountain clad in crimson as you prate;
For this very morn I wandered through the younger rays of light,
Half in hopes some rarer blossom might reward my early flight.
There beside the fount that slumbers, folded in the valley's arms,
Lo! the whitest of white lilies spread her never-rivaled charms.
Not another flower was near her, she alone possessed the dell;
Therefore well I ween the story false which you so vainly tell.
But that saintly-shining pureness words can never show to you,
Dull beside the foam-break flashes in the deep mid-ocean blue."
"Drunken also!" cried another; "wherefore chide thy fellow-bee,
When herein no wit more clearly than thy fellow thou canst see?
For, as by the fount I hovered in the early morning light,
Lo! a wondrous golden flower smote upon my dazzled sight;
But in feeble words its splendor never, never can be told;
Yea, methought the sun from heaven lay on earth in floods of gold."
Then another, "O ye babblers, hold your foolish tongues awhile,
That my words, more wisely spoken, this dispute may reconcile.
As I, too, flew by the fountain while the morning light was new,
Like the deep, deep glowing violet sprang a flower of richest hue.
All alone she grew, but never of such beauty may ye dream,
Not though all the rainbows meeting wove one mighty purple beam.'
"Hold!" I cried. "Why this contention? List to me; full well I ween,
With but few words I can tell ye of this sight ye all have seen.
Not of flowers born the beauty that entranced your 'wildered sight,
'Twas my love lay by the fountain, sleeping in the morning light.
And for this her various seeming—violet, lily, gold, and rose,
These were but the changing beauties of her waking and repose.
Lily-white her arms and fingers, rose her lips and cheeks, her hair
Golden as the sun's own flower, eyes than violets more fair.
'Neath her head her arms a pillow making, now a shade above,
Now revealed these lips of roses, now a shield of lilies wove;
Thus to thee one while approaching blushed she like the ruddy rose,
But to thee with white arms lifted like a rare pale lily shows;
Till by louder wings awakened, starting in a sweet surprise,
Lo! the violet-slaying splendor darted from her glorious eyes;
And at last her modest beauty, till those slumbers should be done,
Vailed itself in golden tresses—and thou sawst the flaming sun!"

FALLEN GREATNESS.

The case of the *Great Eastern*, destined at one time to achieve great things, is an example of how low greatness can fall. We learn that arrangements are in progress to begin work upon this vessel very shortly to fit her for a career as a coal-hulk in Gibraltar Bay. Permission for her anchorage has been obtained from the Colonial Office. The project is viewed also with favor by the Admiralty, as the *Great Eastern* will effect a great improvement in the bay by dispensing with the multitude of small coal-hulks which now encumber the harbor. The company having the matter in hand have carefully calculated the suitability of this giant of naval architecture for a coal-hulk. Her paddle engines and boilers are to be removed, and she is to have numerous side-ports added to those already existing, by which the coal will be received for storage purposes. The coal from these ports will, by its own gravitation, run into a variety of receptacles, some well above the water-line, others below.

The vessel is to have powerful hydraulic cranes on the upper deck, whereby the steam colliers from Cardiff and Newcastle bringing the coal will be very quickly discharged, thus saving greatly in cost on the existing system as practiced at Gibraltar. The coal, once on board, will be shot down under the bunker receptacles on board the Atlantic and other large steamers taking in their coal alongside. A further advantage is that the *Great Eastern* will give such shelter that coaling from her in the bay will, it is expected, be able to proceed in weather when it is quite impracticable with smaller hulks. It is considered that these various advantages will at length open out for this vessel a trade in which her size will be a positive recommendation and economy, in lieu of, as hitherto, an impediment to success. The vessel will be fitted with the electric light, so as to be ready to take in coal and deliver it at night as well as by day.

GIRLS OF OTHER LANDS AT WORK.

The theory that girls exist merely as lay-figures to display fine drapery and to look pretty is not entertained among half-civilized or savage tribes or nations. The eccentric notion still prevails throughout Asia, Africa, and in some parts of Europe and America, that they were born to labor.

In Turkestan and on the Tartar Steppes the Kirghese sultanas and their daughters, and princesses in whose veins flows the blood of long lines of kings, still milk the sheep, cows, and goats, and perform the menial offices of the household, as the Sanscrit maidens did 6,000 years ago in the same localities. They cook, take care of the younger children, make garments, cure the skins of wild fowl with the feathers on for caps, spin cotton, weave cloth, and tan leather by means of sour milk. In this delectable region the mother wears rich attire, while the daughter goes in humbler dress, like Cinderella. If there is a piano, the mother plays on it in the front-room of the tent, while the daughter brews the *koumiss*, stews the mutton, and broils the camel-chops in the back kitchen. This is the benighted condition of patriarchal people, who adhere to a nearly obsolete theory of filial duty.

Similar ideas prevail throughout India, China, and among the native tribes of Siberia, who have been driven northward by aggressive neighbors.

The Tungusian girls gather the snow, melt it, make the tea and the fish soup, sew, and being skillful in archery, help to keep the larder supplied with game.

The Yakut and Samoyede maidens, and all those who dwell along the Arctic Ocean, help in Summer to lay up Winter supplies, and in Winter to perform all necessary domestic duties.

The Abyssinian girl grinds corn in the simple mills in use in that country.

The Caffre girl weaves baskets and draws water. The girls in other parts of the Dark Continent pulverize the grain, weave mats, make earthen vessels, and are the hatters of their tribes. The theories of the tribes and nations of Asia and Africa are shared by the Indians of North America, who compel the young girls to learn the duties and hardships of life at an early age.

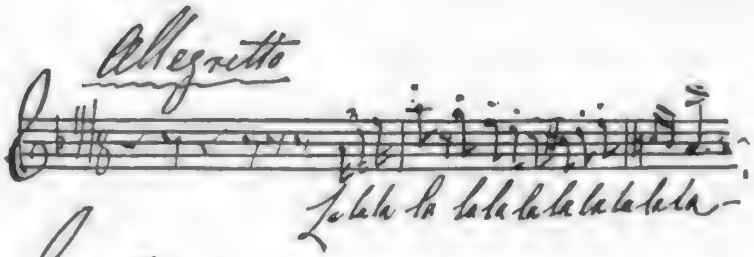
WHEN SUGAR WAS INVENTED.

The exact date of the invention of sugar is unknown. However, sugar is said to have been known to the Chinese 3,000 years ago, and there is not much doubt but that the manufacture of the article was carried on under the Tsin dynasty 200 years before Christ. A strong claim for priority has been made for India. Probably the Hindoo learned the art from the Chinese, and from China the knowledge was carried further West. Three hundred and

An injurious lie is an uncommendable thing; therefore, let us all try to stick to the other kind.

Truly Yours
Mark Twain

twenty-five years before Christ, Alexander sent Nearchus with a large fleet down the Indus to explore the adjacent countries. When that officer returned from his expedition he brought to Greece an account of honey (sugar) which the Asiatics made from cane, without any assistance from bees. This was the earliest idea the Western nations had of sugar, the Jews, Egyptians, Babylonians and Greeks, knowing nothing of its use. As late as A.D. 150 sugar was prescribed by Galen the great physician, as a medicine. Before the discovery of America sugar was a costly luxury, used only on rare occasions. During the Wars of the Roses, about 1455, Margaret Paston, wife of a very wealthy country gentleman of Norfolk, wrote to her husband begging that he would "vouchsafe" to send her a pound of sugar. As late as 1700 all England consumed only 20,000,000 pounds in the course of the year, but since the consumption has greatly increased, 20,000,000 hundred weight now being used by the English people. The process of refining sugar was not known in England previous to 1659. That was probably an invention of the Arabs. A Venetian merchant learned the secret from the Saracens of Sicily, and sold the art for 100,000 crowns.



In kind remembrance of
Jenny Lind
Boston.
28. Sept. 1850.

Une œuvre d'art est un coin de la nature vu à travers un tempérament.

Emile Zola

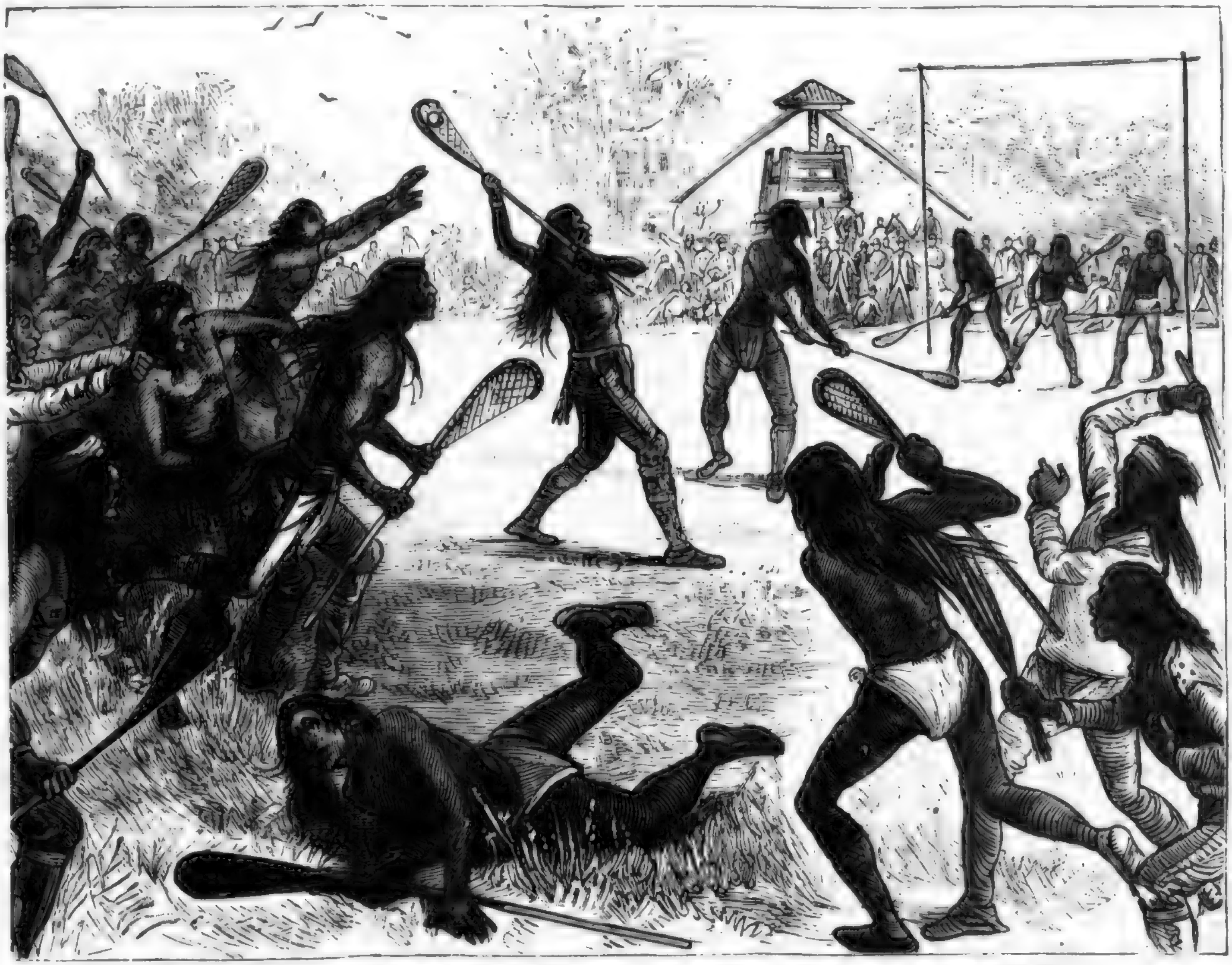
INDIAN GAMBLING.

By an Old Army Officer.

Gambling is not a vice confined to our highly civilized and cultivated communities. The Indians of every known tribe are inveterate gamblers. I remember a case in point, when one tribe stripped another of all its effects, they having been wagered on a game of racket, which was played on the "common" of my native town, Nackitosh, in Louisiana, about the year 1825. The Caddos and Choctaws, two tribes inhabiting villages not very remote from Nackitosh, were the parties to the contest, and fifty of the most stalwart, lithe men of either tribe were selected to test the strength and activity of their respective nations.

To look back through the retrospective years which have elapsed since the occurrence of this eventful game, to witness the attempts in recent years to imitate it by Kanucks and bordering Americans, excites a smile of incredulity, and only intensifies the hold my memory retains of that and many other games played by the neighboring tribes.

The "common" at Nackitosh had been selected principally because of the smoothness and extent of the grounds, and that it was immediately contiguous to a population noted for its generosity, charity and wealth, so that the losing party might soon make up its losses by begging. Under these circumstances the game was inaugurated The tribes came into the village two or three days before the eventful day, so as to prepare the ground, put up the goals—two poles erected ten feet apart at either end of the ground, and distant, the one from the other, about two hundred yards—to score the legs of the competitors with sharp flints from hip to heel, and the arms from shoulder to wrist; to arrange the individual wagers, and to practice their skill in the arena. These were the occupations of the two tribes anterior to the contest.



INDIAN GAMBLING.—A GAME OF "RACKET" BETWEEN THE CADDOS AND CHOCTAWS.—SEE PAGE 247.

The town was excited beyond precedent. Old men and young freedmen and slaves flocked from every quarter. What wonder! 'Twas a game that might have astonished the Titans, and diverted them from their own pastimes.

Partisans were inaugurated on either side, so that men and boys had many a knockdown over the issue in anticipation. The temporary camps of the two tribes became the lounging-places of the partisans of either side, and many an acrimonious dispute originated in vaunting the claims of one side or the other. Remote from the world, and in communication only at intervals with La Ville—New Orleans—they cared only for what concerned them at the hour.

On the day the game was to come off, the "common" was filled with the populace of the town and the surrounding country. Negroes and whites and Indians, commingled in a motley throng of eager and excited spectators, awaited with impatient expectancy the hour for the commencement of the game. At length the champions on either side were marshaled to the arena by the chiefs of the respective tribes. Yells of defiance issued from the throats of the athletes, as they stood grouped fronting each other, every muscle and sinew of their frames taut to the utmost tension of expectant activity. Stripped to the buff, or, rather, the bronze, and armed with a pair of rackets—an implement made of hickory, about four feet long, and flattened at the end, so as to be bent upon itself like the frame of a scoop-net, the open space being interlaced with thongs of buckskin. The groups, as I look back over fifty years, remind me of the contest described by Sir Walter Scott in one of his novels as occurring on the Inch, near Perth, between two rival clans of Highlanders—the circumstances were the same, but the tragic results of the Scottish fight were different from the end of the Indian game. Yelling their notes of defiance, and exchanging epithets not very complimentary the one to the other, whilst the women of either side—quite as interested as the principals—stood on the borders of the ground with brush and switches, to urge on the competitors to greater exertion; such was the scene at the initiation of the game.

The two chiefs of the respective tribes now advance between the two groups, ball in hand, and toss up for the cast. The eager competitors rush forward to catch the ball in their rackets as it descends, and give it the first send-off in the direction of the opposite goal, and here occur the most remarkable feats of strength and agility. The sinewy arms of the outsiders grasp their opponents, and hurl them like infants from the eddying mass of contestants, when, lo! one more lucky than the rest seizes the ball from the ground, or in its flight, and sends it spinning through the air to the opposite goal. Watchful and ready skirmishers are on the alert to intercept it, and send it flying in the opposite direction, and so the struggle goes on, ebbing and flowing from one goal to the other, in alternate contests of skill and endurance.

Meanwhile, the women are by no means idle. With brush and switch they lash the laggards without mercy, keeping up an unearthly din with their screams and demoniac epithets.

The outside whites and negroes are none the less excited, and give vent to their sentiments in violent clamors and gesticulations. The first and last games, best two in three, are most violently contested; and the flight of the ball through one or the other of the poles elicits the wildest demonstrations from the victorious party.

The cheers of a victorious army scarce exceed it in enthusiasm. But when the games are finally lost, after a contest enduring several hours, then, indeed, our more modern phrase, "to the victors belong the spoils," is cruelly realized, and the losing party are, of a verity, made beggars. For years afterward, the youngsters having possessed themselves of the implements, racket became a favorite game, and was played just as the Indians played it and on the same ground.

There are many other games peculiar to the Indians, and in which they indulge their propensity to gamble. Games at ball, cards, horse-racing, constitute the chief amusements of the tribes.

On the Western plains a game played with the wampum is very popular. I sat with parties of Indians the livelong night around a fire playing or observing the game.

A long, white bead is held by one of the party in his right hand, both hands being held out exposed to view. Bets are made—clothing, arrows, knives and tomahawks—on the result of the guess of another designated one of the opposite party, as to which hand the bead is held in. "*Le jeu est fait, messieurs!*"

He who is to manipulate the bead thrusts both hands under his blanket, or buffalo-robe, changing the bead from one to the other for a few moments; then bringing his hand out, he commences to chant a tune, the burden of which is a challenge to the opposite party to guess which hand the bead is held in, thrashing his arms, meanwhile, as a man does to warm them in cold weather.

The opposite guesser watches the countenance of him who is manipulating the bead, chanting and thrashing his arms in unison with the other, till, having made up his mind, he suddenly extends the one hand or the other, thus indicating the guess.

The party with the bead does the same, extending the right or left hand, palm open, with or without the bead. I have frequently seen a fellow strip himself of his last shirt to bet at this game.

Thus it is that scouts and guides and experts are baffled in determining the perpetrators of any crime or outrage from the signs left on the ground in the shape of arrows, etc., which are known to pertain to a peculiar tribe, and which may have been lost or won at some gambling rout.

AN OLD CONTINENT IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

By Charles Callaway, M.A., D.Sc., F.G.S.

According to the ancients there once existed in the Atlantic Ocean, opposite Mount Atlas, a great island adorned with every beauty and possessing a numerous population. Its princes were powerful, so that they invaded Europe and Africa, but were defeated by the Athenians and their allies. Its inhabitants degenerated into impiety, and the island was in consequence swallowed up in a day and a night. This legend is said to have been related to Solon by the Egyptian priests, and is given by Plato in the "Timæus." It probably had its origin in the existence of the Azores, or the Canary Islands, which may have been visited by the Phœnicians. It is the purpose of this article to prove that this fable has been far exceeded by the reality; that there once existed in the area now covered by the North Atlantic an Atlantis of continental size, and of an antiquity compared with which Plato's Island is but of yesterday.

Some geologists are of opinion that North America was connected by land with Europe in Middle Tertiary (Miocene) times. The evidence upon which this theory is based is the resemblance of the existing plant-life of North America to that which flourished in Western Europe in the Miocene epoch. The plants are supposed to have migrated from east to west by way of this imagined Atlantic land. It seems extremely unlikely, however, that so great changes in the physical geography of the globe should have taken place within times comparatively so recent.

The deeper parts of the Atlantic are from 12,000 to 16,000 feet, and we require very strong evidence to convince us that such enormous depressions have occurred since a comparatively recent geological period. The migration of the Miocene flora may be more easily explained. The land connection between Europe and North America by way of Asia is broken only by Behring's Straits, which are very shallow; and a slight elevation would make it complete. That the migration has been from west to east, across Europe and Asia, receives confirmation from the fact that a flora similar to the North American has been discovered in Japan. It is, therefore, unnecessary to create an Atlantic continent to account for the migration of the Miocene flora. The continent of which it is the purpose of this article to speak is of incomparably greater antiquity. No traces of it now remain, unless the submarine ridge, which runs down the Atlantic valley in about 50° west longitude, be its denuded foundations. This ridge represents a great mountain range, rising 4,000 feet above the valley to the west, and 8,000 feet above the valley to the east; and reaching to within 4,000 feet of the surface of the ocean.

The Atlantic Islands are not in any way connected with this ancient land. They are of volcanic origin, rising steeply out of a deep ocean, and are of comparatively modern date, the oldest strata contained in them being of Middle Tertiary age. The destruction of the old Atlantis strikingly illustrates the instability of the land. At an epoch inconceivably remote, the Atlantic rolled as it is rolling now. Then a huge island raised its back above the waters, and, despite the hammering and grinding action of the waves, grew up into a continent, with river systems and great mountain chains. Rain, frost, ice, and carbonic acid, were all the time at work upon its surface, eroding, filing, sawing, dissolving, softening, washing down; till after it had braved the elements for many successive epochs, it gradually wasted away, broke up into islands, and finally disappeared. The ocean reclaimed its ancient sovereignty, and its shores gradually assumed their present outline.

Two familiar geological principles must be taken as our starting-point. The first is that *denudation is equal to deposition.* If a million tons of mud were in a certain time deposited by the Nile on its banks and at its delta, it is evident that a million tons of rock must have been washed down from the regions of the Upper Nile. Or if the sea eat away a million tons of rock from the coast of Norfolk, it is clear that the same weight of sand and mud must be deposited in the adjacent seas. The existence, therefore, of sedimentary strata of a certain bulk proves the former existence of a neighboring land of equal dimensions as certainly as a bottle of wine on your table proves that there is one bottle less in your cellar. A continent deposited means a continent denuded. But we have not only to ascertain the quantity of the material deposited; we have to find out the direction from which it came. This leads us to a second geological axiom—that *the proximity of land is known by the character of the derived sediment.* A conglomerate, or "pudding-stone," is simply a consolidated pebble-beach; so that, if we find beds of conglomerate, we know that the land from which they were derived must have been close at hand. Sandstones and shales (laminated or bedded clays) have also their distinctive teaching. A river brings down to the sea large quantities of mud and sand derived from the wearing down of the higher land. The particles of sand being heavier than the particles of mud, will sink first, and will form sandbanks in the estuary of the river, or at no greater distance from its mouth. The finer portions of the clay will remain suspended for a much longer time; and, if they are drawn within the influence of powerful currents, they may be swept out for hundreds of miles, and deposited in the ocean far from land. Conglomerates, sandstones, and clays (or shales), are thus indices of the distance of the lands from which they are respectively derived.

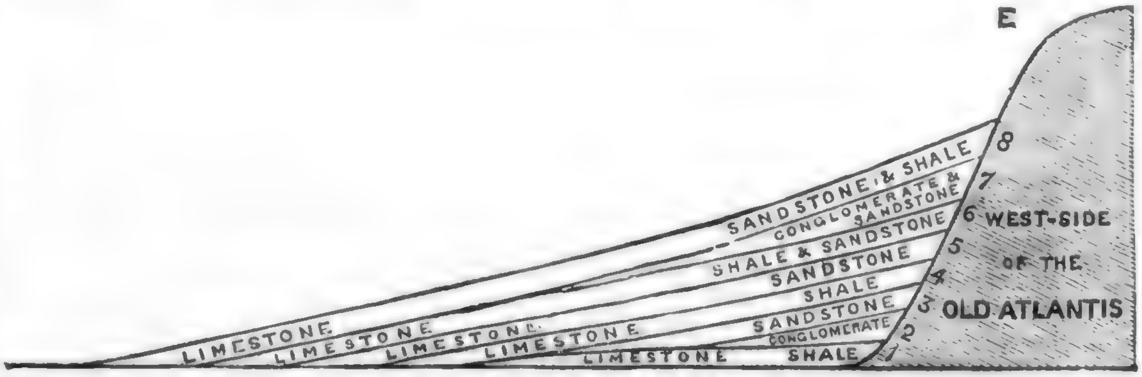


FIG. 1.—DEPOSITS FORMED BY THE DENUNDATION OF THE OLD ATLANTIS ON THE WEST. (*Scale exaggerated.*)

(1) Hudson River Group; (2) Oneida Conglomerate; (3) Medina Sandstone; (4) Niagara and Clinton Groups; (5) Oriskany Sandstone; (6) Chemung and Hamilton Group; (7) Catskill Group; (8) Carboniferous Group.

It would be beyond the scope of this article to indicate the limitations to this statement; it is sufficient for our purpose that it is roughly true. The evidence derived from limestones is rather more complicated. Some limestones are deep-sea deposits; or, at any rate, are formed in waters free from the washings from the land. Such is the chalk of the southeastern counties of England, which has its modern representative in the calcareous mud which covers the middle depths of the Atlantic. Other limestones are produced by the building up and wearing down of coral reefs; and, though they do not necessarily prove that the land was far distant, are evidences that the sea was free from mud and sand, for the coral zoophytes will not grow in turbid water.

If strata are traced for any distance in their horizontal extension, they are frequently found to pass gradually into sediment of a different character. A conglomerate may graduate into a sandstone, a sandstone into a shale, a shale into a limestone. In each case the land lies in the direction of the former of the two. If a conglomerate pass to the west into a sandstone, the land lay to the east. If a shale graduate to the north into a limestone, the land lay to the south.

The *thickness of strata* must also be taken into account in searching for the direction of the land. In a delta, for example, the beds of sand or clay thin out toward the deep sea. The washings from a coast also follow the same principle. The *thick* end, therefore, of a series of rock beds points in the direction of the land from which the material was derived.

In our present argument we are chiefly concerned with the Palæozoic groups—or the most ancient rocks in which any fossils are found—especially those of the United States, which are very favorable for our purpose, being of great horizontal extent, and comparatively undisturbed. In Western Europe the older groups of rocks cover more limited areas, and are generally much altered, twisted, broken, and dislocated, so as to render their study less satisfactory.

The area in North America to which our study is chiefly directed, is in extent about 1,000,000 square miles, being the great mass of land which lies between the Atlantic and the Mississippi, east and west; and between Canada and Georgia, north and south. In the east the strata are crumpled up into a series of folds, with a northeast and southwest strike parallel to the Atlantic coastline, and forming the highland of the Appalachian mountain system. Toward the west those great waves of rock gradually flatten out, so that on the Mississippi the strata lie horizontal. The rocks which cover this area are chiefly Palæozoic, including the formations from the Lower Cambrian to the Carboniferous. We shall study these groups in ascending order.

Commencing with the Lower Silurian, we pass over the formation below the Hudson River group, as their testimony does not bear upon our topic. The *Hudson River* formation in eastern New York is 700 feet in thickness; on Lake Huron it has thinned out to 180 feet; still further west, in Michigan, it is attenuated to eighteen feet. The evidence from the thinning of the beds is confirmed by the change in the character of the sediment. In New York the group consists of sandstones and shales; in Ohio it has become highly calcareous.

The *Oneida Conglomerate* is an Appalachian deposit. In Pennsylvania it is 700 feet thick. It does not extend to the west.

The *Medina Sandstone* is 1,500 feet thick in Virginia and Pennsylvania. Consisting of finer material than the underlying conglomerate, it reaches further to the west, but thins out in that direction.

Coming next to the Upper Silurian, we take first the *Clinton* group. In the eastern part of our area, it consists of shales with some thin beds of limestone; but to the west it is represented by limestones. It stretches further west than the Medina sandstone. The *Niagara* formation is represented in the Appalachians by shales, which pass toward the west into limestones.

Next in order is the Devonian system, the base of which is the *Oriskany Sandstone*. This deposit is a thick series of sandstones in the Appalachians, but in the State of Missouri it has become a limestone.

The *Hamilton* group in Eastern New York is a sandy deposit with land plants, but westward it gradually passes into a calcareous shale, with limestones. The *Chemung* formation is similar to the Hamilton. In New York it is sandy, in Iowa it is calcareous.

The *Catskill* group is confined to the Appalachian area. In that mountain-chain it is from 5,000 to 6,000 feet in thickness; in the State of New York from 2,000 to 3,000 feet. It consists of conglomerates, sandstones and shales.

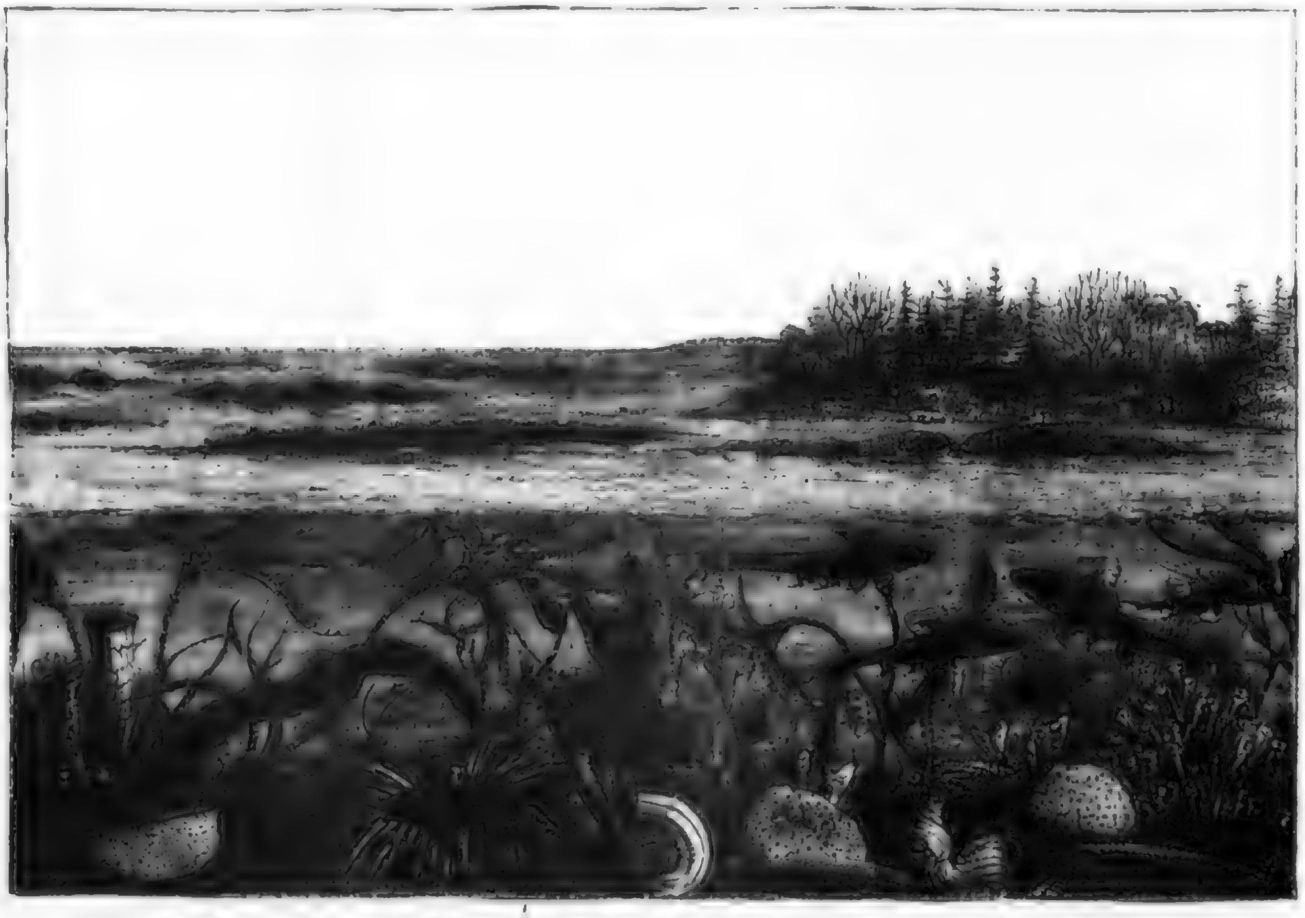


FIG. 2.—IDEAL VIEW OF MARINE LIFE IN THE SEA SURROUNDING THE OLD ATLANTIS.

Ascending to the Carboniferous system, we come first to the *Lower Carboniferous* group. In the Appalachian range it is made up of a series of shales and sandstones, 3,000 feet thick. On the Mississippi it is represented by limestones.

The *Millstone Grit* consists of grits and conglomerates. It is absent on the Mississippi.

The *Coal Measures* are 3,000 feet thick in the Appalachian range, and consist of shales and sandstones. West of the Mississippi they are represented by a limestone.

Figure 1 illustrates the thinning out of the Appalachian deposits, with their passage into limestones.

From these details we gather two important facts—First: the strata *thin out toward the west.* Some of the formations are almost confined to the Appalachian range, others stretch some distance to the west, while others reach the Mississippi in an attenuated form. The total thickness of the above group is at least four or five miles in the east, but in the west it has diminished to less than one mile; forming a great wedge, a thousand miles square, the thick side of which is directed eastward. Second: when the strata grow more calcerous, that *transition always takes place westward.* Both of these facts lead to the same conclusion, that the land from which this great mass of rock was derived lay to the east—that is, in what is now the North Atlantic Ocean.

Our next inquiry has reference to the size of this Old Atlantis. We have some rough data for determining this question. We must first ascertain the size of the mass of material deposited. We have seen that it is about 1,000,000 square miles. We shall not exaggerate if we take the average thickness at one mile. This would represent a continent of 1,000,000 square miles in extent, and one mile in vertical elevation above the level of the sea. But the average height of existing continents is less than one-quarter of a mile, so that if we assume that measure for the height of our ancient land, we must give it an area of 4,000,000 square miles—that is, 2,000 miles each way.

But in building up our Old Atlantis, we have as yet taken into account only the strata deposited on the west. We are not without evidence that some of our European formations were derived from the same source, though the testimony is not so complete, for the reason above stated.

The Silurian and Cambrian rocks of Western Europe are of great thickness. The Lower Cambrian of Shropshire alone is about six miles thick, as may be seen in the Longmynd Hills, near Church Stretton. The Upper Cambrian rocks of North Wales are estimated at 8,000 feet. The Silurian series of Britain can scarcely be less than 20,000 feet. The Cambrian and Silurian united will not be over-estimated at a thickness of ten miles. In Scandinavia these systems have become greatly attenu-

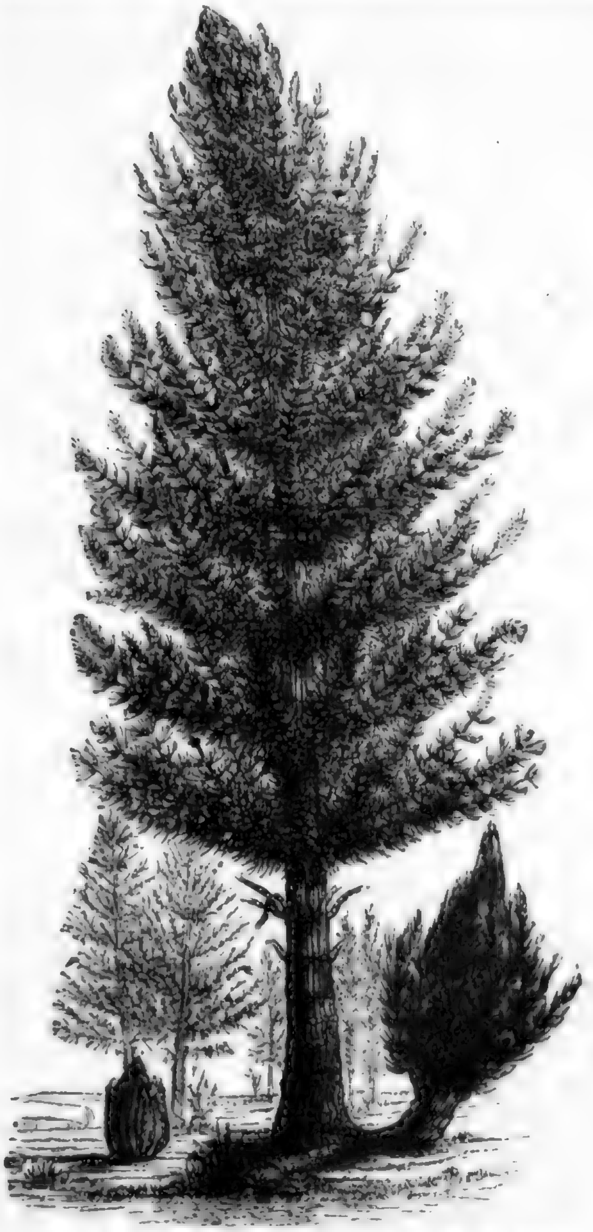


FIG. 3.—CALAMITE RESTORED. (30 *to* 40 *feet high.*)

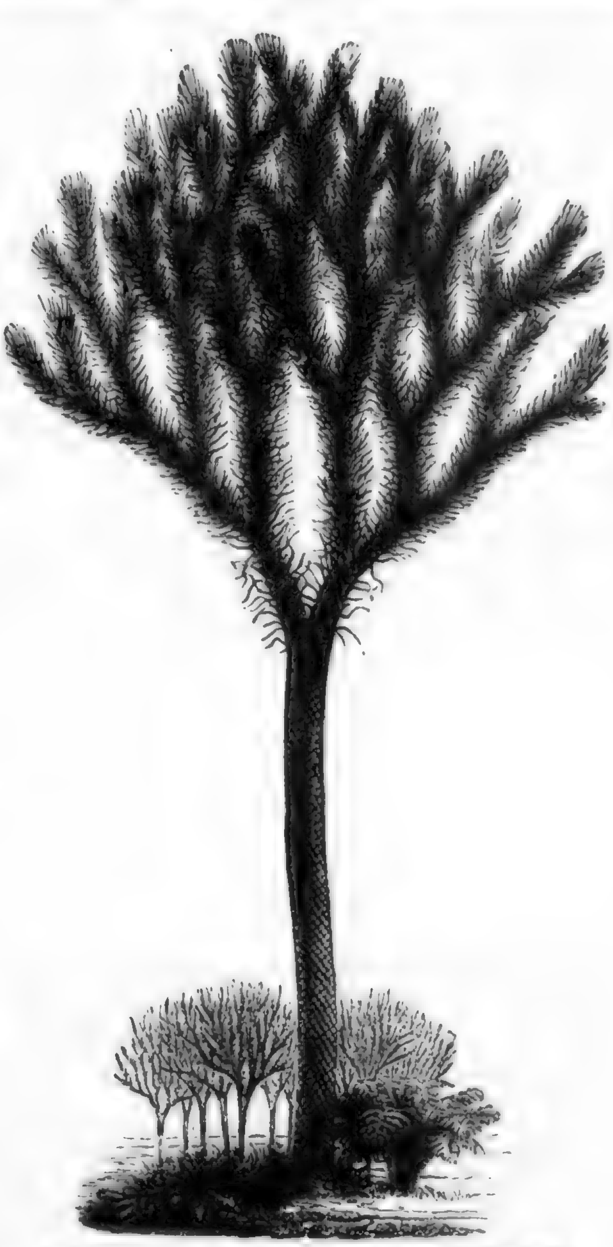


FIG. 4.—LEPIDODENDRON RESTORED. (40 *feet high.*)

ated. Murchison calculated that 30,000 feet of Lower Silurian strata (his Lower Silurian includes the Upper Cambrian of most living geologists) in Britain, were represented by only 1,200 feet in Sweden and Norway. The same author estimated that the Silurian rocks in Russia were probably not a fortieth part of the vertical magnitude of the magnificent British deposits.

The Devonian strata of Britain also thin out considerably toward the Ural Mountains. In Ireland and Britain, they are largely composed of sandstones and conglomerates; in continental Europe they are for the most part calcareous.

During the Upper Carboniferous period, land conditions prevailed in Britain; toward Eastern Europe, marine deposits predominated.

The thin end of the Palæozoic wedge in Europe is thus seen to be directed toward the east, and the land from which the strata were derived must consequently have been situated to the west. Thus the Old Atlantis, by means of its rivers and the waste of its coastline, probably helped to build up lands on both the west and the east. We cannot, however, suppose that deposition took place only on two sides of the Old Atlantis. During the Palæozoic epochs, marine limestones were deposited in several parts of the Arctic regions, so that an open sea must have spread in that direction, and some of the waste of the old land must have been carried into that sea. The same wearing down of the land must also have taken place to the south, unless, indeed, the Atlantis was part of a great continent which stretched out into what is now the South Atlantic Ocean.

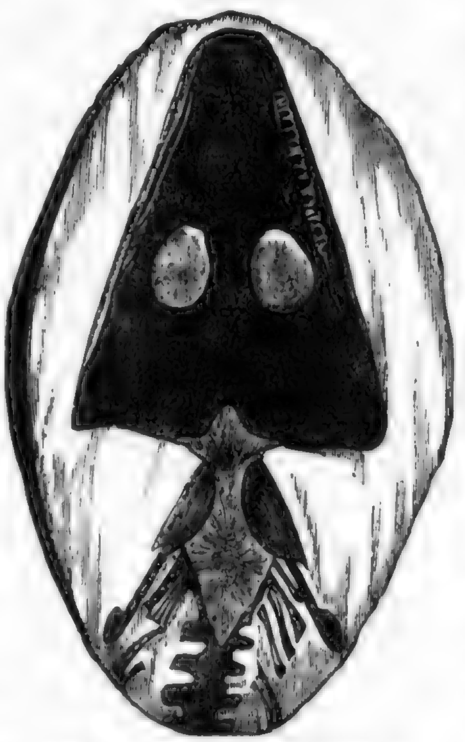


FIG. 5.—SKULL AND SHOULDERS OF *Archegosaurus minor*, ONE OF THE RULING RACE IN THE OLD ATLANTIS.

Assuming the Old Atlantis to have been an island, we shall scarcely be exaggerating if we conclude that it was at least as large as Australia, which is about 2,400 miles from east to west, and 1,700 from north to south. The denudation of the western side, as we have seen, produced

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a mass of land as large as Australia; and denudation on east, north, and perhaps south, should at least double our estimate. I am desirous, however to err on the side of moderation, and shall be content to make my Old Atlantis the same size as the southern continent.

We come next to the climate of the Old Atlantis. We can infer this only from what we know of the climate of North America and Western Europe in Palæozoic times. During the Silurian epoch, the same marine animals which flourished in middle latitudes prevailed to within 400 miles of the North Pole, a fact revealed to us by the fossils collected during the Arctic expedition of Sir George Nares. In Carboniferous times, the same assemblage of land-plants extended, with slight modifications, from the Southern States of America to high polar latitudes. Such facts as these teach us that the climate of our northern hemisphere was very uniform, since the distribution of animals and plants is largely dependent upon temperature and other climatical conditions. This equability of climate in ancient times receives strong confirmation from the distribution of plants in the Miocene period, when even such northern lands as Greenland and Spitzenburg supported a luxuriant vegetation of beeches, oaks, maples, planes, walnuts, ferns, magnolias, and other plants of temperate climes. If the climate of the earth was so free from extremes in times comparatively so recent, we can the more readily believe that such was the case in a more remote epoch. During the Carboniferous period the predominant forms of vegetable life were tree-ferns, gigantic horse-tails, lycopodiaceous plants and conifers; the balance of probability arising from this flora being in favor of a warm, moist climate. If, as some eminent authorities are of opinion, our sun is cooling down, it must have had greater heating power in such ancient times as those we are considering.

Professor P. Martin Duncan is of opinion that our earth is gradually losing its atmosphere as the moon has already lost hers. If this be so, our atmosphere in Palæozoic ages must have been denser than at present. This augmented density would tend to produce a higher temperature, our Alpine experiences proving to us that the cold increases with the rarity of the air. All the evidence we can gather tends to the same conclusion—that the climate of the Old Atlantis was warmer than that of our present globe in the same latitudes.

The life of our Atlantis next engages our attention. On this subject we can speak only so far as discovery has led us, and new revelations of fossil life may modify our conclusions. Great changes, of course, took placé in the long succession of epochs during which the Old Atlantis supported animals and plants; and I prefer to speak only of the later periods of its existence, because it was then that its forms of life reached their richest development. We know something of the fauna and flora of neighboring lands during the Carboniferous period, and it is fair to infer that the life which flourished in the Old Atlantis was not very different from that of Western Europe and Eastern North America. The king of our ancient continent was not of very distinguished family. He is named *Hylonomus* (Fig. 5). He belonged to the reptiles, and bore some resemblance to a lizard. There is, indeed, some doubt whether he could claim reptilian rank, as he had close affinity with the amphibians, who are fish during the earlier part of their life, and reptiles only in their riper years. This creature, so far as is at present known, was the highest organization of these early epochs. No bird made the luxuriant forests of tree-ferns and club-mosses vocal with its music, or left the trifid imprint of its feet upon the sands of the shallow estuaries. No mammal, even so lowly as a kangaroo, or a duck-billed Platypus, still less, so exalted as a lion, or horse, or a monkey, hunted over the plains or sported in the tropical sun. The real monarchs of creation were the Labyrinthodonts, so named from the complex and beautiful structure of their teeth, in which the enamel was arranged in folds resembling the convolutions of the human brain. These belonged to the *Amphibia*, and some of them still retained in their later reptilian life the traces of their fish origin, such as the arches which contained the gills, and the cartilaginous backbone. Some of them were of gigantic size, such as *Baphetes* and *Anthracosaurus*, and must have been mayors of the palace to the more dignified but feebler *Hylonomus*. *Hylonomus*, however, was not one of the last scions of a decaying race; he was probably one of the founders and forefathers of the great saurian dynasty, which ruled the world in Mesozoic times, when the Old Atlantis had sunk beneath the waves. Snails made their first appearance in the later ages of our ancient continent, being represented by forms resembling the modern *Helix* and *Pupa*. Insects appear to have been tolerably abundant, and were represented in most of the present orders; but some of the earlier types were "synthetic"—that is, combining peculiarities of structure now found only in different groups. We have insects resembling May-flies, beetles, cockroaches, crickets and locusts. The myriapods are very peculiar, with segments divided by cross sutures. Amongst the spiders is a curious scorpion, with its twelve eyes disposed in a circle. The plant-life of the later Palæozoic periods—which has been already noticed—is their most conspicuous feature. Ferns are very abundant, some of gigantic size. Calamites resembling enormous horse-tails (*Equisetum*) grew in dense brakes on low, moist flats. The fruit was a long cone or spike. Some were more than twenty feet in length (Fig. 3). *Lepidodendron* was probably a lycopod, but of giant dimensions, reaching in some cases a length of fifty feet or more. The bark was covered with diamond-shaped scars, the leaves were slender and pointed, and spore-cases were formed in spikes at the ends of the branches (Fig. 4). *Sigillaria* had its bark covered with seal-like scars, and attained equal dimensions with any of the preceding. Numerous other genera abounded, but it is doubtful if, amidst this prolific vegetable life, any flowering plants existed. Many of the types seem to have combined peculiarities now found only in widely-separated groups. Fish were abundant in the rivers and seas of the Old Atlantis. They were all of them "heterocercal"—that is, with the backbone prolonged into the upper lobe of the tail—a peculiarity possessed by comparatively few modern fishes. Most of them were ganoids, the body being covered by large, strong, shining plates. In Fig. 2 we have a representation of the marine life of this ancient period.

Such were, then the denizens of this ancient continent. They lived and died, and their sepulchres are with us to this day in the form of the hollow trunks of fossil trees, or of beds of iron-stone, clay or sandstone. The very types to which some of them belong are gone, and since their time new types have come into being, in their turn to give place to still higher forms. Of the mode of life of these antique creatures we can form a rough idea. The glory of their existence was, doubtless, to conquer and devour. Suffering and death was the common lot. The great alternative of life was to kill or to be killed. But this seemingly wretched state was not all evil. The perfection of the animal kingdom was to be attained through suffering and conflict. Had these ancient beings been provided with the means of idleness and easily obtained supplies of food, higher types might never have been produced. Through the immeasurable epochs, amidst the upheaval and decay of continents, with types of life coming slowly into being and as slowly departing, the races of the world were being elaborated into higher form, till man appeared as the crown of the organic world.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Among the interesting bird notes made by Mr. C. Nutting during his recent ornithological trip to Nicaragua, was one upon an oriole named *Ostinops Montezumæ*, which is one of the most familiar and conspicuous birds around Lake Nicaragua, where it makes itself obnoxious to the farmers by feeding upon plantains, bananas, mangoes, and other cultivated fruits. It lives in colonies, generally located in cocoanut palms, and gets the native name, "Orapendola," from its style of nest-building. The nests are long and purse-like, and are generally composed of fine grasses, the entrance being near the top. There are often fifty or more of these nests on one tree; in which particular, as well as in the shape of the nest, this bird closely resembles the "Caçique" oriole of South America. The voice of this oriole, Mr. Nutting says, is almost indescribable, but in some of its phases recalls the noise produced by an ungreased cartwheel. Mr. Nutting made large and valuable collections, including several new species, which will go to the National Museum at Washington.

After a study of the bandages of Egyptian mummies, a Belgian inventor has contrived a method of rendering linen impenetrable and very durable. In effect he tans it, using as the chief ingredient of his preservative the green tar of birch-bark, which furnishes the perfume of Russia leather. The tar forms, with alcohol, a solution of great fluidity; but when once dried it becomes resinous and resists the solvent power of alcohol, and the corrosion of acids, while very elastic. This preservative thoroughly penetrates the capillary vessels of tissues, and shuts them against air and dampness so that mold cannot take root, and the aromatic odor drives away insects. The invention can be applied to water-proofing any vegetable tissues, such as linen or cotton clothes, cordage, etc., etc.

Experiments have lately been conducted in Boston, England, to determine differences of temperature and density of the air, at and above the ground, observations having been made on the top of a church-tower, 260 high, on the belfry, 170 feet high, and at the ground. It was found that during the year just recorded the mean temperature during the day-hours was considerably warmer in the churchyard than at the top of the tower, the difference being especially marked at noon, and in bright days. In foggy weather the top of the tower was almost always warmest, since it rose above the mist; but in cloudy or wet weather the case was reversed. There was no great difference in relative humidity, the top of the belfry showing a small excess of dampness in Summer.

The peculiar scroll-shaped incisions in the bridge of a violin were finally fixed upon as the best, after a long series of trials by Stradivarius. It has been suggested by a member of the Royal Society of Great Britain, in a recent paper, that their use is found in the fact that they sift the vibrations communicated by the strings, allowing those only, or mainly, to pass to the fret which would be efficient in bringing the best tones from the body of the instrument. Injurious vibrations, tending to give a rocking motion to the bridge, are, for the most part, absorbed by the greater elasticity given to the upper part of the bridge by the cutting. This view is sustained by scientific experiments.

The May number of the *Journal* of the Franklin Institute contains an elaborate article by N. B. Clark, U.S.N., urging the adoption of petroleum as fuel in warships for the purpose of attaining an extraordinary speed in emergencies—chasing or running away. The same boilers which would serve with anthracite coal would also serve with petroleum, and ward off the impending necessary change from anthracite to bituminous coal, which seems to be needful in order to secure a sufficiently great speed in new warships. Its many other advantages are pointed out, and interesting facts given, drawn from the experience of foreign navies.

The drainage of the Great Meadows, in Warren County, N.J., which has been going on for some time under the care of the geological survey of the State, is proceeding favorably. Ordinary rains are quickly carried off; the autumnal and miasmatic diseases, formerly so much dreaded in that neighborhood, have disappeared; and the waste swamp-land, wherever brought into cultivation, shows a decided superiority over the surrounding uplands.

It has been discovered that wire colored according to the processes of Nobilé and Becqueral with alkaline plumbates and ferrates not only resisted all galvanic action, but no longer conducted the electric current. As an insulator it seems quite as effective as gutta percha or resin, is durable and cheap.

J. Emerson Reynolds, F.R.S., concludes that the truth of the disputed atomic weight of beryllium is 9:2, and that the metal is a diad with the symbol for its oxide, BeO. This goes to show that beryllium is the first member of a diad series of elements, of which calcium, strontium and barium are homologues.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

With an Eye to Business.—A musical young lady says that a composer may very properly make overtures.

A man having written to another in a rage, and called him an ass, the maligned man wrote back and signed his note, "Yours, *fraternally!*"

"Can any one tell what the wind whistles for?" asked a young man at a picnic. "It whistles for the leaves to dance by," demurely replied a young lady.

"Walk slower, papa," cried the little girl whose short steps were no match for the strides of her masculine progenitor; "can't you go nice and slow, like a policeman?"

A Boston housemaid, who, about to leave unexpectedly, was urged to give a reason for it, simply said: "I can't stay; the young ladies speak such bad grammar."

One of the sufferers by a late railway accident was rushing wildly about, when some one asked if he was hurt. "No," he said, "but I can't find my umbrella."

"You don't look happy," said a man to a neighbor, who was just coming down the steps of his house one cold morning. "No," replied the neighbor, with a shiver; "it's cold without and scold within!"

Dumas *fils* is somewhat severe. The conversation had turned upon Mrs. X., who had been very beautiful. "She has something of the goddess," said a faithful admirer. "Yes," said Dumas—"antiquity!"

The Dearest Spot.—"My dear," said a sentimental wife, "home, you know, is the dearest spot on earth." "Well, yes," said the practical husband, "it does cost about twice as much as any other spot."

"My case is just this," said a man to a lawyer. "The plaintiff will swear that I hit him. I will swear that I did not. Now, what can you lawyers make out of that if we go to trial?" "Fifty dollars easy," was the reply.

A garrulous fop, who had annoyed by his frivolous remarks his partner in the ballroom, among other empty things, asked whether "she had ever had her ears pierced?" "No," was the reply, "but I've often had them bored!"

A theological student recently advertised: "A pious young man wishes to obtain a home in a respectable private family, where his moral deportment will be considered an equivalent for his board and lodging. References required."

A few days ago two persons were heard disputing as to the meaning of the word "lampoon." The one accused the other of never having heard of the word before. "What! Do you think I have never heard of lampooning whales?" was the reply.

A Sunbeam in the House.—Said he to industrious Margaret: "You are indeed a sunbeam in the house." "Oh, pray don't call me that!" cried she. "Don't! Why not?" "Because a sunbeam in the house shows up all the dust, but does nothing to clear it away."

That was a neat compliment paid by a French ambassador in London to a peeress who had been talking to him for an hour. The lady said: "You must think I am very fond of the sound of my own voice." The Frenchman replied: "I knew you liked music."

Paterfamilias: "What is included in your curriculum?" *Young Hopeful:* "Our what, father?" *Paterfamilias:* "The curriculum of your class." *Young Hopeful:* "Well, to speak the truth, I don't know. You see, being the stroke-oar, I have not much time for botany."

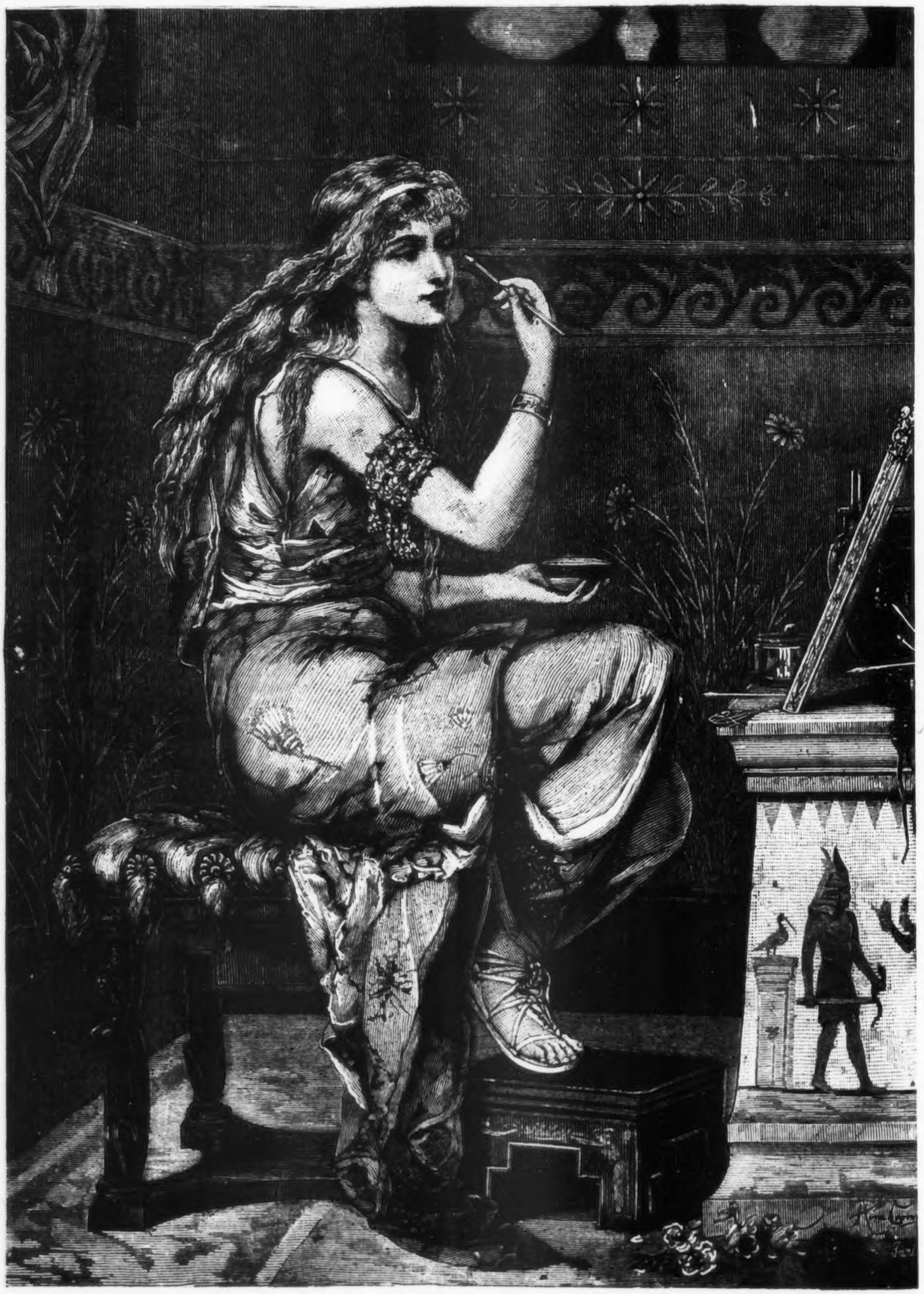
First Here.—Not long since, a certain noble peer in Yorkshire, England, who is fond of boasting of his Norman descent, thus addressed one of his tenants, who, he thought, was not speaking to him with proper respect: "Do you not know that my ancestors came over with William the Conqueror?" "And, mayhap," retorted the sturdy Saxon, nothing daunted, "they found mine here when they comed." The noble lord felt that he had the worst of it.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Send your address on a postal-card for 100-page Book on the Liver. Dr. Sanford, 24 Duane Street, New York City.

XUM



A POMPEIIAN GIRL AT HER TOILET.—FROM A PAINTING BY COOMANS.

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